

September 20, 1961

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

*The Australian*



Over 800,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-



**8 HATS TO MAKE**

**"Secrets of happiness"**  
**By Dr. MURRAY BANKS**



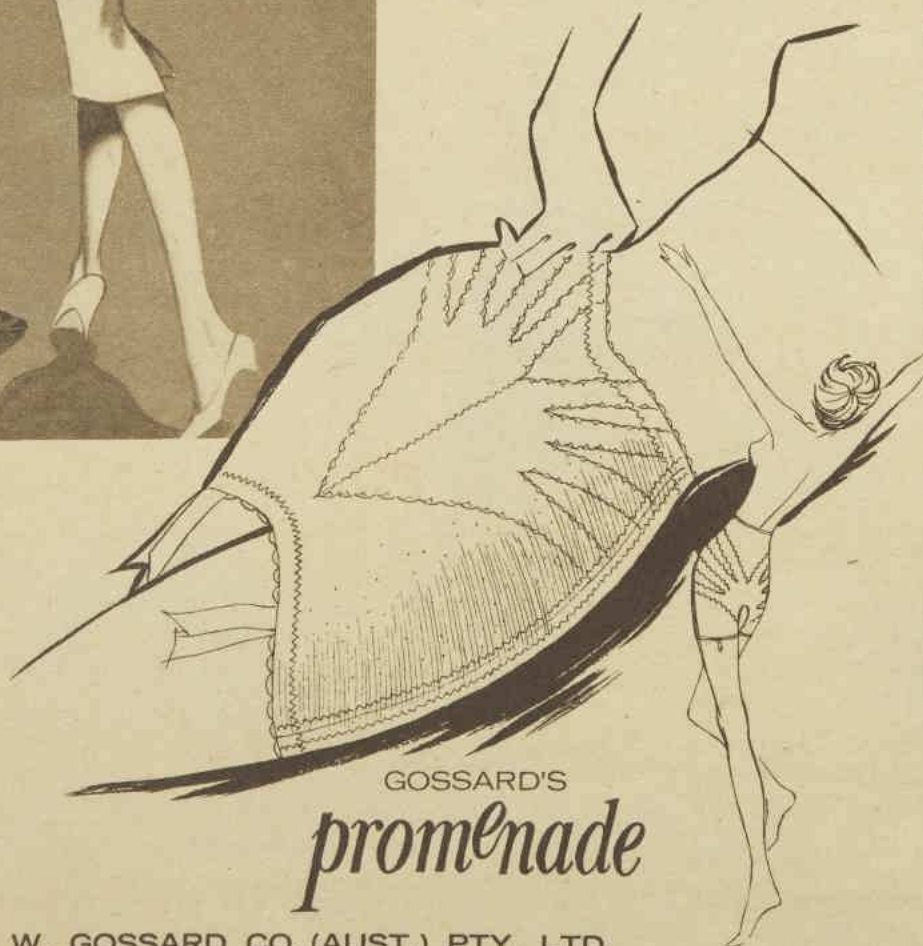
INTRODUCING GOSSARD'S

# promenade

THE GIRDLE THAT COVERS AND CONTROLS  
MORE PROBLEM AREAS THAN ANY OTHER!



Promenade's the quick, comfortable way to trim a size, look pounds lighter... without boning. 16 persuasive inner rays of elastic radiate upward to lift you up and in... take inches off front and back, make a mere slip of hips. Emphasize newest fashions with a slender shape — make Promenade **your** slimming secret. Promenade comes in medium and long girdles, both waist length and Hi-Top, also in a matching pantie. Available in a complete range of regular sizes. Prices from 99/-



GOSSARD'S  
**promenade**

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 347 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408F, G.P.O.  
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 308A, G.P.O.  
Perth: G/O Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.  
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1961

Vol. 29, No. 16

### CONTENTS

#### Special Features

Cloth to Embroider	10
Eight Spring Hats to Make	33-39

#### Fiction

Heaven Has No Favorites (serial, part 1), Erich Maria Remarque	22, 23
Statistically Yours, Derek Barot	25
The Love Present, Suzanne Ebel	29
To Catch A Man, Miranda G. Shore	31

#### Regular Features

Worth Reporting	14
Social	17
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	26
Nature Book Coupon	69
Stars	76
Mandrake	79
Crossword	79

#### Home and Family

Australian Homes	40, 41
A Mother's Story	45
At Home with Margaret Sydney	47
Prize Recipes	48
Collectors' Corner	48
Home Hints, Transfer	49
Home Plans	52
£2000 Hardboard-in-the-Home Contest	53
Cookery Course	55
Color Cookery — "Bouquet of Onions"	56 to 58
Gardening — Pelargoniums	61
"Fighting Fit"	62

#### Entertainment

Television Parade, Films	19
TV Color — "Westerner — With Class"	21

#### Fashion

Fashion Frocks	72
Fashion Patterns	77

### THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Even psychiatrists have worries which affect their mental health, says American mind medico Dr. Murray Banks, whose "Six Secrets of Happiness" are on pages 4 and 5.

IN his best-selling book, "How to Live with Yourself," Dr. Banks illustrates with a personal anecdote his advice to do something positive about the cause of worry.

"Recently I had a house remodelled," he says. "The contractor said to me: 'Dr. Banks, what do you want — a door square at the top or round?'"

"Let me think about it for a few days," I said.

"I found that whenever I had to give a talk or was engaged in a conversation, I began to think about the door.

"What should I do? Should I make it square or should I make it round? My powers of concentration were affected.

"I immediately phoned the contractor and said: 'For heaven's sake, make it square.' I hung up and felt better at once."

A NEW hat is a time-honored cheer-up for a woman with the blues. On pages 33-39 is a section

#### Our Cover

● Kit, a seven-year-old Scotch collie, and his playmate Albert, the white cat, pose formally for their picture by staff photographer Barry Cullen. They are the pets of Mrs. J. Gray, Waverley, N.S.W. Kit's pedigree name is Hurlbury Katrina. Albert has one blue and one green eye.

showing how you can make eight pretty hats.

Mrs. I. Hirst, of Sydney, an expert on modern millinery and the history of hats and a teacher in the school of Women's Handicrafts, East Sydney Technical College, loves hats and music.

She says the two go together, and writes:

Hats and music are quite alike.  
For both form, style, and tone may share,  
And each the right note has to strike  
For young, teenage, and lady fair.

**NEXT WEEK:** Spring flower arrangements — beautiful color pictures... Prizewinning recipes in our £2000 Canned Fruits Contest in a four-page pull-out to keep.





## A PICTURE FOR MUMMY (who, by the way, is Princess Grace)

● *Don't fidget, pet . . . look this way, please, just for Mummy . . . yes, you can go out to play in a minute, but first . . .*

EVERY mother who has ever taken her youngsters to a portrait studio knows the wheedling routine to keep them still for the man behind the camera or canvas.

When Princess Grace of Monaco decided to have Caroline (four) and Albert (three) included in a family portrait she hit on a different idea.

Throughout a week of daily sittings for the preliminary sketches at the Grimaldi Palace in Monaco she read them fairy stories, first in English and then in French. And it worked.

"I've never had such well-behaved models," said 38-year-old Spanish artist Aljo Vidal-Quadras. "It was delightful to see their faces while she was reading to them."

After finishing paintings of the Princess and Caroline, Vidal-Quadras decided he'd have to return to complete the portrait of Prince Albert when he was a little older.

Even when mummy is a princess, a small boy's patience can wear a little thin, it seems.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1961

*... And then the party*



● Princess Grace recently took her children on a visit to the neighboring French village of Peille to meet the local children and inspect the school.



● Caroline and Albert joined in a party in the schoolroom. It was their first "State visit."



Yes, even this kind of dirt!



**HANDY ANDY shifts dirt from paintwork like no other cleanser can!**

Just add Handy Andy to water and you wipe off dirt and grime, leaving paintwork sparkling clean! And for tough spot-cleaning jobs, use Handy Andy straight from the bottle. It floats off grease from stoves, sticky smudges from fridges — even crayon murals from the kitchen wall. Handy Andy won't scratch, dull or wear and it's guaranteed to remove almost any kind of dirt from any kind of paintwork. Try Handy Andy and surprise yourself!

**HANDY ANDY**  
**CLEANS AT A TOUCH!**



HA.22WW143g

A well-known American psychiatrist gives . . .

**Six**

● I can teach you here the precious secrets of how to capture the one thing all humans pursue relentlessly from the day they are born — the little Bluebird of Happiness.

**WHAT** is the real name of the Bluebird? To what call does it respond?

Can you identify and trap this very fine feathered friend?

There are those who will say at once: "Money — that's the name of the Bluebird. Just shovel that green stuff to me and see how happy I will be."

Money . . . yes, that's the name of the Bluebird.

But is it? Certainly there are people who find the secrets of making money—but they're not always the secrets of happiness.

Often these people don't learn the greatest of all arts — how to live.

Haven't millionaires been known to commit suicide?

Love—that's another popular name for the Bluebird. But love is not something you find. It has to be earned. It is a creation; something you must nourish and help to grow. It doesn't just spring up, saying, "Here I am, you lucky thing!"

And no one ever FALLS in love. What kind of nonsense is that phrase? FALL in love—it implies that you are walking along, suddenly there's a hole in the ground—and crash, in you go!

Fall in love, indeed—you MARCH into it.

Everyone wants to be loved, of course. Unfortunately there are more people who want to be loved than those willing to do the loving.

Said one girl: "I was involved in a triangle; he and I were both in love with him!"

Every woman, also, would like to marry well. Often a girl would rather remain single than marry just any simpleton. She's waiting for a special simpleton! No wonder the poor woman who, at the age of 44, was called an old maid exclaimed: "I'm not an old maid. I'm an unclaimed treasure."

Then quite a few people will say: "I'll be happy when I'm married"—meaning that marriage is the name of the Bluebird.

According to this way of thinking, it's all very simple, after all. If you are single and unhappy, all you need to make you happy is to get married.

Unfortunately, you are going to find a tremendous number of married people who will tell you that all they need to be happy is to be single again!

So happiness is none of these thing alone.

What, then, are the secrets which can destroy worries, stave off nervous breakdowns, guard against insanity, cure ulcers, lower blood-pressure, make life really worth living?

If the secrets I am about to tell you could be made into pills and marketed I could be a millionaire. They could command any price, the demand would be overwhelming.

There's just one little problem with my secrets. I am missing just one ingredient.

Oh, they work all right, but not automatically. It is still necessary for you to help them along; your co-operation, willingness, and understanding are needed.

My FIRST secret is:

**The name of the Bluebird**



I AM about to reveal the magic word that is the Bluebird's name. The word is actually the secret of all happiness.

It is the foundation of psychiatry, the basis for mental health, because it gives you the strength to face and solve your daily problems.

I wish I could give you a word that would make you whistle and scream with delight and amazement. However, I must warn you that it is a very simple word. You probably come across it often and don't look at it twice. Nevertheless, it is still the magic word.

The word is: attitude.

That's it; your attitude—the way you look at life.

Now I challenge you to analyse a happy person and a broken soul. Do you dare to say that the happy one has everything he wanted? Nothing, for him, or her, ever goes wrong? No one he loves ever dies? He gets everything he wants?

You may find that the opposite is true. That the happy one, indeed, has borne up under frustrations and challenges more successfully than the other.

Wherein, then, does the difference lie? It lies in their attitude towards what is happening to them. It is their individual outlook on life that make the difference.

There is a law in psychology that says, in effect: "If you will form a picture in your mind of what you would like to be, and if you will keep that picture there long enough, you will soon become exactly as you have been thinking."

If you fill your mind with happy thoughts, then your whole physical being responds accordingly. If your mind is filled with unhappy thoughts, thoughts of sadness and failure, then as surely as night follows day you will be a failure.

There are people who are so sure they are going to fail we hate to disappoint them!

The greatest investment you can ever make is the investment in yourself. The more you store in that mind of yours, the more you enrich your experience, the more people you meet, the more books you read, and the more places you visit, the greater is the investment in all that you are.

**Tact is helpful**

● You can get along without tact. You can still plod through life though you are rude, inconsiderate, and thoughtless—but you won't be liked.

Tact is saying or doing the gracious thing under a certain set of circumstances. This is perhaps best illustrated by the hotel page who accidentally walked into a bathroom while a woman was taking a bath.

"Oh, excuse me, sir," he exclaimed, and quickly shut the door.

When he said "Excuse me," that was politeness. When he said "Sir," that was tact.



# Secrets of Happiness

First of a series  
of articles by

## Dr. Murray Banks

from his  
book "How  
To Live With  
Yourself."



Dr. Banks, who has a humorous approach to his subject, lectures throughout the world, writes, and makes records on the subject of mental health. He is a graduate of Columbia University and was Professor of Psychology at a New York college. Dr. Banks recently made a lecture tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Everything that you add to your peace of mind and to your outlook on life is added "capital" that no one but you can dissipate. What are other attitudes which help you catch the Bluebird? One of them is my **SECOND secret:**

### Stop lying to yourself



**STOP** and think: How much do you lie to yourself? You don't think you do? Well, that only shows how deceived you really are. And you are the one deceiving yourself.

For your mental health's sake, stop lying to yourself. It is worse than useless to pull the wool over your own eyes, because then you are stopped from ever changing or helping yourself to be better than you are.

"Well, how do I lie to myself? I'm not aware of it." Is that what you are asking? All right, let's take a few examples.

A woman goes to the gas company to pay her bill. She is given too much change. She'd like to keep quiet about it, so she says to herself: "They've got more money than I have. They must have overcharged me many times. I'll keep it, just to get even."

She's lying to herself. She keeps the money simply because she wants more money.

Another example: A mother is told that she seems to show more love to one of her children than the other.

Reaction: the mother protests strongly. "I love both of my children equally!" she says.

What nonsense! It is impossible to love them the same. If one of them is sweet, lovable, thoughtful, considerate, and the other one is a mischievous monster, does she really

### Don't fear old age

"Will you love me when I'm old and grey?" asked a wife.

"Why not?" replied her husband. "I've loved you through all the other colors."

mean to say they have earned love in exactly the same measure?

How can that be? As I've said earlier, love must be earned, it is never just given.

If ever you want to improve, to be able to correct your errors in life, to make more intelligent adjustments, then you must be willing to face the truth.

What would you think of a businessman who refused to face his liabilities, who wished only to look at his assets? You would say he was a pretty poor businessman, wouldn't you?

My **THIRD secret:**

### Old age is "old hat"



**GIVE** old age a swift kick in the pants! Why do people fear old age? Of course, they fear the approach of death.

You will hear people say, "When I'm 90 I won't care if I die." And that is just the way they feel — until they're 89!

Do you think that a woman buys a washing-machine only to make the clothes whiter? Oh, no. When the salesman says to her, "Madam, this machine will add 20 years to your life," she says, "Deliver it at once!"

But people also fear that old age means losing love; we fear being burdens.

We have a tendency to think of old age robbing us of youth and beauty. Old age seems to be synonymous with wrinkles and hardening of the arteries. What a delusion! Most of us have never learned what true beauty really is.

No one has been born who knows how to bottle beauty in a jar. No cream has been invented that will draw beauty out of a dried-up personality.

Yet every one of us is capable of weaving beauty round others. We can do it by the way we talk, the way we treat others—by our kindnesses.

Haven't you ever seen a strange face at a party and said to yourself: "What a handsome person!"—then, after meeting him and talking with him, said: "What made me think him handsome? ... he's rather commonplace."

Haven't you met someone you considered plain, but whose face seemed to change into a much nicer picture as he talked to you?

Faces can't change much ... but YOU can. And the reason you change is because the other person is weaving enchantment round you.

A little girl, asking her mother why she smeared cream on her face every day, was told: "It's to make me beautiful, dear."

As the cream was wiped off, the child said sadly: "It didn't work, did it?"

The moral here is this: No one grows old by living—only by losing interest in living.

My **FOURTH secret:**

### Kill worry —not yourself



**LIFE** for all of us is made up of a never-ending stream of niggling, irritating Little Things.

Some people are able to weather the serious hardships of their life; to stand up to the great crises.

Yet they allow those Little Things to undermine their living.

I hope you are not like Weinberg, a clothier.

His partner, Friedman, was distressed at the haggard appearance of Weinberg, who suffered insomnia. "I'll bet you've never tried counting sheep," he told the tired man.

"All right," said Weinberg, "tonight I'll give it a try."

But next morning Weinberg was more haggard than ever. "Did you do like I said?" Friedman eagerly asked.

"Yes," said Weinberg wearily, "but something terrible happened. I counted up to 50,000 sheep. Then I sheared them and in a little while I made up 50,000 overcoats."

"Then all of a sudden a problem came up and I was tearing my hair all night. Where could I get 50,000 coat linings?"

Worry is murderous, so don't be another victim. Seek the solution to your worry. Dig out your fears and expose them to the harsh daylight. Find out what to do about them ... and **DO** it.

Running away does no good; the worry gets right on the train with you. Set aside a time to take out your problem and examine it thoroughly. Then **act!**

What can you do when you can't do something active about your worry? At such times you have to discover what are called "balancing factors." Take a look at your problem from a new angle.

The test in climbing the hill of life is not whether you slip — after all, everyone slips — but what you do when you slip.

My **FIFTH secret:**

### Live a day at a time



**ONE** of the most shocking commentaries on our way of life is the huge number of hospital beds occupied by patients with nervous and mental illnesses.

And the main cause is that so many of them have collapsed under the crushing burdens of accumulated yesterdays and fearful to-morrows.

Today is the only day you can possibly live. Don't turn it into a physical and mental hell by aimless worry over what is to come, or by fretting over blunders made yesterday.

Stop dating ahead your cheques of life. It's bad business.

Living each day as it comes is a simple little rule. You can bear up under the problems of one day. But it becomes an intolerable burden to have to carry yesterday's regrets and tomorrow's fears at the same time.

Learn to enjoy your today's and to forget your yesterdays. Learn from them, but don't cling to them. Or this could happen ...

The no-longer-youthful husband had just kissed his wife goodnight and switched out the light.

"That's not the way you used to kiss me," she wailed. "You used to bite my ear, nibble my nose ..."

### Little problems

"If you don't like your wife keeping 60 cats in the house, open the windows and let them out," advised the psychiatrist.

"What," screamed the husband, "and let my pigeons escape?"

### Our hardest fight

● The hardest fight we make is to fight discouragement, that dread disease that can dry up even the hardest ambitions — once it is succumbed to.

The bumblebee cannot fly, according to the theory of aerodynamics, as may be readily demonstrated through laboratory tests and wind-tunnel experiments. This is because of the size, weight, and shape of his body in relation to his total wing-spread.

The bumblebee, being ignorant of these profound truths, goes ahead and flies, anyway — and manages to make a little honey every day.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash in the darkened bedroom.

"You and your crazy ideas!" growled the husband. "I fell over looking for my teeth!"

My **SIXTH secret:**

### Laugh — till you don't cry



**I HAVE** saved this secret for last because without it all is lost; with it nothing is ever lost.

If you have it, then you are richer than emperors or kings. If you lack it, then no millions of pounds can ever make you happy. What is it?

It's the ability to laugh — indeed, a priceless ingredient. I know of nothing else that will make you more beautiful, help you better to face your problems, and keep you rubbing shoulders with happiness more effectively.

So I ask you, how healthy is your sense of humor?

You've probably seen those machines that physicians use to take patients' blood-pressure.

They indicate something about your physical health. Some day, perhaps, someone will invent a "laugh-pressure" machine to show how sick or how healthy one's sense of humor may be. That will really indicate a lot about mental health.

Come on, now ... give your laugh muscles a little exercise every day. It will improve your digestion, lower your blood pressure, reduce your anxieties, tone up your health, make you lovelier, clear your eyes and your heart.

Laughter affects not only your body chemistry, but it affects those with whom you come in contact. It is like a ripple in a stream, spreading out in ever-increasing circles to embrace others in its warmth.

**TO SUM-UP MY SIX SECRETS, HERE IS A PRAYER:**

Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest.  
And give me a healthy body, Lord,  
And sense to keep it at its best.  
Give me a healthy mind, O Lord,  
To keep the good and pure in sight,  
Which seeing sin is not appalled,  
But finds a way to set it right.  
Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh.  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About that fussy thing called "I."  
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
To get some happiness from life  
And pass it on to other folk.

**NEXT WEEK:  
How Not to be a  
Wallflower**





Picture by Mr. D. Stephens, West Hobart, Tasmania.

## AUSTRALIAN NATURE

PICTURED in a characteristic climbing position is this possum, a Tasmanian Brushtail (*Trichosurus vulpecula fuliginosus*). Possums are nocturnal in habit—as people living near bushland areas know very well, for the pretty creatures squabble noisily in the trees. Captain Cook saw a ringtail possum in North Queensland in 1770 and, thinking it resembled the American opossum, gave it the same name. The “O” has been dropped from the Australian name, for the two marsupials differ greatly.

A coupon to order our picture-book “Australian Nature” is on page 69.



# Debutante — on a £1250 legacy

From JOY LESLIE, in London

● When fair-haired, 17-year-old Belinda Denholm received a £1250 legacy she decided to put it to a most unusual use — to spend the lot launching herself in a London debutante season.

**B**ELINDA'S mother, widowed Mrs. Neil Denholm, not only approved her daughter's decision but sold her cottage in the country to help make the season possible.

Even with the money spent on one short gay season, Belinda, however, will not be penniless.

She said: "When I'm 21 I come into a five-figure inheritance from my grandfather's estate."

"When I'm 30 I receive the bulk of my late grandmother's money, so that will tide me over any future difficulties."

But until her transition to party-frocked debutante, Belinda had been raised on a strict budget.

Her father—an Army officer—was killed in Sicily before she was born.

## Good home

Mrs. Denholm, an artist and linguist, has had to depend for an income on painting commissions and boarding foreign students in her small, unpretentious house in Kensington.

Because she is practical ("I'm a Scotswoman, after all"), cheerful, and capable, she has managed to give Belinda a good education and a comfortable home life.

All the same, each step forward has been a struggle.

Then a legacy of £1250 from Belinda's paternal grandmother created an unexpected disturbance in the Denholm home.

Luxuries which had previously been out of the question became a possibility.

Mother and daughter conferred, evaluated, eliminated, and finally decided.

If they sold the cottage in the country and added the money to the legacy, they'd have just enough to launch Belinda into society.

Said Mrs. Denholm: "I didn't want Belinda to come out for any snobbish reasons, but because I felt it was the only way she could meet people."

Through my being widowed she had missed a great deal of the social life and entertaining that other-



wise would have been part of her home life.

"As a debutante I felt she'd acquire confidence and learn to be poised and at ease in company."

From the start, expenditure had to be kept to a minimum.

Instead of couture-designed dresses at £200 each, Belinda made all her own gowns at an average of £5 each.

Instead of giving dinner parties for 100 guests at a time, Mrs. Denholm limited the number to 20.

In place of catered champagne dinners at £5 a head, she did all the buying and cooking and found she could manage on 15/- a head, including wines.

"Many people think I'm crazy to spend my entire legacy on such a frivolous thing as coming-out," said Belinda.

"It's not really as stupid as it sounds. Although it will leave me temporarily broke,

I'm convinced that it will do me a lot of good.

"Already I've completely overcome my shyness, my dress sense has improved, and I'm far more relaxed as a hostess."

"So I'm really achieving all I set out to do."

"Naturally, I'm not husband-hunting. That's an antiquated and quite ridiculous idea that

and two thank-you letters afterwards. So the correspondence is gigantic.

"In addition, there are frequently two dances on the same night, and guests have to travel up to 60 miles from one to another."

"Usually you don't get to bed before about 4 a.m., so it's impossible to try to hold a job at the same time."

"Some of the debs are doing secretarial and modelling courses, but only when lessons are confined to the afternoon. The mornings are exclusively for sleeping."

Belinda is using her limited spare time to have her voice trained and do a little amateur acting. Her ambition is to become an operatic or musical comedy star.

Next year she begins a four-year course at the Guild Hall School of Music and Drama.

Belinda admits that even enjoyment becomes tedious. "It drives me mad some



**ABOVE:** Belinda Denholm and her "discovery" escort Tony Richardson. Belinda made her dress for £4.

**LEFT:** Belinda enjoys deciding who to invite to her coming-out party for 400 at a Mayfair restaurant next month.

good one. Not that people have been critical of my doing the season on a budget, quite the contrary, in fact.

"Everyone thinks it's most commendable, particularly as I've made all my dresses, even the gold-embroidered white satin one for my dance."

"But I want my dance to be outstanding. That's why I've decided on a couple of gimmicks to lift it out of the usual formal pattern."

"It will be a masked ball, and there'll be a floorshow — just an amateur one, of course."

## Comedy act

"A couple of my friends are doing a comedy act. I'm dressing in a black wig, net stockings, and a skin-tight gown."

"Then, as 'Mademoiselle Juliette from Montmartre,' I'll sing Ella Fitzgerald and Judy Garland type songs."

Mrs. Denholm interrupted: "Belinda was offered a nightclub singing engagement in Cannes last March when we were holidaying there."

"But I prefer to continue with my studies before I sing in public," said Belinda.

As well as launching herself into society, Belinda has launched another "unknown" — a young stockbroker, Tony Richardson.

"I met him in a pub one day," she explained. "He told me he wanted to be a deb's delight — you know, be invited to all dances and parties."

"I took him along to one as my escort. He hasn't had a free evening since."

"Luckily he's a well-balanced young man, and now one of my best friends. But some of the debs' delights get so blasé about party-going that they're unbearable."

**"It's not as stupid as it sounds," says Belinda**

somehow has become associated with being a debutante. At my age, I'm certainly not interested in getting married."

In addition to being expensive, "coming-out" is an exhausting occupation.

"In three months I've attended 50 cocktail parties, 40 dances, and endless dinner parties," Belinda said.

"Every dance involves four letters. Two acceptances — one to the dance hostess and one to the dinner hostess —





Resists the hardest treatment...



# WATTYL ESTAPOL LIQUID PLASTIC

protects your floors from toughest wear—needs no polishing!

## A WIPE WITH A DAMP CLOTH AND IT'LL GLEAM LIKE NEW!

Yes, that's all the care your timber floors will need when you protect them with Estapol Liquid Plastic. Because Estapol forms a perfectly clean, beautifully shiny plastic coat right over the timber! It resists scratching, chipping, grease stains, water, alcohol, and heat. And Estapol coated floors do not need any waxing — just a wipe over with a dampened cloth.



**IDEAL FOR HOME-FINISHED FURNITURE, BOATS AND EXTERIOR WOODWORK.** With its gleaming high-gloss surface Estapol protects your furniture, too. Yet it doesn't need polishing—just a wipe with a damp cloth. And Estapol seals out the elements completely for outside use on boats and buildings.

**SO EASY TO APPLY.** Just flow it on to freshly sanded timber with a clean brush. Two or three coats and there it is—a gleaming beautiful finish you could never attain by polishing, no matter how hard you tried.



Manufactured by  
**H. R. WALTERS PTY. LTD.**, 48-56 Walker Street, FIVE DOCK, N.S.W.

**ASK YOUR FLOOR SANDER OR HARDWARE STORE FOR THE FULL ESTAPOL STORY**

Interstate agents:  
Bennett and Hall Pty. Ltd., 74 Hope St., 5th. Bldg., Qld. R. C. Reach Pty. Ltd., 147 Johnston St., Collingwood Vic. Ray N. Lewis and Co., 1 Allen Grove, Unley, S.A. S. Glance Pty. Ltd., 88 Stirling St., Perth, W.A. Charles Davis Ltd., Hobart and Launce. Tel. ES 4978 (FPC)





ONE-BOOK AUTHOR Joy Cleary with her fast English car outside the Clearys' V-shaped contemporary home overlooking Pittwater, N.S.W.

## JOY CLEARY: She's happy to let Jon be the author

● Although Marlon Brando's company is to film "Strike Me Lucky," first novel by Joy Cleary, wife of Australian author Jon Cleary, she is determined that it will be her last book.

THERE'S a "happy ending" story to the way the company—Pennebaker Productions—became interested in "Strike Me Lucky."

One of the partners, Walter Seltzer, met Jon and Joy in London at a dinner party given by a film executive, Laurence Barchman.

As Mr. Seltzer was leaving, Barchman said to him: "Take this darling book and read it on the plane."

The plane was delayed five hours in Copenhagen, Seltzer read the book and cabled immediately he arrived in Hollywood to buy the film rights.

### Busy life

Jon Cleary went to Hollywood to work on the script and the film is now being cast.

Why then does Mrs. Cleary insist that "Strike Me Lucky" is to be her last book?

The simple answer is lack of time and too many other priority interests.

Take a look at her busy,

happy domestic life, the fascinating places she travels to. She has two charming daughters, Katie, 13, and Jane, 12.

She and her husband have a fast little English Jensen car, the only one of its make in Australia, they believe.

She has a beautiful, luxurious V-shaped home overlook-

By  
**WINIFRED MUNDAY**

ing Pittwater at Avalon, N.S.W.

She travels the world with Jon—Los Angeles this year, Moscow last year, with Bangkok next.

"I'm not a bit energetic and my only real hobby is reading, not writing," Joy Cleary told me at her Pittwater home.

How did "Strike Me Lucky" come to be written?

"Not through ambition, just through boredom," admits the one-book author.

"It started when Jon and I were in Spain. He was work-

ing hard and I didn't have much to do, so I began this book. But Jon had to push me hard to make me finish it. It took four years."

Mrs. Cleary is too closely tied up with her husband's work to want to branch out on her own.

"Jon always writes the first draft of his novels in long-hand and I type the final drafts for him," she said. "That takes up a fair amount of my time."

Does he ever ask her opinion on plots?

Joy smiled, an attractive crinkled-up smile: "Jon's a very painstaking writer, and is usually pretty clear in his mind about his work, so often I never see it until it's ready for final typing."

"Just occasionally, if he's not quite sure about something, he asks my advice. Of course, he never takes it."

### Former nurse

With a husband whose work keeps him at home all day, Joy is busy getting meals throughout the day.

"Jon sets himself a target of 1500 words a day, but however long his working day he always stops for mid-morning coffee, and he's always waiting on lunch."

The couple met in 1946. Joy, a Melbourne nurse, was on her way to England on a working holiday. Jon, who had just had his first novel published, was going to Europe for material for further stories.

"Three weeks after the ship docked we were married in Kensington," Joy told me. The two girls were born in England. When their parents leave for Burma in October they will become boarders at a Sydney school.

Jon has something to say about his wife's literary work. "Joy wrote the book when she didn't have much else to do," he said. "If ever she gets the time she'll write another book."



DAUGHTERS Jane (left) and Katie get their mother's help with their school homework.

Li'l Oat dotes on the muffins made by Pierre Table d'Oat, Chef Extrordinaire of the Grand Hotel, Oat Town



PIERRE CRIES: VOILA!

## Noatable Oat Eatables made with Uncle Toby's . . .



UNCLE TOBY'S Oat Muffins

More nutritious . . . more delicious . . . try these highly-edible oat eatables. Gluttons gloat over them.

**UNCLE TOBY'S OAT MUFFINS** — 1 beaten egg •  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk •  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted shortening • 1 cup plain flour and 2 level tsp. baking powder OR 1 cup S.R. flour •  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar • 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups Uncle Toby's Oats •  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt. *Method:* Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add oats and sugar. Very quickly stir in beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. *Do not beat.* Two-thirds fill greased patty tins or paper cups. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

GET OUR RECIPE LEAFLET FROM YOUR GROCER

### Li'l Oats Says:

Makes gorgeous eatables.

Lovely winter breakfast, too.

Best food all year round. Got more natural food values than any other cereal, plain or fancy. Whole grain, see? Tastes good, too. Try it and see. And there's more for your money in Uncle Toby's big 2 lb. pack.

COOKS WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS



EVERYBODY DOTES ON UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

P252



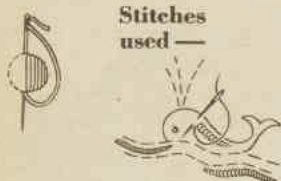
# AUSTRALIANA CLOTH

● You can obtain this lovely cloth, with embroidery cottons and working instructions, for only £1.

**T**O do this you must send the coupon below with a cheque or postal note to "Australiana Cloth," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Working instructions take the form of a map showing clearly the parts to be embroidered and a key to the stranded cotton colors to be used. The simple stitches used are shown in clear diagrams.

Because of the growing interest in Australia by its own



### Satin-stitch

inhabitants and by people in many countries overseas, we had this cloth specially designed for us with Christmas gifts in mind.

Embroidered or ready to embroider, it would make a special gift for overseas friends. You

## NEEDLEWORK OFFER

could also embroider one to decorate your own home.

It need not be used as a cloth. It would make an extremely attractive and colorful wall decoration.

The cloth material is fawn crash, a composition of linen and viscose. Its color fits well with any style of home or furniture.



### *Stem-stitch*

The motifs depicting birds, animals, and industries are placed generally in relation to their relevant areas; but in some instances, to maintain artistic balance, licence has been taken. The koalas, for instance, are too far north of Sydney, but have been so placed to balance the design.

The design need not be entirely embroidered. The outlines are screen-printed in brown, which is colorfast to



**COMPLETED CLOTH** with outlines of motifs embroidered in brown and highlights in colors.

## ORDER FORM

To: "Australiana Cloth," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

*Please send me the Australiana cloth.*

I enclose cheque/postal notes to the value of  
£

Each cloth with cottons is £1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

### ADDRESS LABEL

### AUSTRALIANA CLOTH OFFER

POSTAGE  
PAID  
SYDNEY

NAME .....

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

..... State

*If undelivered, please return to Box 7052,  
G.P.O., Sydney.*



*These dancers from Paris  
make a gay young team*

# TWO'S A COMPANY

● French dancers Mademoiselle Claude Bessy and Monsieur Attilio Labis, who are touring Australia, go as well together off stage as on.

ON stage they are a delight. They have beauty of face and figure, grace and charm, great humor, and faultless technique.

Off stage in their dressing-rooms at Perth's Playhouse Theatre, where they gave the first performance of their tour, they showed that they have a complete comradeship understanding, and after exchanging a rapid volley of French they got the giggles like the very young and gay people they are.

My French is useless at such times, and I thought the joke must be on me, but their manager, M. Andre Guerbilsky, who was standing by to help with the translations, said, "No, no, it is on him."

Attilio Labis could not explain, as he has next to no English, but Mlle. Bessy gets by very well when one remembers to "Speak more slowly, if you please."

Both she and Attilio are 25, and they've been friends since

both joined the Paris Opera Ballet School at the age of ten.

Both are happily married, but not to each other.

His wife is a dancer; her husband is a theatrical producer.

Since Attilio finished his Army service four years ago they have toured together constantly when not dancing with the Ballet de l'Opera de Paris, of which they are the stars.

By  
**PAT PARKER,**  
staff reporter

The Paris Opera season is at its height from September to July. The other months have been filled with visits to New York, South America, and all over Europe.

When they return to Paris at the end of this month after their month-long tour of Australia and New Zealand it will be simply to rejoin the rest of the ballet for its tour of Russia.

Mlle. Bessy has been

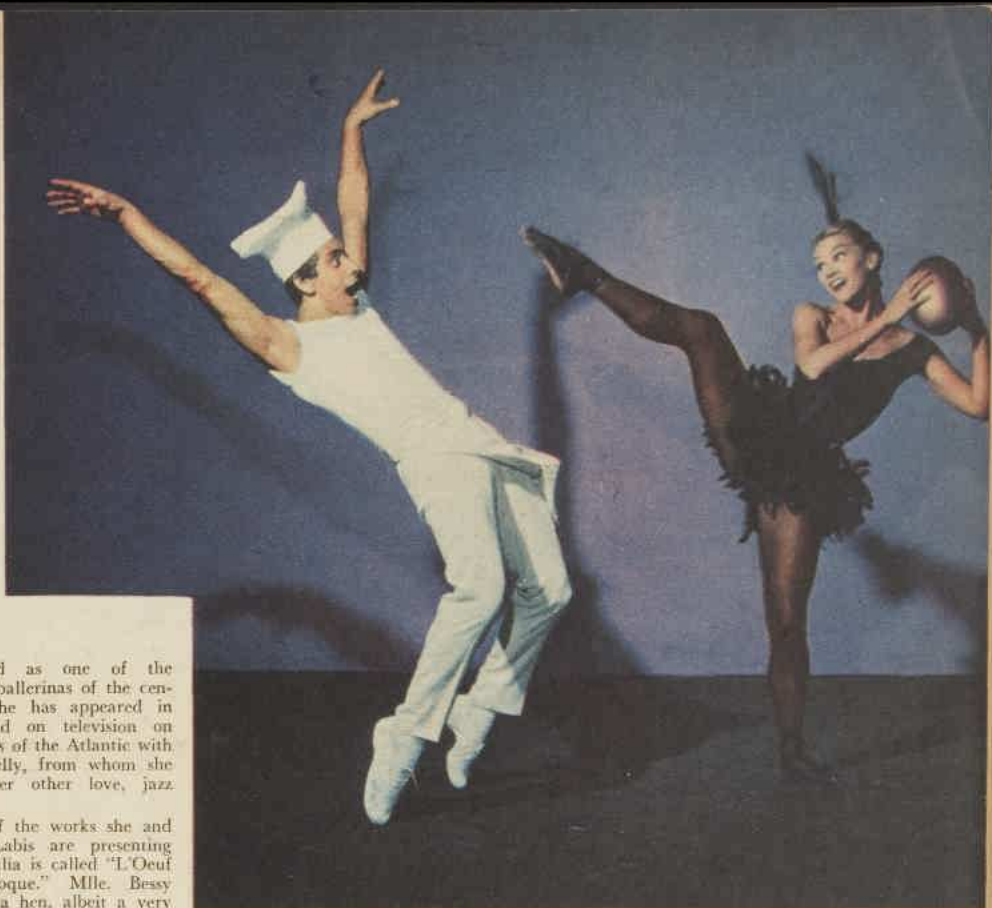
acclaimed as one of the greatest ballerinas of the century. She has appeared in films and on television on both sides of the Atlantic with Gene Kelly, from whom she learnt her other love, jazz ballet.

One of the works she and Attilio Labis are presenting in Australia is called "L'Oeuf a la Coque." Mlle. Bessy portrays a hen, albeit a very glamorous one. M. Labis is a humorous chef who finds a golden egg, but is entranced by the hen, who steals it from him.

For this work Mlle. Bessy created the choreography, and her performance is strongly reminiscent of Ginger Rogers, to whom she has been likened.

Tall, blond, and utterly feminine in spite of her boy's first name of Claude, she buys her day clothes off the peg, but on her enviable figure anything would look good.

This tour is the first of its kind organised under the auspices of the French Government's Department of Cultural Relations.



● Dancing the role of a shapely hen, Mademoiselle Claude Bessy gives a final saucy high kick as she makes off with the golden egg found by a romantic-minded chef (Attilio Labis). Mlle. Bessy herself did the choreography for this deliciously humorous ballet.



● Mlle. Bessy's leotard shows her lovely figure to perfection in the modern "Concerto." Both dancers are tall.

● Bessy and Labis perform the pas-de-deux from the ballet "Don Quichotte." Pictures were taken by Reg Morrison.





FROM THE OLD "CLUB" TO

# The Bar moves house in Victoria

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● The official opening of Owen Dixon Chambers, new home of the Victorian Bar, by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, next month, will mark the beginning of a new era in the Bar's history.



OLD WORLD interior of Selborne Chambers in Melbourne, for 80 years headquarters of the Victorian Bar. The arched doorways of barristers' chambers line the wide walk-through corridor from Chancery Lane.



LEFT: Gas bracket remains in Room 28, where Mr. S. K. Hotchin worked from 1894 till his death, at 93, in February, 1960.



ENTRANCE to the old building, which has been bought by a hotel firm and will be torn down. It was named after Lord Selborne, a Lord Chancellor of England.

THE old era ended on June 30, when, with very mixed feelings, most of Melbourne's barristers moved from the 80-year-old Selborne Chambers in Chancery Lane to the brand-new Owen Dixon Chambers opposite the Law Courts in William Street.

Dingy and lacking in space it might have been, but Selborne Chambers had something.

For the chance visitor, stepping from Chancery Lane into the wide-columned, arched, and galleried corridor which stretches through to Bourke Street was like being transported suddenly into the past.

For the barristers who worked there it was the best of clubs, where the age-old traditions of the British legal profession were jealously preserved.

In Selborne the rawest junior could feel as much a part of things as the most eminent Queen's Counsel. Doors were always open, law books borrowed and lent in a brotherly spirit.

Now the old building is an empty shell, the property of Federal Hotels Limited, and awaiting its end.

But as members of the Bar, rather like excited housewives, moved house and chose and furnished their very modern new chambers, it was impos-

sible to doubt that the "spirit of Selborne," to which so many refer with feeling, has gone with them to Owen Dixon Chambers.

The new building, ten storeys high, has been named after the Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, Sir Owen Dixon, himself once a barrister in Selborne.

It's said that when Sir Owen was approached for permission he demurred, suggesting that it should be named after some famous lawyer of the past — like Coke (pronounced

company made up of barristers, known as Selborne Chambers Limited, was formed.

Mr. Lewis, now 83, was among the most enthusiastic planners for the Owen Dixon Chambers, but he was also one of the saddest inhabitants of Selborne when the move came.

Although no longer practising, he went every day to Selborne to read and work in his big chambers, lined with aged law books, with his certificate of admission to the Bar dated 1900 hanging on the wall. In the cold weather a log fire burned in the room.

He did not take chambers in Owen Dixon.

Recalling the day when he got the idea of buying Selborne for the Bar, he said:

"I saw Sol Green, a very wealthy man, having a look round. I thought, 'He's going to buy Selborne,' and I hid myself down to the bank and said to the manager, 'What about lending me £10,000?'"

"I was only a struggling barrister at the time, and the manager said, 'What do you want £10,000 for?'"

"I want to buy Selborne," I said. He lent me the money and I bought the building."

It cost the Bar £45,000, and nearly all the barristers took shares.

They included J. G. Latham, later Sir John Latham, Chief Justice of the High Court,



"Cook"), the renowned Elizabethan jurist.

"But then, sir," was the reply, "it might be called 'the Cookhouse.'" So Owen Dixon Chambers the building became.

Until 1881 Victorian barristers used to have chambers in a number of buildings round Chancery Lane. Then a company outside the Bar was formed and Selborne Chambers was built to accommodate the Bar.

In 1923, Mr. Stanley Lewis, Q.C., then a junior counsel, bought the building on behalf of the Victorian Bar, and a



## THE NEW



**ABSTRACT PAINTING** on the wall of this barrister's room in Owen Dixon Chambers seems far removed from the spirit of Selborne Chambers. The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, will officially open the building on October 16.



**NEW HOME** of the Victorian Bar. Crown Law Department has the first floor; ninth will contain a library and dining-room.

R. G. Menzies, now Prime Minister, and others now famous in Australia's courts.

Mr. Menzies retained his chambers in Selborne when he went to Canberra, and he now has chambers in Owen Dixon.

Some of the chambers in Selborne were quite weighed down with history, so many illustrious names had appeared on their doors.

Mr. P. A. Jacobs, now 88, read for two years in one of the most famous rooms—No. 9. In his book "Memories of Law" he notes that it housed "more embryo judges" than any other room.



Eminent Victorian Mr. Justice

Webb, Justices Hodges and Hood, Judges Eagleson and Wasley, Chief Justices of Victoria Irvine and Mann, and Chief Justice of the High Court F. J. Duffy all passed through the doors of No. 9 in their days at the Bar.

No. 28 in Selborne was also a room of some note. The late S. K. Hotchin occupied it from his admission to the Bar in 1894, "the year Patron won the Cup," until his death in February, 1960.

One of the original gas-lamp brackets still remained in this room when the Bar vacated the building.

The barrister who took over the chambers after Mr. Hotchin's death found the gas was still connected to the lamp. "But I was never game to light it," he said.

Mr. Jacobs remembers the lawyers of the turn of the century.

Men like Purves, K.C., a glittering advocate, a real showman, a man of the world, ruthless in cross-examination—the sort of man who could say to his junior, "This case is going badly. We must have a row with the judge. It is our only chance."

Men like George Maxwell, Scottish-born, a brilliant orator, and according to Mr. Jacobs "a very dramatic looking man, just the sort of man Cicero might have been."

"When those two chaps were opposed in court, Maxwell so pious and Purves so worldly, the gallery used to be full," Mr. Jacobs said.

He remembers the Bar dinners—still, of course, an annual institution, where judges and barristers foregather.

Mr. Jacobs, who had what must have been a wicked gift of mimicry, used to give imitations of his learned friends, and even judges.

"They went down very well," he said. "Now and then I overstepped the mark and nearly got into trouble, but most people took it in good part."

"It was all in the family."

Times have changed, buildings have changed, faces have changed—there are no beards and drooping moustaches at the Bar these days. But the extraordinary feeling of good-fellowship, competition without jealousy, and trust, which has distinguished the Bar through all its history, still remains.



**SUPREME COURT DOME** dominates the view from this handsome room on the eighth floor. All members of the Victorian Bar, except a small number who have stayed at Equity Chambers, are housed in the new building.

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 20, 1961

Page 13





Guess who  
had a **Weet-Bix** breakfast  
this morning?

Three golden-brown Weet-Bix biscuits give young and old a full measure of hearty eating enjoyment. Made with essential Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, enriched with pure malt, Weet-Bix is a wonderfully balanced health food. Just as important, it is—weight for weight—today's top breakfast value!

NEW GIANT-SIZE Birds and Animals picture plates! Collect these really big colour plates showing Australia's most fascinating birds and animals. Free with Weet-Bix and other favourite Sanitarium cereals. Albums also available. Send 1/- postal note to Sanitarium Office in your State.

**WEET-BIX**

Australia's most popular  
breakfast biscuit



**A**NOTHER all-Australian play, "The One Day of the Year," opens in London next month. Two years ago, entered in a Melbourne competition, it didn't make the finals.

"You see, good luck as well as hard work is necessary for success," said the play's author, Alan Seymour, a freelance writer for TV, radio, and documentary films in Sydney.

The play, which deals with a clash of views between an old Digger and his son on the sanctity of Anzac Day, took Alan two years to write.

He's been rewriting it and tightening it ever since.

Alan would have abandoned the play after its Melbourne competition failure, but Elizabethan Theatre Trust producer Robin Lovejoy urged him to revise it and submit it for production at the first Adelaide Festival of Arts in 1960.

The play didn't open at the Festival, but, backed by the Elizabethan Trust, it was given an amateur production in Adelaide.

In Sydney, where it opened last April, critics hailed it as "the most exciting play since 'Summer of the Seventeenth Doll'."

In Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria, and Tasmania it has toured with the National Arts Council and the Melbourne Arts Council. A Danish company has applied for the Scandinavian rights.

In London, Laurier-Lister Company and James Laurie decided to present it there jointly with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

Author Seymour is a very mild young man to have caused such theatrical commotion.

Looking younger than his 33 years, soft-spoken, with a



ALAN SEYMOUR . . .  
luck helped, too.

glint of humor behind his thick glasses, he is intellectual, not "arty"; a hard-working professional, not a brilliant one-play author.

"I'm just a plain, normal Aussie," he said.

He loves surfing and a beer in the pub, lives quietly in his bachelor flat near Coogee, and has been writing for a living since he left school in his native Perth.

He's written gags for Bobby Limb, questions for quiz shows, copy for advertising, promotions for public-relations, and plays for radio and television.

"The One Day of the Year" is his second play written for live theatre. His first, "Swamp Creatures," which he later adapted for television, was among the top 20 out of 2000 entries in a competition sponsored by "The Observer," the London newspaper.

Unfinished are a third play, based on the love story of Chopin and Georges Sand, and two novels.

"And I've got an idea for another play that's really burning me up," he added.

Thus, Alan's joy at going to London with his play—and getting his first trip overseas—is tempered by regret at leaving so much work undone.

Nervous about the London opening?

"I'll be numb," he said.

## Walking for long life

**T**HINKING of bedding down in the open tonight? Don't make the novice hiker's mistake of picking a gentle slope—you'll only roll about all night. Snuggle down between two trees.

The expert with whom we wouldn't dare quibble over this is 70-year-old member of the Melbourne Women's Walking Club, Miss Gretchen Fordyce, of Mt. Dandenong, Vic.

Miss Fordyce was on the first hike that launched the club in 1922. She'll be there again at the club's 40th anniversary four-day walk at Moss Vale, N.S.W., next Easter.

"Walking is the surest way to longevity," Miss Fordyce says, "but although our average daily mileage is now 10 miles we don't step it out nearly as far or as fast as we did in the 'twenties'."

Miss Amy Eastwood (secretary) says that club members never pick a flower or kill even an insect. "If we see a snake it's more usual for members to shoot it with a camera than to hit it with a stick," she said.

**EXCITING!**—the recent Sydney photographic exhibition of 15 houses by 15 leading architects due for a Melbourne showing from September 19.

The houses are depicted by photographers Max Dupain and David Moore and present startling patterns in concrete, glass, and wood.

Conservatives, who suspect that the contemporary architect would never dream of living in his creation himself, are in for a shock. Most of these homes are being lived in by their designers.

Despite the unconventional materials and treatment, the houses all look "nice to come home to."

## CROZZLE No. 7 WINNERS

**F**IRST prize of £100 in Crozzle No. 7 is shared by Mrs. A. Whitley, Hawke Street, Millthorpe, N.S.W., and Mrs. N. L. Biddle, 13 Diary Street, Casino, N.S.W., with 397 points each, one point ahead of the next highest score.

Several entrants were disqualified for not marking their scores along the bottom of the grid. Four entrants were disqualified for incorrect addition. All four had given themselves less than they were entitled to. Thirty-three entrants share £200 second prize and thus won £6 1/2 each. They are:

D. W. Barber, 18 Menzies Ave., Brighton Beach, Vic., 3 shares; Miss Beras Brewer, Crow's Nest, via Toowoomba, Qld., 3 shares; one share each to: Mrs. Moya Lane, 77 Wardell Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.; Mrs. P. Podmore, 122 Karoola Rd., Lindisfarne, Tas.; Mrs. K. M. Kingston, 2 McKinlay St., Narrabundah, Canberra, A.C.T.; Mrs. J. J. Smith, Park Ridge, via Kingston, Qld.; Miss D. Clyne, 13 Elizabeth St., Malvern, Vic.; Mrs. M. Downing, Chapman Terrace, Kingscote, Kangaroo Is., S.A.; Mrs. J. Kain, 13 Cadna Rd., Felixstowe, S.A.; Mrs. S. Worboys, 14 Bruce St., Forster, N.S.W.; Mrs. N. H. Dodd, The Caves, Rockhampton, Qld.; Mrs. V. Weekes, 16 Ivy St., Toongabbie, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. A. Vane, 102 Seymour St., Bathurst, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. M. McGowan, 90 Nelson Rd., Sandy Bay, Tas.; Owen Porter, Hill River Station, Clare, S.A.; Mrs. V. M. Noye, 16 Western Ave., Parkholme, S.A.; Mrs. R. P. Tootell, 34 Christowel St., Camberwell, Vic.; Miss G. E. Thompson, 18 Harrison St., Cremorne, N.S.W.; N. Mylrea, "Eden-Bann," Yaamba, via Rock-

hampton, Qld.; Mr. T. Schymitzek, 13 O'Keefe Cres., Albion Park, N.S.W.; Mrs. Gerda Schymitzek, 13 O'Keefe Cres., Albion Park, N.S.W.; Miss M. E. Jones, 27 Montauban Ave., Seaford, N.S.W.; Mrs. S. G. Shawe, 18 Harrison St., Cremorne, N.S.W.; Mr. W. Hartwig, Albert St., Crow's Nest, via Toowoomba, Qld.; Mrs. A. D. Cox, Witta Rd., via Maleny, Qld.; Mrs. D. R. Deakin, Darling St., Renmark Nth., S.A.; Miss A. Hinchliffe, "Fairview," Langi Logan, Vic.; Mrs. S. Smater, 12a Chaplin Ave., Cairns, Qld.; Mrs. M. C. Farley, Kingston-on-Murray, S.A.

Below is a prizewinning entry by Mrs. A. Whitley (redrawn by our artist for more satisfactory reproduction).

	M	A	N	E	T		R	E	D	
S	E	A		O	P	I	E		A	
H	T		B	N			B		B	
A			N	O	D	E				
D	E	G	A	S			E	A	S	E
O		S	T	U	D					O
W	A	S	H				Y	E	L	L
E				C						
A	R	T		I	N	K		L	E	L

19, 16, 13, 18, 20, 14, 13, 9, 16

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 147

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 250

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 397



# CANNED FRUIT CONTEST PRIZES

● The Grand Champion of our recent Canned Fruit Contest—winner of £1000 for the best recipe entered—is Mrs. K. Lock Lee, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

MRS. LOCK LEE'S prizewinning recipe, Caramel Pear Dessert, will be published with other prizewinning recipes next week.

Our petite Grand Champion leads a double cooking life.

For breakfast and lunch she serves British food to suit her Australian-born - and - bred children; for the evening meal she always cooks Chinese dishes because her husband likes them best.

In her larder are tins of bamboo shoots and bean sprouts, packets of sesame seeds, dried prawns, Ching (a fungus), bean curd, dried mushrooms, and other dusty-looking substances that, when cooked, turn into exotic-tasting accessories to Chinese dishes.

"My husband's favorites are Chicken Chow Mein, Foo Jook Fish (made with bean curd), and prawn fritters," she said.

Mrs. Lock Lee, who is a furniture manufacturer, was born in Australia but educated in Hongkong.

Mrs. Lee's prizewinning Caramel Pear Dessert is strictly Western style.

She made it at least ten times before she was satisfied.

"First, I used jam instead of the caramel sauce," she said. "And I altered the pastry several times before it seemed right. I experimented with all the mixtures."

Mrs. Lee said that she had also made a similar dish with canned litchi nuts, a Chinese favorite.

Mrs. Lock Lee is the star cook of her family.

Her mother, Mrs. Tong See, who lives with her, told us: "I can't cook at all. She (Mrs. Lee) learnt from my husband, who died four months ago. He was a wonderful cook."

And Mrs. Lee's children — Graeme, 10, Laurence, 8, Vivienne Jane, 6, and Barbara Anne, 4, love their mother's cooking.

When asked what she would do with the prizemoney, Mrs. Lock Lee didn't hesitate long before she replied:

"I'll take a trip to Hongkong."

MRS. KING, who wins first prize in Section 1 (Canned Peas) with a recipe

for Fruit and Nut Cake, is the wife of a farmer who goes in for early beans and peas, early peaches, and mixed crops.

She says she is a typical farmer's wife, helping on the farm when needed, particularly in the planting and harvesting seasons, and even driving the tractor if required.

But her favorite occupation is cooking.

"I'm happiest when I have plenty of good food," she says, "and can prepare a luscious meal for hungry people to enjoy."

Her prizewinning recipe was based on an old one of her mother's.

Mrs. King has two grown-up children — Julie, "a stenographer with itchy feet," who has just spent a year's working holiday in New Zealand, and Russell, a student at Hawkesbury Agricultural College, Richmond, N.S.W.



GRAND CHAMPION Mrs. K. Lock Lee cooks with daughter Barbara Anne, 4, looking on.

## Prizewinners

### GRAND CHAMPION £1000 —

Mrs. K. Lock Lee, 48 Tooronga Terrace, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

#### SECTION 1 — CANNED PEARS

1st Prize—£100: Mrs. A. King, Terrigal Road, Terrigal, N.S.W.

2nd Prize—£50: Mrs. N. Nelson, Gerringong, N.S.W.

3rd Prize—£30: Mrs. M. Lock, 27 Sharpie Crescent, Grange, S.A.

4th Prize—£20: Mrs. B. Doohan, 3 Westmoreland Street, East Victoria Park, Perth, W.A.

5th Prize—£10: Mrs. Y. Root, 5 York Street, Eltham, Vic.

#### SECTION 2 — CANNED PEACHES

1st Prize—£100: Mrs. J. Howard, Hay, N.S.W.

2nd Prize—£50: Mrs. M. O'Brien, 12 Gregory Grove, East Preston, Vic.

3rd Prize—£30: Mrs. J. Quick, 51 Marlborough Street, Henley Beach, S.A.

4th Prize—£20: Mrs. G. Cory, Glentanna, Dalveen, Qld.

5th Prize—£10: Mrs. V. Sisto, Mourilyan, Nth. Qld.

#### SECTION 3 — CANNED APRICOTS

1st Prize—£100: Mrs. V. Cooper, 7 Rayleigh Street, Monto, Qld.

2nd Prize—£50: Mrs. E. Sinclair, 14 East Crescent Street, McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

3rd Prize—£30: Mrs. J. Haire, 6 Hoskins Avenue, Kidman Park, S.A.

4th Prize—£20: Mrs. G. Ulbrich, 231 Mount Road, Burnie, Tas.

5th Prize—£10: Mrs. J. Keath, Broadford, Vic.

#### CONSOLATION PRIZES (all sections) — £5 each

Mrs. M. Ballantyne, 24 Alice Street, Bundaberg, Qld.

Mrs. W. Barlow, 11 Albert Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

Mrs. M. Doherty, 40 Handoub Parade, North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

Mrs. M. Ellery, 10 Como Parade, Como, N.S.W.

Mrs. I. French, 80 Longman Road, Ringwood, Vic.

Mrs. K. Incher, Rudall, West Coast, S.A.

Mrs. G. Lance, 123 Webster Street, Ballarat, Vic.

Mrs. D. Mercer, 55 Victoria Parade, Rockhampton, Qld.

Mrs. M. Morgan, 11 Elizabeth Street, Salsburgh, W.A.

Mrs. E. Ridgely, P.O. Box 49, Broadway, Qld.

Mrs. A. Rodriguez, Myrtle Grove, Tecoma, Vic.

Mrs. V. Taylor, Upper Cornhill, via South Grafton, N.S.W.

Mrs. J. Tyler, 14 Benarath Street, Victoria Park, W.A.

Mrs. E. Van der Buisen, 80 Chester Hill Road, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

Miss L. Willoughby, 383 Wolfram Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

#### SECTION 2 — CANNED PEACHES

Mrs. J. Corr, 20 Bond Street, Ringwood, Vic.

Mrs. M. Ferguson, Loudoun, 5 Gowderoy Street, St. Kilda, Vic.

Mrs. H. Fox, 15 Webster Street, Klemzig, S.A.

Mrs. G. Grogan, Box 363, G.P.O., Hobart, Tas.

Mrs. M. Johnston, Dutchman's Bay, Nelson Bay, N.S.W.

Mrs. M. Jordan, 37 Canterbury Street, Chango, N.S.W.

Mrs. M. Kenny, Mutton Avenue, Holland Park, Qld.

Mrs. R. Lusk, 94 Sargood Street, Hampton, Vic.

#### SECTION 3 — CANNED APRICOTS

Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers Street, Goodwood Park, S.A.

Mrs. M. Betts, 2 Rosilly Street, South Hobart, Tas.

Mrs. P. Boorman, Taylor Avenue, Caloundra, Qld.

Mrs. K. Brown, 75 Chantry Street, Goulburn, N.S.W.

Miss W. Cowan, Glen Lorie, Murray Bridge, S.A.

Mrs. M. Elliot, "Balgall", Bialong, N.S.W.

Mrs. O. Hinchiff, 90 Ivanhoe Street, Bassendean, W.A.

Mrs. C. McFarlane, Red Hill, Courabong, N.S.W.

Mrs. A. Pearson, 10 Derwent Terrace, New Norfolk, Tas.

Miss B. Phelps, Flat 5, 40A Birriga Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Miss E. Russell, Box 70, Port Pirie, S.A.

Mrs. J. Seab, 4 Stalton Street, Moonee, Vic.

Mrs. L. Sullivan, 31 Yarrington Ave., Chadstone, Vic.

Mrs. M. Tobin, 4 Towns Road, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Mrs. C. Tranair, Yackandandah Road, Myrtleford, Vic.



MRS. A. KING, winner of £100 first prize in Section 1—Pears.

# BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

## plastic STRIPS

look...  
feel...  
flex...  
like a  
second  
skin



## BAND-AID

TRADE MARK

WATERPROOF  
STrips  
PLASTIC

Johnson & Johnson



Never before a dressing that looks so natural on your skin... flexible... waterproof... washable.

- ★ WRAPPED AND SEALED FOR EXTRA PROTECTION
- ★ 20 AIR VENTS FOR FASTER HEALING
- ★ ROUND ENDS AND SUPER-STICK FOR NEATER, FIRMER STICKING

ALSO AVAILABLE: BAND-AID CLOTH STRIPS

THERE'S MORE FOR ALL THE FAMILY IN BRIGHT NEW

ONLY 1/-

# Everybody's

THE "Crusted Beef Layer" which won Mrs. Howard first prize in Section 2 (Canned Peaches) was a favorite dish of her husband, who died three years ago. She created the recipe herself.

Mrs. Howard has seven grown-up children, with only one son now living at home enjoying her good cooking.

One daughter works at Channel 2 in Melbourne; all her other children are married.



MRS. V. COOPER, winner of £100 first prize in Section 3—Apricots.

MRS. COOPER, winner of the first prize in Section 3 — Canned Apricots — loves cooking.

She is always trying out new recipes, which she collects from everywhere — magazines, books, and friends — and she enjoys concocting new dishes.

Her greatest critics are her husband and her two grown-up sons.

Mrs. Cooper does a lot of church work and is a keen bowler. She is very interested in music and does her own sewing.



the new vibrant  
adventurous pink  
with long-lasting alive colour

Whistle  
pink!

Whistle  
pink!

COTY

**COTY WHISTLE PINK LIPSTICK**

One of the new Coty Spring Fashion Forecast colours—a radiantly clear, high-voltage pink which looks stunning on any woman: blonde, raven black or any colour in-between! 13/9 and 8/6

**COTY MATCHING NAIL POLISH**

Whistle Pink—same clear whistle-sharp colour in Coty's pearlescent formula Super Sheen! 12/6.





# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
MARY COLES

**REGRETFUL** farewells are being exchanged this week between Sydneysiders and friends serving in units of the Royal Navy's Far Eastern Fleet, leaving here on September 14 after a ten-day visit exercising with ships of the Royal Australian and New Zealand Navies.

Typical of the warm, friendly personality of Captain Morgan Giles, in command of H.M.S. Belfast (the oldest and largest cruiser in the Royal Navy), was the signal he flashed to the recently commissioned H.M.A.S. Parramatta, outward-bound through the Heads as Belfast was entering the harbor.

The text of the greeting was, "I knew your 'mother' and hope that as her debutante daughter you'll have as fine a record." (Our first Parramatta was lost on the Tobruk run during World War II.)

Captain Giles' wife, who has been a charming hostess at a whirl of parties since the arrival of H.M.S. Belfast, was formerly Miss Pamela Bushell, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bushell, of "Carthana," Darling Point.

She is a "pack-and-follow" naval wife—taking along their six children, too, when possible—a task simplified by the maintenance of permanent homes in England and Australia.

Their Sydney home is "Beach Manor," next door to "Carthana," now the residence of Mrs. Giles' sister, Amber, and her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Anthony Oxley. Captain and Mrs. Giles also have a country property, "Bundong," near Goulburn.

**FROM** London comes news that Desmond Campbell-Miller, whose wife was formerly Ailsa Maxwell, the daughter of Mr. Justice Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, is now a Queen's Counsellor. In England the distinction is known as being "granted silk" in contrast to the term "taken silk" used here. Robert, aged nine, the eldest of the Campbell-Millers' three children, is at Winchester, one of England's oldest and most famous public schools.

**THAT** fabulous Dior model full-length ermine coat worn by Mrs. Horace Harwood, of Bellevue Hill, as the social-climbing "Mrs. McGillicuddy" in "Period of Adjustment," the new Tennessee Williams play at the Independent Theatre, is really HERS, not just a stage "prop"! She had it made to order recently for the role, and also to wear in Melbourne at Cup time.

**MR.** and Mrs. R. V. Buzacott and their son, Richard, and daughter, Ann, are returning home to Bellevue Hill this week after spending the school holidays at their country property, "Cobbadah," Moss Vale. Incidentally, "Cobbadah" is now being managed by Mr. Dick Hirst, who is selling his own property, "Burraburroo," Gulgong. Until the new house, which has been built for them at "Cobbadah," was ready, Mrs. Hirst and their small sons, Bruce and Hugh, stayed with Mrs. Hirst's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Parkinson, of "Ben Buckley," Mudgee, after leaving "Burraburroo."

**THERE'S** an intriguing "side" to one of the three paintings donated by Mrs. H. V. Evatt to the Robin Hood Committee to swell funds at the opening of the Art Competition arranged by the committee, which works for the N.S.W. Association of Mental Health. The picture is officially listed as a "Back-water of the Thames Embankment," by Ena Joyce, winner of the 1946 N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship. But on the back of the canvas there is also another—a very colorful pastel—in the Daumier style, unsigned. Mrs. Joy Alston, president of the Robin Hood Committee, says artists from all over the Commonwealth have entered the contest. The exhibition will be opened and prizewinners announced at a sherry party at the new Florentine Gallery at Hordern Bros. on September 15. Besides the main prizes, Mr. G. J. Dusseldorp is making an award of £50 for the best painting by a psychiatric patient. And, in another section for works painted by prison inmates, the winner will receive a supply of art materials.



**DECORATIVE** Miss Camilla Madoc making an inspection of H.M.S. Belfast with Lieutenant Graham Rogers, R.N. (at right), and Sub-Lieutenant Michael Dowsett, R.N., at cocktail party aboard the cruiser last week. Miss Madoc, who is visiting here from Portsmouth, England, is staying with her aunt Miss Rose Merivale, of Darling Point. She is the daughter of General R. W. Madoc, Royal Marines, and Mrs. Madoc, who was formerly Miss Rosemary Shepherd, of Sydney.

**DIAMOND** tiara set off the ivory faulle gown worn by Mr. Ross Barnett's bride, formerly Miss Joan Cropper (couple below). After their wedding at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cropper, of Sydney and "Greenhills," Willow Tree, entertained at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. J. S. F. Barnett, of "Broula," Moonbi, and the late Dr. Barnett, formerly of Armidale.



**JUST WED.** Mr. James Davidson and his bride, formerly Miss Suzanne Perrett, of Killara, sheltering from the rain under an umbrella, leaving The Scots College Chapel for reception at the Pymble Golf Club. The bride, who is the daughter of Mrs. T. E. Reynolds and the late Mr. John Perrett, was gown in white satin. Her attendants were Miss Sally Perrett and Mrs. Richard Sheldon, of Tabulam.



**CELEBRATING** her 21st birthday, Miss Susan Keighery (second from the right) pictured with Miss Anne D'Arrietta, Mr. Graham Ferguson, and Mr. John Woods (on the right), who were among guests at a delightful dinner dance given by Susan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Keighery, at Caprice, Rose Bay.

**FIRSTNIGHTERS.** From left, Mrs. Gerrit Stal, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Erikson, and sisters Miss Ernestine Walsh and Miss Verdie Walsh chatting together in the foyer of the Independent Theatre, North Sydney, at the gala premiere of "Period of Adjustment," by Tennessee Williams.







*Always in good taste.*

## FAMILY ASSORTMENT

*baked oven-crisp*



*by*

# BROCKHOFF



Buy them from your grocer...  
loose from the tin or in  
stay-fresh ½ lb. packets.

Families everywhere love to serve Brockhoff Family Assortment—six popular varieties to please everyone; **Morning Coffee**—the ever popular biscuit to serve with morning tea or coffee. **Gran-O-Malt**—wholesome malt and wholemeal. **Malt-O-Milk**—nutritious malt and milk. **Malt**—the real malty flavour. **Cresta**—oval shaped, sugar sprinkled shortbread. **Golden Cookie**—toasted coconut flavour. All six in the one assortment... always in good taste.

FRENCH DOLLS BY MADEMOISELLE FAURE.





Tommy Noonan

# He prefers blondes, but married a brunette

● American comedian Tommy Noonan, in Australia to star in "Revue '61" with Digby Wolfe, is the perfect gentleman—he prefers blondes, but he married a brunette.



TOMMY NOONAN, American comedian now in Australia, poses as a timid lover, with Marilyn Monroe for one of a series of pictures she devised personally as a picture story to publicise herself.

WHAT makes him rather singular among the world's many, many gentlemen who act the same way is that the blonde he prefers is Marilyn Monroe, whom he has kissed so many times he has lost count.

He was even engaged to be married to her, on film.

He played the role of Marilyn's rich fiance in that famous picture of its day "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

The girl he married is a "really beautiful dark brunette" named Pocahontas Crawford, an Irish Indian, who he says is not unlike Ava Gardner.

The Noonans have nearly four children — Vincent Anthony, 4½, Susan Andrea, 3½ (the apple of father's eye), Kathleen Shan, 15 months, and Noonan No. 4, expected in November.

Tommy has another two children, Patricia, 19, and Thomas, jun., 11, by his first marriage, to actress Lucille Barnes.

It is hard to know where to start talking about Tommy Noonan. He's a pleasantly plain young-looking man of 40, 6ft. 1½in. tall, blue-eyed, and slender.

He knows something about, or has worked with, almost every well-known movie and TV star in Hollywood and is refreshingly outspoken about them.

## Good days

He stepped practically from the Perry Mason set in Hollywood to catch the plane to Australia.

Noonan was guest star in the latest Perry Mason episode made in America — "The Case of the Crying Comedian" — and arrived infected by Raymond Burr with an enthusiasm for Australia and Australians.

He and Burr worked together, he told me, in three or four pictures "way back" when neither of them was well known and seldom made the credits.

I gather Tommy got his role as a kind of celebration of good days for the two of them, because of his talent, and be-

cause of an expanded budget for the Perry Mason show.

The show, he says, is now among the top big-budget productions, at 125,000 dollars (about £A55,000) a week.

Noonan, as the Crying Comedian, is a goodie, of course, although Lieutenant Tragg (Ray Collins) thinks differently and arrests him for murder. Perry steps in, and not surprisingly the Crying Comedian is acquitted.

"The Perry Mason cast is the most charming and wonderful company to work with," Noonan said.

"They don't act like film stars, they all act like a family. When I arrived on the set Ray Collins said, talking to me and Della, 'Tommy will be great with Ray, won't he, Della?'"

"This is most unusual."

By NAN MUSGROVE

He told me Burr has been sick from over-dieting since his return from Australia.

Apparently he gained weight quickly on his round-the-world trip after he left here, arrived back considerably overweight, and in a crash diet took off 80 pounds.

It seemed too much to be true, but Noonan is sure that he did lose 80 pounds.

"Ray told me he puts on weight very easily and when he got back he just had to strip it off before he started filming."

"He laughs about it. He told me he got off the plane and started his diet with two days living on water and vitamin pills."

"Ray swears that at the end of the two days he had gained four pounds."

"But he lost the weight, and although he overdid it he's all right now, in grand shape."

When shape was mentioned, it reminded me of Marilyn Monroe, and I asked Mr. Noonan what she is really like.

Mr. Noonan has obviously given a lot of time and study to Marilyn. He had some very interesting and surprising things to say about her.

"She's a girl with a single-track mind, a mind dedicated

to working on the image she has created of herself professionally," he said.

"She lives with herself as that image and she has made that image a big success story. She's tremendously clever, she's done it all herself; no one helped her."

"To say she's pretty or sexy is not enough; it would be as if I described Einstein as cute."

"Marilyn knows exactly where she is going, what she is going to do. It is kind of frightening."

## Three-in-one

"When I was working with her, we did a terrific series of still pictures showing Marilyn teaching me how to make love. They were done for national magazines all over the world, to publicise Marilyn. And they appeared all over the world."

"The series was Marilyn's idea. She worked it out, we posed, and Marilyn saw they got all round the world."

"Everything she reads or hears or sees, she considers. If it's good and she can turn it to do something for herself, she uses it."

"One of her most famous lines is 'I feel blonde all over.'"

"That was all her own idea." I asked him did he think she was happy.

"Being unhappy is part of the image she has created for herself," he said.

"Her created professional image has three facets. There's

- "the sex queen,
- "the temperamental movie star,
- "the little girl lost."

"As the little girl lost, everyone wants to help her, and the truth is she can help anyone."

He believes the real Marilyn is "the one who is cognizant of all three of her faces."

"I think she has found her character as an actress. I think she is a very good actress, and I think she is very happy professionally."

"I can't say about her private life. I don't know her well enough. I never saw her while she was married to Arthur Miller."

I asked what he thought was the type of role that suited her best.

"I've been told she's to play Sadie Thompson in Somerset Maugham's 'Rain' on TV," he said.

"I think she would be great for that. She's Jean Harlow all over again. I think she has to be written for specially."

"She's not the actress Ingrid Bergman is; she's become a great actress playing Marilyn Monroe. I don't mean that to be derogatory. I think she's great."

"I am a really devout Marilyn Monroe fan."

You may remember that that other great queen of sex and bosom, Jane Russell, played in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." I inquired about her.

"I never really thought about Jane Russell at all," he told me. "She has no sex to

me at all. She's so hail-fellow-well-met she's like some woman working as a 'greeter' in a resort hotel."

"I turn some people off mentally, and they never exist after that for me. I turned Jane Russell off early in the piece."

Tommy Noonan classifies Hollywood movie people into two categories — performers and actors.

Among fine performers he puts Judy Garland, Yves Montand, Danny Kaye, Donald O'Connor; among fine actors and actresses, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ingrid Bergman, his own brother, John Ireland, and says Raymond Burr has a tremendous potential as an actor.

He rates Geraldine Fitzgerald as the best actress in Hollywood; Elizabeth Taylor

loses the beauty crown from him "because her eyes are completely blank"; Jane Powell rates with him as the sexiest actress in Hollywood.

I asked him what he most disliked about women. Did he have a pet aversion? He has.

"I hate women who act like little girls," he said. "I love women who are women."

"And I have no strong views about fashions, but I think we should know women are women by their clothes. Now short skirts—I think they are great. I like them."

I liked Mr. Noonan. He's as entertaining a character as you could hope to meet. He should be a great success on "Revue '61."

On my observation I am prepared to take a chance and sight-unseen classify him as a great performer.

## Film Reviews and Gossip

### ★★ JUNGLE CAT

Walt Disney's cameras penetrate the Amazon jungle to find its fearless king — the jungle cat (or jaguar). With flash introductions to other inhabitants (including comical monkeys, a playful otter, and crocodiles), Disney spotlights jaguar family life — from courtship to rearing kittens. Vicious killers, Mum and Dad jaguar prowled solo or as a team. Hunting savagery is softened with the antics of their young learning their stealthy trade. Glimpses of vivid birds and exotic flowers add tropical glamor. A caricature commentary will amuse the kids. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . ALIVE.

MEMBERS of a small Hollywood church congregation were astounded the other day when a 25,000-dollar Rolls-Royce pulled up at their rummage sale and Tony Curtis

hopped out. The actor stormed in, laid 100 dollars on the counter, and marched out with a rusty old bicycle. "They had no way of knowing the bike was the one I rode around the lot at Universal when I landed my first movie job," Tony said. "The gardener accidentally gave it to the church for their rummage sale, and when I found out I raced down to retrieve it."

THIRTEEN species of African wildlife have been donated to American zoos following the completion of their roles in Howard Hawks' "Hawaii"—an adventure drama shot on location in Africa and starring John Wayne, Hardy Kruger, and Elsa Martinelli. Flown to Hollywood from Tanganyika for final scenes, the animals and birds include hyenas and hornbills, elephants, baboons, monkeys, cranes, leopards, eagles, cheetahs, lions, and a lonely hyrax.

AUSTRALIAN actor Jerold Wells has landed a plum role opposite Hollywood stars Glen Corbett and Kerwin Matthews in Hammer Films' swashbuckling drama "The Pirates of Blood River," which John Gilling is directing at London's Bray studios. Four years ago Jerold arrived in London from Sydney with the Australian company of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" and decided that when the show ended its run he would remain. "London is THE show-business centre of Europe," he said, "and I always like to be at the centre of things — it's much more profitable."

FRANK SINATRA, Peter Lawford, and Sammy Davis Jr. have found themselves a barber who charges 50 dollars (£A22) a haircut. His name is Jay Sebring and he is "keeping them in trim" for their roles in "Soldiers 3" — the latest Clan movie.



*Probably the most lavish soap ever to pamper your skin*

# fabulous pink CAMAY



Look for the luxurious pink foil wrapper that protects the fragrance of your fabulous pink CAMAY.



A PRODUCT OF THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.



**NEW! LINGERING!**  
With a fragrance like rare French perfume that would cost 9 guineas an ounce.

**NEW! LUXURIOUS!**  
Blended with the finest quality pink cold cream.

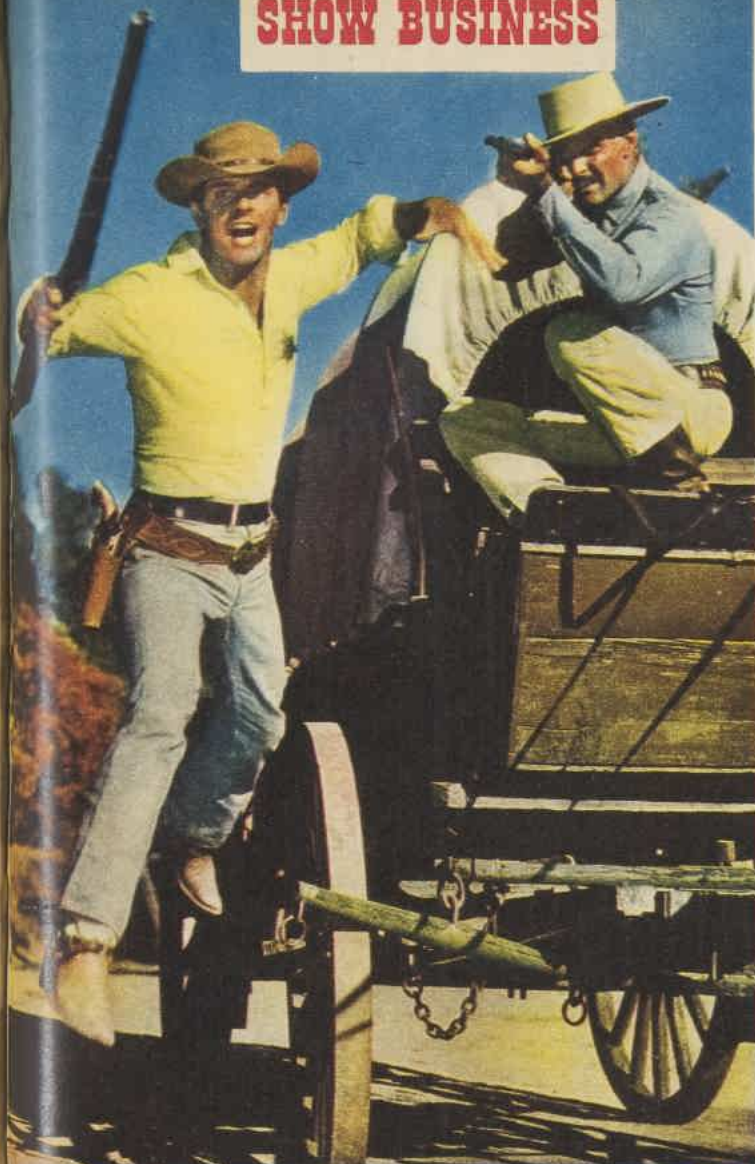
New . . . pink . . . seductive! When you surrender to this luxurious caress . . . feel CAMAY'S gentle lather enfold you . . . you'll know you have found the beauty soap that will pamper your skin for ever! Pink CAMAY, with a fragrance like rare French perfume that surrounds you with a lingering charm. Fabulous CAMAY . . . blended with finest pink cold cream . . . to bless your skin with loveliness in the most luxurious way!

You'll be a little lovelier each day  
with fabulous pink **CAMAY**

Not yet available in S.A. and W.A.



## SHOW BUSINESS



**LAWMAN** (John Russell), right, and Johnny McKay (Peter Brown) retrieve a tricky situation. Russell doesn't ride a horse. "I let McKay do that," he says. "It gives me a more distinguished role. I do my best work on the ground."

## WESTERNER — WITH CLASS

**T**HE **LAWMAN** (John Russell) is a strong silent Westerner. Obviously, sometime a bad woman has done him wrong, and his poor heart is encased in ice. His TV life is so stiff-upper-lipped that he looks like an animated wax figure specially made to show off his magnificent clothes. "I want to dress sharp, look sharp, and be suave," he told Warner Bros., who produce the show. "To hell with those beat-up rags the other stars are wearing. Let's have a little class." He got it — and gets in the girls who watch him. Once, in his previous TV series, he smiled as if he meant it, and a balmy sigh swelled over the whole viewing area. I hear that in the new series he smiles again.

—NAN MUSGROVE



**Bridget** — the long-handled brush that swishes clean the dirtiest dishes, cutlery and glassware. Price 4/3

**Fidget** — with hard bristles that keep pots and pans shiny new without effort. Price 4/3

**Polythene Bowl** — strong, easy-to-handle, won't sag when full. Fits easily into the sink. Resilient polythene guards china and glassware from chipping or breaking. Size: 15" x 12½" x 5½"

Washing-up's lighter, brighter

with

*Addis*

## COLOUR-MATCHED KITCHENWARE

These bright Addis work-savers make kitchen tasks seem easier . . . lighter! Long-handled, strong-tufted brushes keep fingers out of water . . . sturdy polythene bowl protects precious glassware . . . and the new Addis pot scourer takes all the effort out of cleaning pans. Choose Addis kitchenware in colours to match your own colour schemes.

All available in these colours: Red, Green, Blue, Yellow.



**Pan - Brite** — the strong nylon-tufted scouring brush. Cleans stubborn frying pans and saucepans in a wink. Price 2/6

**Sink Strainer** — of hardwearing boilproof polythene. For use as a strainer or sink tidy. Price 4/6



Everything  
*Addis*  
makes stays  
new longer

There's an Addis brush for every room, every need! AD23



# Heaven has no favorites

*All they had was the present — neither the past nor future existed for them . . .*

**a new serial by ERICH MARIA REMARQUE**

**author of "All Quiet On The Western Front"**

CLERFAYT pulled in at a service station where the snow had been cleared away, and blew the horn. Crows were cawing noisily around the telephone poles, and in the small workshop behind the pumps someone was hammering away at sheet metal. The hammering stopped, and a boy of sixteen emerged. He wore a red sweater and steel-rimmed glasses.

"Fill her up," Clerfayt said, getting out. "Any place to eat here?"

The boy jerked his thumb toward the other side of the road. "Over there. Want me to take off the chains?"

"Why?"

"The road is even icier farther up."

"All the way up the pass?"

"You can't drive over the pass. It's been closed again since yesterday. Report from the automobile club. With a low sports car like this one, you'd never make it, anyhow."

"Really?" Clerfayt said. "You arouse my curiosity."

"And you arouse mine," the boy replied.

The air in the restaurant was stale, smelling of old beer and a long winter. Clerfayt ordered meat dumplings, bread, cheese, and a carafe of wine. He had the girl bring his meal out to the terrace. It was not very cold outside. The sky was vast and gentian-blue.

"Want me to hose down the buggy?" the boy called across from the service station. "It damn well needs it."

"Never mind. Just clean the windshield."

*To page 42*

Adapted from HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES, by Erich Maria Remarque, to be published by HUTCHINSON & CO. (PUBLISHERS) LTD.

*Only with Clerfayt, Lillian knew she could escape from the solitude of the mountains.*

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD







# DAWN SUPERSOFT TOILET TISSUE

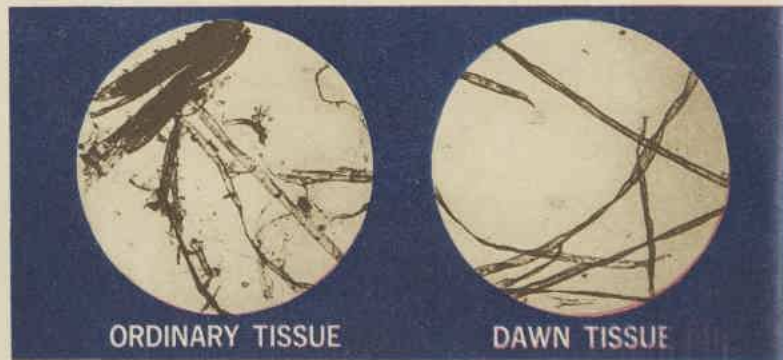
## GIVES YOU EXTRA VALUE BY ANY MEASURE!



**EXTRA WEIGHT** DAWN weighs heavier than other toilet tissues! That's because DAWN gives you 100 extra sheets in every roll!



**EXTRA LENGTH** DAWN gives you 27½ feet of extra tissue in every roll! DAWN is the longest toilet roll!



**EXTRA SOFTNESS** Only DAWN is made by the exclusive SUPERSOFT PROCESS! Micro-photos prove that DAWN is made from pure chemical pulp — ordinary tissues contain harsh ground wood which could cause irritation. DAWN is softest — SAFEST!



**BUY DAWN** — the big national toilet tissue owned by Australians!



# STATISTICALLY YOURS

She was the ideal secretary for a bureaucratic bachelor . . . a short story

By DEREK BARAT

**W**IDE shoulders. Trim waist. And long, elegant legs. Statistically speaking, Julie Newcombe was a very vital girl indeed. And like all tall girls she had her problems. She could never get stockings with sufficient stretch. Or wear off-the-peg coats. Or the new high-crown hats. But her main snag in life was . . . short men.

Wherever she went they pursued her. It was something to do with chromosomes. Julie had read about it in a book on genetics—that the very content of their cell-nuclei made small men fall for well-made girls.

(The book said it worked the other way round, too. Big men and little women. But that wasn't Julie's problem.)

Three times she had had to change her job because the boss had been a tubby hubby whose wife apparently didn't understand him. As soon as "that look" came into their eyes—Julie went.

It was the same with the others who wanted to date her. They were mainly on the short side, with whacking great egos. And it was not much fun, Julie discovered, doing the cha-cha with a bird's-eye view of your partner's back hair—or lack of it.

Her fourth job (in eight months) had complications of a different kind. Her work was fascinating. And so was the boss.

But though he was single, and apparently heart-free, he regarded her simply as an integral part of the ultra-modern office machinery, along with the electronic computers, the "Quick-See" files, and the soulless inter-com. system.

"I'm just a cog," she told herself dismally. It sounded so unromantic.

Just then her buzzer buzzed, and her heart leapt a little as she smoothed down her skirt and her pale, silky hair and went into his sanctum with her best good-morning smile.

As usual, he looked shiny as a pin. Crisp white shirt. Meticulous tie. Pink rose, fresh as dew, on steel-grey lapel.

His face crinkled kindly.

"One or two short notes," he said.

Julie crossed her excellent legs and waited, pencil poised. Then out it came in a smooth dictatorial flow. Scarcely a pause. No humming or hawing. There was no doubt about it, Digby Crayne was the world's most efficient Efficiency Expert.

"The study of time and motion is the science of streamlining a production so that nothing whatsoever impedes the process. Waste is eliminated. Redundancy is ruled out. Super-efficiency is the keyword."

That was Crayne's opening speech nine weeks ago, on the day that Julie applied for the job.

"My own office must run as smoothly as a well-oiled machine," he told her. "Not only as a pattern to impress clients but because I can't abide ineptitude in any shape or form."

He smiled warmly. And Julie knew then that she was a dead, dead duck.

"You're very young, Miss Newcombe. But I like the look of you. I'm sure you'll make a first-rate right-hand girl."

Crayne was right, too. Julie was first-rate. It often meant stopping late to keep abreast of the job. But what hardship is that when you're in love with the man?

She couldn't quite define it, but there was something about Crayne that made such sacrifices simple. He was no Rock Hudson. He wasn't even very tall. But he had a clean-cut, jaunty look that took your breath away.

To page 28

As Julie waited to take dictation from Digby Crayne she decided he must be the world's most efficient boss.

ILLUSTRATED  
BY MAUDSON





## ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's  
blissful  
comfort  
for  
tired  
aching  
legs

## Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT  
EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! 42/- PAIR

\* ALL NYLON \* 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS  
\* GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR \* 4 COLORS

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON



BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. PTY. LTD.



## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for  
all letters published. Let-  
ters must be original, not  
previously published.  
Preference is given to  
letters with signatures.

### Dithering women

AS a cab-driver, I cannot help noticing the difference between men and women passengers. At the end of the journey a man has his fare ready. But women wait until you tell them what is on the meter, then start dithering round in the bottom of their purses. A few minutes later they come up with their money. Don't or won't women understand that time means money to a cab-driver?

£1/1/- to "Crabby Cabby" (name supplied), Greenacre, N.S.W.

### Pampered children

WITH higher living standards and the rearing of children considered such an enormous task, people are having smaller families. But parents use the extra time on their hands to give their offspring too much unneeded and unwanted attention. Children are shielded from any likelihood of danger; they're over-fed and over-clothed. Such attention is bad both mentally and physically. City children are being bred into a society of unimaginative conformists. A contact with nature helps stimulate the minds and bodies of country children. Parents should allow children to go barefoot occasionally, play in the dirt, wear less clothes, and experience life for themselves — within reason.

£1/1/- to "It-seems-to-me" (name supplied), Burrinjuck, N.S.W.

### Checking that roving eye

IN his early forties, my husband is — I'm told — at the "dangerous age." Even though a wonderful husband and father, his eyes never miss a dashing figure, pretty face, and attractive legs. But I found a solution. I admired strong shoulders, well-built men, handsome faces. The result? He keeps his eyes on me now.

£1/1/- to "Try It" (name supplied), Cunningham, Qld.

### Short measure for children

HAVE you ever noticed how often a shilling's worth of chips for a child differs from a shilling's worth for an adult—in quantity?

£1/1/- to "School Ma'm" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

### Innocent victim

IT should be compulsory for bailiffs, debt collectors, and such to call during the evenings, when husbands are at home. I recently had two distressing visits from collectors who adopted a stand-over manner for debts which my husband incurred. They were very unpleasant. I know of many wives with irresponsible husbands who have had similar experiences.

£1/1/- to "Humiliated" (name supplied), Tarcoo, S.A.

### She prefers false teeth

I CAN never understand why so much stress is laid on the fact that one's own teeth are superior to false teeth. If teeth are not sound, they're a liability. I had all my teeth extracted when I was 17, and have not had one twinge of regret. My childhood was a nightmare of aching teeth and dentists. Every tooth had a filling and each filling cost money. My parents were poor and I was a coward. My only regret is that I didn't lose my teeth at 16 and save myself a year of expense and pain.

£1/1/- to "Jan" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

## Young knitters

"KNITTER" (Vic.) asks if there are other knitters as young as her three-year-old daughter. My small daughter could knit quite well at three. I, too, cast on and off for her. When she accompanied me to meetings it amused the other women to see her take out her knitting and sit quietly at work.

£1/1/- to "Marie's Mother" (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

MY daughter learnt to knit, cast on, and cast off at three. At 11 she is now a very good knitter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Barrass, Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

MY little girl started knitting before she was old enough to use knitting needles. She used two matches with wool. By the time she was six she had knitted herself a pink loop-stitch bedjacket and won a first prize with it.

£1/1/- to "Another Knitter" (name supplied), Chiltern, Vic.

I HAVE a daughter who knitted her dad a small scarf when she was three years old. He still has it after 32 years. Also a neat sewer, she made herself a worked grey calico apron at four.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Whybin, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

MY daughter learnt to knit at two and a half. I formed a knitting circle in Devonshire for the Forces during the war. The country folk taught her to knit—I am no knitter myself.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Pegley, Fairlight, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"WOMEN tend to gather around the route of their children's wheeled vehicles."

I found this striking sentence in a description of life in a big American housing settlement.

It said that the social meeting-place of women there was the path at the back of the buildings, where children rode their dinkies and tricycles, rather than on the nice lawns in front.

Anyone with experience of dinky and tricycle traffic problems can see why. The risk of trouble is always present.

The dinky is a safe enough vehicle if handled in a responsible manner, but often the dinky driver is too young to be fit to hold a licence. He or she drives the dinky into a wall or down some steps.

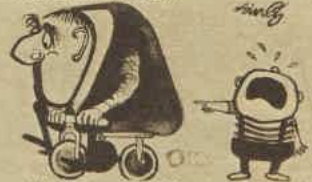
Loud screams startle the neighborhood. Someone rushes in crying: "Caroline's fallen off her dinky!" And the nearest parent—not necessarily Caroline's—has to rush out to give aid and comfort.

Some parents allow learner-drivers of dinkies to practise indoors. This

### FOLLOW THAT TRICYCLE!

is safer, but it can be inconvenient to have the house turned into a dinkydrome.

A neighbor who permits this told me wearily: "Christopher rode his dinky into the bedroom at two o'clock this morning."



The danger with more experienced dinky or tricycle drivers is over-confidence. They come down slopes at high speed, trusting that they can brake by dragging their feet along the ground. (This is, incidentally, one of the quickest known ways of wearing shoes out.)

They carry passengers at the back and recklessly drive "no

hands." At such times it is good for them to be stopped and cautioned by a patrol mother.

In one respect the standard of courtesy among dinky and tricycle users is sometimes even lower than among motorists. They will demand a loan of another child's vehicle or refuse to lend another child their own vehicle, and a violent quarrel breaks out.

I have never seen a motorist stand in the road crying and screaming because someone else won't give him a turn of his car.

The question of right-of-way gives rise to other disputes, especially where scooters are concerned.

Mervyn Donking, of our district, thinks that if he sounds the bell when he is riding his pump-up scooter along the footpath you should get out of his way. Or, rather, he used to think so until I said something to him on the subject.

The parking of children's wheeled vehicles, too, leaves much to be desired. A fair thing's a fair thing. Last night a child's wheeled vehicle stopped me from getting in the gate with an adult's wheeled vehicle.



how  
to make sure  
you  
buy genuine

# PANELYTE

## Galaxy

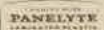


CHARLES HOPE<sup>®</sup>  
**PANELYTE**  
LAMINATED PLASTIC

For further information contact Panelyte Factory  
Representatives at these numbers:

SYDNEY.....JF 4267	PERTH.....8 2275
ADELAIDE.....LA 5576	HOBART.....B 7465
MELBOURNE.....JA 3970	BRISBANE.....5 2241

BE AUSTRALIAN — BUY AUSTRALIAN MADE GOODS

Only genuine Panelyte carries this  trade mark

Imitation, as you know, is the sincerest form of flattery. Recently we have been flattered. However, a great many people have come to know and trust the name Panelyte as the best in laminated plastic surfacing. To you we extend this warning — if you want genuine PANELYTE Galaxy beauty and quality, always look for the PANELYTE trademark before you buy. Panelyte gives you full measure of beauty that stays new looking always, that wipes clean with a damp cloth, resists scuffs and scratches. The Panelyte trade mark is your guarantee and your protection — insist that the furniture you buy is surfaced with genuine Panelyte.

BLACK WHITE CUPPERSTONE CITRUS TAN BLUE GREY PINK GREEN ROSE RED



To CHARLES HOPE Pty. Limited, Wandoor  
Street, Valley, Brisbane.

Please send by return mail Panelyte folder showing  
full range of patterns and colours.

NAME .....

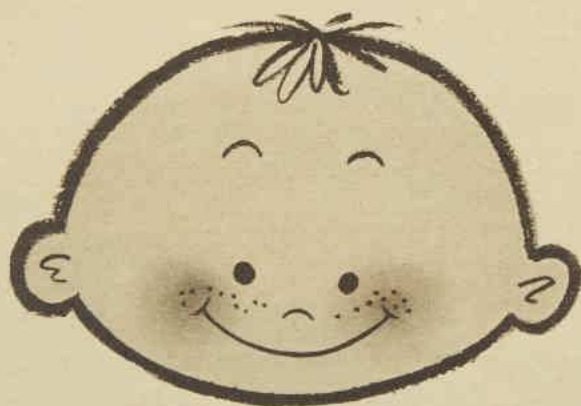
ADDRESS.....

STATE.....





for cuts, burns, abrasions



Prevents infection  
and assists nature heal

3/9 and 6/6

Available from your Family Chemist



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

SAV 2393 4225

## Continuing . . . STATISTICALLY YOURS

from page 25

He also had a beautiful brain. So sure of himself, without being pompous. Confident without being cocky.

He could tell you off pat, for example, the staff-to-passenger proportions of any of the major airlines.

He could quote the length of the Queen Mary or the Queen Elizabeth as well as their tonnage. Or reel off the average lifespan of, say, a sweet chestnut tree.

"He's in love with statistics," Julie told herself. Yet he never made statistics dull.

Except for one momentous Thursday afternoon after he had finished dictating the manpower-progress report of a Midlands ball-bearings firm on his brand-new pocket-size electronic dictamaster.

"You'll find three letters on the end of the tape that I'd like you to get off tonight," he told Julie. "They're very short — addressed to fellow members of my bachelors' club, reminding them that we're meeting for cocktails in my flat at six on Saturday."

Bachelors' club . . . ? It's rude to stare, but Julie couldn't help it. She goggled so hard that, for the first time since she had known him, Crayne looked slightly discomfited.

He wasn't abashed by her gaze, however. He was far too self-possessed for that. It transpired he was merely concerned for her welfare.

"Are you feeling all right, Miss Newcombe?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed brightly. Though she was feeling anything but. "I was only wondering, Mr. Crayne, why it is that marriage — a man-made institution — should have such a scarifying effect on so many men?"

He leaned back in his swivel-chair, made a tent of his fingertips, and smiled.

"You must remember, Julie, that last year in this country there were 26,561 divorces," he said. "It's a frightening figure and I've no wish to contribute to it. Yet I probably would if I took the plunge, because I'm such a poor marriage risk."

"You must realise that yourself," he added. "You know how seldom I would be at home." He embraced the air, then clasped his hands neatly behind his dark head.

"I'm off to Dundee in half an hour. Over to Essen for three days on Monday. Next weekend up to Newcastle. The little woman would see so little of me. Can you think of any girl who would care for such a married life?"

"I would . . . be inclined to agree with you," Julie added hastily, as he eyed her rather sharply over his horn-rims.

Offhand, she couldn't think of any female, unattached and in her right mind, who wouldn't be eager to throw in her lot with Crayne and face a future of such blissful efficiency.

She could picture it so clearly . . . a shining little love-nest with everything in its right place and polished to perfection.

"I'd just like to make one point," she said sweetly, a little alarmed at her own temerity. "Couldn't you be seriously underestimating your value in the wedlock stakes?"

"There are, after all, two million surplus women in this country. That means an awful lot of unwilling spinsters that you and your gay friends could well reduce by four."

Crayne chortled cheerfully; it was quite a musical sound. "I thought the statistics were my department, Julie."

He was suddenly reflective. "Of course, you might be right. I suppose we could be called selfish . . ."

"When you could be making four girls very happy?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I hope it works out that way if—and when—I decide that marriage is for me. Meantime I'm much too tied up with the job. And let me assure you that we're not so very gay," he added. "We don't meet to celebrate our freedom but rather to drown our sorrows."

Clearly the discussion was closed. He pointed to the dictamaster.

"Anyway, you'll find the letters to my fellow sufferers, plus their addresses, on this excellent machine. Incidentally, it seems to work really well and should add greatly to our office efficiency."

"I must thank you for getting it on trial for me, Julie. Perhaps you would arrange to buy it in my absence."

Julie sighed softly as she picked the dictamaster off Crayne's desk and carried it into her own little office.

His praise, never given lightly, should have made it a moment of triumph for her. Instead it was a moment of truth.

Bachelors' club . . .

TWO days earlier, a man with a ginger moustache whose card announced that he was George Blick ("Office Electronics") had brought the new machine into her office.

He demonstrated how its buttons worked and asked her, cheerfully, if she would care to give it a week's trial. No obligation.

Julie had agreed—to make Crayne happy. He never could resist a new gadget in the office.

She had made Blick happy, too, with the prospect of commission to come.

By six o'clock on Thursday evening she was still trying desperately to get Blick on the phone after getting nothing off the dictamaster but meaningless gibberish.

Crayne had left for Dundee on the four o'clock train. He wasn't due back in his flat till Saturday.

Meantime, his ball-bearings report was nothing but a high-pitched "yeeecaaaaaooow." And the bachelors' letters could easily have been a snatch of cocktail party conversation in the Kremlin.

Blick was out of town, too, his secretary said next morning. He didn't show up in Julie's office until after tea on Friday — ebullient as ever.

He examined the machine. "I'm afraid what's on this tape is a write-off," he announced with irritating unconcern. "You omitted to flip the master switch that takes it off the rewind setting. It'll work all right next time," he assured her as he left.

That's why the report on their ball-bearings set-up never reached Staggs and Biddle of Stourbridge. And that's why the bachelors' club failed to rendezvous at Crayne's apartment on Saturday evening.

Julie was in a flat spin. She knew only too well how the boss reacted to inefficiency.

"Blast Blick and his new-fangled contraption!"

As she saw it she had three courses of action open. And all of them were unthinkable.

She could go out and jump in the river, but that meant she would never see Digby Crayne's seraphic smile again.

She could leave a note on his desk resigning from her job. But—for the same reason—that didn't bear contemplation.

Or she could turn up at his flat on Saturday evening (what

a substitute for three jolly bachelor pals!) and make a clean breast of the whole affair, throwing herself on his mercy.

"I'll be sunk, anyway, because he'll fire me!" she wailed. But she brightened up a little as she dabbed at her mascara. "At least I'll see him once more."

The thought of their meeting frightened her a little. Yet, strangely, it intrigued her, too. She had never once seen Crayne even ruffled. How would he look in a rage?

When his bell chimed at six sharp, Crayne was shaking cocktails. He opened the door to his secretary. She was shaking, too, her blue eyes wide and clouded with concern.

"It's me!" she announced breathlessly. "Please . . . listen . . . while . . . I . . . explain."

Crayne listened patiently. Then he poured her a martini. And he told her not to worry, her pretty head about it.

"I've a confession to make, Julie," he said. "The mistake is all my own. I was so fascinated by the new machine that I played about with it before I dictated and . . . yes, I remember now . . . I quite forgot to flip the switch."

His lean face creased in a rueful smile. "We all make mistakes sometimes."

Julie wept a little—with joy at the thought that anyone so terribly efficient could be so very sweet and understanding.

Digby Crayne took a handkerchief from his breast pocket and handed it to her.

"Will you do me a favor, Julie? I must get that report to Staggs and Biddle by first post on Monday morning. If I drive you to the office, will you type it for me? Please?"

He was being such a lamb that Julie would cheerfully have typed all weekend for him. As it turned out, the operation took only twenty-two minutes.

He signed it. She sealed it. And while her back was turned to pop it into the pillar-box he ran across the road to a flower-seller on the corner and came back with an armful of red roses and a posy of freesias.

"For your kindness," he said. "And now I'm going to ask another favor. I've a table booked for four, and no fellow bachelors to share it with me. Will you join me for dinner, Julie?"

They dined and danced. It was wonderful. He ordered the food and wine with such aplomb. He was quite the best dancer on the floor.

"What would they say—those fellow members—if they could see you now?" Julie murmured.

He laughed. "I wouldn't know. And I don't really care. I wasn't thinking about them but just reflecting that each year in Britain four hundred thousand couples take the plunge and get married."

Later, when he kissed her goodnight—with such efficiency—he said: "You know, Julie, I've wanted to do that almost since the first time I saw you."

"And I've wanted you to." She smiled into his eyes. "We're just the same height," she said.

"I know." He sighed. "Tell me, Julie, is there a chance for me? Is there any hope that the bachelors' club may soon lose its most confirmed founder member?"

"I think so," she said. "Yes, I think there's every hope." He shook his head wonderingly. "It really beats me what a gorgeous girl like you could possibly see in an ordinary-looking sort of chap like me."

Julie didn't tell him the real reason. That could wait.

"It's something to do with chromosomes," she said. "I read about it in a book."

(Copyright)



A childish game with Ben and his toy animals was to change Helena's whole life . . . a short short story

By  
**SUZANNE  
EBEL**



# The Love Present

EVERYTHING about Helena Reed was just right. She was tall, pretty, fashionably pale. Her dark hair was cleverly dressed and so was she. She was an elegant career girl, living in a tiny, neat ground-floor flat which matched her style and singleness.

"And that's my trouble," thought Helena one damp Saturday morning as she dusted her sitting-room. She knew that her tidy flat, her tidy life, had always irritated John Sheldon, but she'd never known how much until last night.

He'd arrived back from a business trip carrying—of all things—a toy koala. He'd kissed her fondly, put the darned thing into her arms, saying, "It's a love present."

Absurd to think they could quarrel so bitterly about a toy. "Where's it going to sit?" John had said, looking round the carefully chosen room, "On the bureau or on the bookshelf?"

And later, furiously, when Helena had tried to explain it just didn't suit the room. "You don't want it or me. Love's untidy, isn't it, Helena?" He'd slammed out of the flat without saying goodbye, and completely ignoring her explanations.

This morning, polishing the bureau she was miserable. She looked gloomily out at the rain-swept courtyard, when there was a sudden splintering crash. Something shot through the window and burst into pieces on the window-sill. Helena looked up in alarm.

Round the corner a face peered at her. It was a small face, crowned with a swathe of yellow hair. Two grey eyes, looking at the broken fragments, filled with tears. Ben Frost, the small boy from next door whom she'd scarcely noticed before, climbed slowly over Helena's window-ledge. He looked a most pathetic little figure.

"He was my plastic gorilla," he said (he pronounced it "grilla"). "Can you mend him?" He picked up the pieces and offered them to her.

"I'm afraid not," Helena said in the embarrassed voice of a girl unused to the young.

Ben's tears brimmed and fell on the ground like the rain outside. She looked at him in panic. He was dressed in a stout white jersey and scarlet trousers. He was handsome and unbearably sad. Where, oh where, was his mother?

"I have a chocolate?" she said desperately.

"I loved my grilla," he said, not listening. "He belonged to my zoo. He went to school in my pocket. I got him out of the cornflakes."

"Your mother could buy some more cornflakes," Helena said, trying to pacify the youngster.

"Grillas are finished. It's zebras now."

Helena looked round for help. The sitting-room was neat as a pin. Shiny novels, silver ashtrays, violets . . .

"What's he called?" Ben said suddenly. He pointed at the koala, unnoticed by Helena, face downwards behind a chair, where John must have hurled it last night in complete exasperation.

Unable to look, either at Ben's tears or at the toy itself, she snatched it up. He received it in both arms, and, murmuring "He's the kind of bear I need," went over to the bookcase.

Helena followed him hastily. He reached for the big atlas, opened it on the floor, and seated the koala carefully on Australia.

It was twenty minutes before he left. He traced Australia on her best writing-paper, accepted a chocolate, had his nose blown, and asked himself to tea.

Looking at her reflectively, he said, "I love you seventeen. No, p'raps eighteen. Sometimes I love Mummy a hundred and ten."

"It's a lot," said Helena, suddenly feeling envious as she looked at his earnest young face.

"Yes, it is," agreed Ben. She finally shooed him toward his own front door. His mother smiled through the window, and Helena, a little stiffly, acknowledged the smile and hurried back to the safety of her own flat. She was pleased at last to be alone with her thoughts.

It was still raining that afternoon as she began to get the tea. John had been due for lunch, but of course he hadn't come. She was glad to be busy, cutting honey sandwiches and arranging a circle of chocolate biscuits. She was putting on quite a spread for her young visitor.

There was a bang on the door. Ben, in a mac and sou'wester, clumped in, carrying a basket, and leaving wet footmarks on the pale blue carpet.

"I've brought all the animals," he said carelessly as he deposited them on the floor.

Mrs. Frost found them, hours later, immersed in maps. "I really must apologise . . ." she began, but Helena, sitting on the floor, looking unlike her elegant self, laughed, saying, "Oh, do come in!"

Mrs. Frost, half-immune to Ben's charms, quietly cleared the tea while Helena and Ben arranged animals across the continents of the world.

At six it was time for Ben to go, but not until he'd wrenched further promises from Helena: that he could return tomorrow, borrow the ivory elephant tonight, and leave a house of books which sheltered a plastic wolf.

"Wolves are harmless," he said as he looked knowingly at his mother and Helena.

"Ben, darling!" his mother said helplessly, "are you sure you ought to keep Miss Reed's bear? After all, it doesn't really belong to you."

"She doesn't want him," Ben said firmly, "and I shall love her nineteen tomorrow." He left with the koala clutched to his chest.

Helena, her hair disordered, wandered back and sat by the fire, thinking of John. The bell rang. "It's Ben. He's forgotten something," she thought.

It was John, standing tall and dark in the doorway, his thick hair spangled with rain.

"So you gave it away," he said at once in the bitterly cold voice he'd used last night. "How typical of you." Helena suddenly couldn't bear any more. She ran into the sitting-room.

"I met the child from next door," he said, following her as she moved away.

Helena stood with her back to him. She didn't want him to see that she was crying. "I gave it to Ben because he broke his grilla," she said, her voice trembling and trying desperately to restrain her tears.

"What are you talking about? What on earth's a grilla?" John said, angrier than before, and wondering what all the fuss was about.

She turned round, the tears brimming over, repeating desperately, "A grilla. A gorilla. Out of the cornflakes. Oh, darling John, I never meant to give your present away, but he was so little and miserable and the animal was in bits . . ."

John looked at her with amazement. At untidy Helena, with the atlas open at her feet, the careful drawings, the one forgotten biscuit, and a house for a plastic wolf. This was so unlike the Helena he knew.

He came to her in a step, putting his arms around her and kissing her so hard that her head spun.

"Will you forgive me?" she whispered in a voice filled with emotion.

He turned up her face and studied it, tears and all. "Silly girl, lovely girl," he said at last. "Didn't you know that's exactly what a love present is for?"

(Copyright)

## Weigh Anchor with



### Dutch Mails

Begin your overseas adventure  
the best way . . . aboard one of the famous ships of  
the Dutch Mails Fleet

**ORANJE**

**JOHAN VAN OLDENBARNEVELT (J.V.O.)**

**WILLEM RUYSS**

They take you across the world to the U.K. and Europe in unbelievable comfort, and offer you the choice of TWO romantic and exciting routes. You may go Eastward through the soft South Seas and colourful Panama, or Westward via the glittering ports of Singapore, Penang and Suez. For the sheer pleasure of living aboard, and for the thrilling varied ports of call en route, more and more Australians are sailing with Dutch Mails ships.

**BOOK NOW . . .** for the most exciting and economical sea-going journey you will ever enjoy!

## People who know go Dutch Mails

Enquiries are welcomed at authorised travel agents or

**ROYAL INTEROCEAN LINES, 255 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY 27 3773**  
John Sanderson & Co. (Shipping) Pty. Ltd., 111 William Street, Melbourne. 62-0441  
Elder, Smith & Co. Limited, 37-31 Currie Street, Adelaide. LA8331  
Elder, Smith & Co. Limited, 111-113 St. George's Terrace, Perth. 21-5181  
Dalgety & Company Ltd., 291-301 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. 21-8331





*in any room...always in step with fashion!*

For a room that's lovely to look at... comfortable to live in... you need Luxaflex Twi-nighter venetians. From "snap-back" aluminium slats to "wipe-clean" plastic tapes and tassels, featherweight Luxaflex Twi-nighters are designed with you in mind. They give complete light control... perfect ventilation... cosy privacy in any room... and protect furnishings from direct sunlight. They come in an exciting range of over 200 colour combinations, plus 12 elegant patterns and the new two-tone designs. And now you can give a wonderful finishing touch to Twi-nighters with the slim, attractive new Luxaflex aluminium pelmet, which comes in two widths — 4½" or 6" — and a range of carefully chosen colours. Available with or without curtain tracking, the Luxaflex pelmet features trim aluminium fascia and easy-to-clean double-baked enamel finish.



Glamorous new pattern. Illustrated is the exciting new addition to the Twi-nighter range of patterns — captivating Beige Zebra. Twi-nighter patterns blend perfectly with the distinctive range of Luxaflex plain colours.

**TWI-NIGHTER**

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY IN 68 COUNTRIES

VENETIANS BY

**Luxaflex®**

**Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER**

Only genuine Twi-nighters have this seal of quality on the bottom rail. Look for it before you buy.



SEE YOUR LUXAFLEX RETAILER — HE'LL SHOW YOU THAT LUXAFLEX QUALITY IS BETTER ECONOMY.

® Registered trade mark of Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd.



A short short story

Susan thought she had found a subtle way . . .

# To catch a man

BY  
MIRANDA  
G. SHORE



SUSAN WILTON moved into the brownstone block because it looked like the best hunting-ground for romance. During her residence at the Alice Carpenter Club, Susan had explored the neighborhood—and this block seemed full of promising young men. Bachelor types.

For months she had smiled at superintendents, even doing a little bribery—till one of them offered her an apartment. Two rooms, with some furniture left by the departing tenant. Now all she had to do was buy a dog.

"In the cities, a dog often takes the place of the old-fashioned marriage-arranger," said the article Susan had read. "A dog is the best husband-catcher a single girl can find. All she has to do is take it for a walk. If she meets a bachelor out walking his dog, the twosome at once becomes a foursome. These chance encounters can easily flower into love and marriage."

Alicia would be staggered by such scheming, Susan thought. Alicia, her sister, was eight years older than Susan. Back in Little Falls she taught kindergarten and kept house for Daddy. They couldn't both leave him, and Alicia felt it was her place to stay.

So Alicia stayed back home, but her letters were increasingly wistful. "When I think of all I'm missing!" she wrote. "I could easily get a job in a private school—and we'd have such fun doing the art galleries and theatres!"

Reading this letter, a month after she moved into the new apartment, Susan felt guilty. It was a shame Alicia couldn't join her—but what could she do about it? She had her own future to think of. She wanted, as soon as possible, a nice husband and at least three children.

She turned her mind to the dog problem. Yesterday she had consulted the pet-shop owner. The article had pointed out that a girl's dog should match her personality; she shouldn't buy just any old dog!

The owner had twinkled, observing Susan's small, intelligent face and her bright eyes. "A French poodle—that's your type," he said. "Only thing is, they attract a lot of attention on the street."

Susan's eyes shone. "A poodle, then," she breathed. "What will he cost?"

She was horrified by the high cost of poodles. "I guess I'll have to wait a few weeks," she said. She must cancel the new dress, skimp on lunches, economise like mad.

The weeks went slowly. Once she saw a young man walking a big dog, and she nerved herself to stoop to pat the animal. But the young man scowled. "Don't touch him," he said sharply. "He's very high-strung."

On Friday she told the pet-shop man she would come for her poodle the next day. All the way back to her apartment she visualised herself walking her dog.

There was a letter from Alicia when she got in. Reading it, Susan's eyes widened. "Oh, Susie, I'm coming," Alicia said. "Daddy is getting married—to Mrs. Bannister. As soon as they leave for their honeymoon I'll head for New York!"

But it was the postscript that made Susan stiffen. "Susie, you mentioned buying a dog. I guess you're lonely," Alicia said. "But please don't get one now I'm coming. You remember that horrible allergy I have to dogs! I can't go round New York covered with a bright red rash!"

The poodle, Susan thought. The cute, attention-getting poodle. She couldn't have him now! There would be no

strolls, no brief, promising encounters with nice young bachelors walking their dogs.

All night she tossed and turned. She even contemplated getting Alicia a cubicle at the Alice Carpenter Club.

But she knew she couldn't do that. She loved her sister. And Alicia had been so good, so unselfish, staying with Daddy. Susan would simply have to welcome Alicia to the apartment. She could use the poodle money for a few extra bits of furniture. She would try that used-furniture shop on the fringe of Greenwich Village.

It didn't help, on the way to the shop, to meet no fewer than three young men walking their dogs. Susan turned her head away and tried to concentrate on furniture; she must get a chair, and something with drawers.

Usually, Susan had observed, such shops were run by little old men. But in this one a tall young man came hesitantly forward.

"I'm looking for a chair," Susan said. And swallowed. Really, he was such an attractive young man.

"Er—straight or rocking?" the young man said. Then he seemed to collapse. "Listen, I can pick you a comfortable chair, maybe—but that's all I know. My uncle owns the shop, and he's just been hauled off to the hospital with appendicitis!"

"Oh," Susan said. She wanted to cheer him, make him smile. "Well, that's not fatal." She began to wander round the shop. "Don't worry about me—I'll dig something out and we can argue about the price!"

He looked so terrified when a matronly woman came in for hurricane lamps that it seemed quite natural for Susan to go to the rescue. "I'll help madam," she said sweetly. "Now here's a pair of lamps in very good condition."

She didn't mean to stay all day—but that's what she did. When there were no customers in the shop they talked. The young man told her his name was Gerry Faraway; his firm had just transferred him from its Albany branch; he was doing special research in veterinary medicines. "I'm staying with my uncle," he said. "But he has cronies, and I'm a bit lonely." His eyes met Susan's. "I was thinking of buying a dog for company."

Susan stared. A dog! Then he'd meet dozens of predatory females. Girls with poodles and terriers and collies.

"Oh, don't," she said. "I mean—he'll be such a tie. You'd have to walk him and everything. And there's really no need for you to be lonely." She smiled at him. "You'll soon get to know people. You know me."

Gerry Faraway beamed. "Yes, I do, don't I?" He frowned. "But you're so pretty and—well, sweet. Probably you're engaged, or know dozens of young men."

Susan's heart leaped; he seemed anxious about it. "Not exactly dozens," she said. She looked at the clock. "Heavens, I'd better get home. I'm preparing for my sister. She's joining me next week."

"Then let me walk you home," Gerry said. "I'm shutting up shop now. We might have supper together. There are plenty of good places round here."

"Like Luigi's Back Yard," Susan said. Luigi's Back Yard was especially nice—with an open-air garden, and there might be a moon!

(Copyright)

Baby looks beautiful in lovely

Orem  
HAND EMBROIDERED  
BABY WEAR



Babies not only look their best—they feel their best, too, in exclusively fashioned and beautifully designed Orem Babywear, imported from Portugal.

OREM—an exquisite but inexpensive range of sunsuits, frocks, rompers, and all kinds of beautiful Babywear



SEE THEM AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

SYDNEY: David Jones, Carrons, Mark Foy's, Legory Rosemary Shop, Wings, Sydney Snow, McDowell's.  
MELBOURNE: Myer Emporium, Buckley & Nunn, Georges, Ball & Welch, Ivy Dickson.  
ADELAIDE: Myer Emporium, The Treasure Cat, Miller Anderson, Bambi Babies Wear.  
BRISBANE: Allan & Stark, Finney Isles, T.C. Belmer, Weedmann, McWhiters, Lantern Gift Store.  
PERTH: David Jones, Cox Bros.—Economic, Banns, Bairds, Charne, V. Doyle, Juliann Babywear.  
HOBART: Andrew Mathar, Cox Bros., Miss Muffett.

AND AT ALL LEADING SUNBATH AND COUNTRY STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Trade Inquiries: Rydge Anderson, 200 Pitt Street, Sydney

My BIG TOE was one BIG "OH!"



When you have to "rub your poor toe"—rub it with BAUME DALET. This powerful foot ointment has proved so marvellously effective on the Corn that chemists in this country are now taking it up. Made specially for the relief of painful bunion-type swellings, but wonderful for "hot", tired, aching and tender feet, too. BAUME DALET disappears as you rub—gets deep into your foot where its special healing ingredients really get to work and bring relief. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DALET—6/- a tube.

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal solution to all your gift problems for friends in Australia or overseas is a gift subscription to The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	AUST.	New Guin.	N.Z.	Brit. Doms.	Foreign
3 YEAR	£1 14 6	£2 3 6	£2 6 6	£2 11 6	£3 5 6
1 YEAR	£3 9 0	£4 7 0	£4 13 0	£5 3 0	£6 11 0





IT'S AN ASTOR...  
*that's the difference*

## THE DIFFERENCE IS AFTER-DINNER LEISURE!

Imagine... a wonderful dinner party and no tiresome washing-up or drying! That's the difference the ASTOR Automatic Dishwasher makes; made possible by 40 years of technical leadership, the know-how of Australia's largest electrical organisation, the skill of its 5,000 people. The ASTOR Dishwasher makes sink dish-washing as old fashioned as the scrubbing board. It washes more thoroughly, more hygienically. Adds a sparkle to glassware and china you'd never get by hand — and there's no towelling either! Exclusive fluid brush action washes 1,000 times during cycle. It rinses, then boosts temperature of entirely fresh rinsing water to give a final sterile rinse. Then dries, *completely automatically*. You just load it and switch on! The ASTOR Dishwasher needs no plumbing or installation, silent castors let you wheel it where you want it! You can actually stack your dishes in it then wash when it suits you. It opens up a new era of leisured living — once you have an ASTOR Dishwasher you wouldn't be without it! \*159 Gns.

**ASTOR** Automatic Dishwasher

IPP/ATA

\*Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania.



ASTOR 'Leisure-line 11'  
Most modern frig. ever.  
\*179 gns.



ASTOR fully automatic clothes  
washer \*215 gns.



ASTOR 'Concertmaster'  
Stereo \*125 gns.

A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED



# Make your own Spring Hats

● *This week we show you, step by step, how to make for yourself the hats pictured here and on following pages. You need no special equipment and the materials are easy to buy. There are eight different styles to choose from. Making your hat at home saves money, too.*



*FLOWERED cocktail-theatre hat is also ideal for evening or late-day weddings. You need ½ yd. velvet or satin and about 18 flowers. For foundation, ½ yd. cap net or book muslin, ½ yd. linen canvas, material stiffener, ½ yd. millinery wire. See overleaf for how-to-make.*



*ELEGANTLY simple hat at right is made with ½ yd. shantung in lighter tone, ½ yd. in darker tone, ¾ yd. 5 in. wide veiling. Foundation needs ½ yd. buckram, sheet of 1-8th in. foam rubber or wadding, ¾ yd. millinery wire. Lining, ½ yd. taffeta, ¾ yd. Petersham ribbon. See overleaf for how-to-make.*



## Make your own spring hats

# Step-by-step instructions

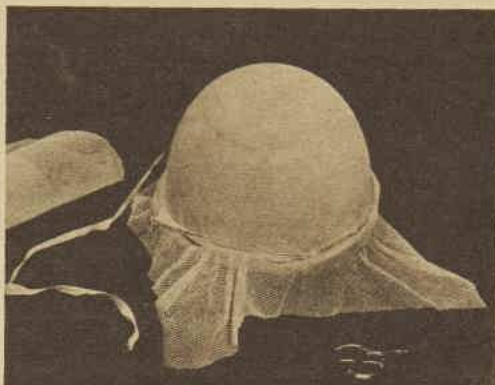
## HOW TO BLOCK A CROWN . . .



• Crowns or shapes can be bought ready blocked, but are easy to block from cap net, buckram, or book muslin.

Milliners use a wooden skull block, but a very satisfactory alternative is an upturned basin, with the flat top built up with white plasticine to make the shape of the head (see picture above left). So that pins will have something to stick into, tie a piece of cheesecloth over the basin.

To get the size of the cap net, buckram, or book muslin required, measure over the top of the head from side to side, to the depth of the hat crown to be made. Cut a square of the cap net (or other material) with each side that length.



Pin the square down over the cheesecloth-covered basin at front, back, and each side.

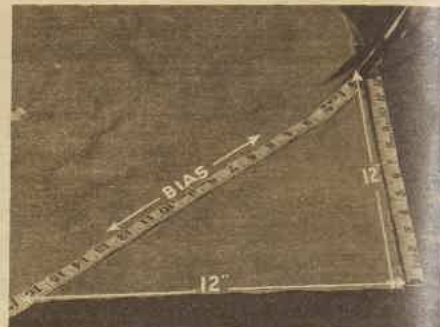
Expose the whole to steam coming from a boiling kettle, pulling the corners of the square down over the basin toward the steam. The surplus fullness will be taken up.

Pin the cap net to fit round the basin edge, tie right round with tape, and leave to dry out (picture above).

Remove mould and try on. Mark depth of crown needed.

Buckram is cut to the exact depth, but with cap net or book muslin leave an extra half-inch for a turn-up into crown over millinery wire. Turn up carefully without stretching.

## To find a true bias



• From a corner of the fabric (or a given point) measure the same length both across and down. Mark the two points obtained. The line between them is the true bias. See illustration above, showing also how to cut.



## The Pillbox

(From previous page)

• As this hat perches on the head, the head fitting is rather smaller than the usual 22in.

### How to make

1. Make full-size paper patterns of crown top and crown band following the cutting-out graph below.

2. Place paper patterns on well-pressed buckram. When cutting, include dotted 1/2in. seam allowance for join at back of crown band and dotted 1/2in. seam allowance round crown top.

3. Make V-shaped cuts 1/2in. apart round edge of crown top, cutting to depth of the 1/2in. seam allowance. Bend tabs down. (See picture, top right.)

4. Join centre back of crown with stab stitches across edges of buckram.

5. Fit crown top to smaller end of crown band with stab stitches. Sew millinery wire round inside lower edge.

6. Using paper patterns as before, cut crown top and crown band of foam rubber or sheet wadding.

7. Fit padding crown top smoothly to buckram crown top, stitching just below where it meets crown band. Place padding crown band over the buckram one and stitch top and bottom, turning bottom in and up over wire.

8. Have outer covering fabric, the lighter tone, perfectly smooth, and

using the pattern cut a crown top, this time adding 1/2in. seam allowance.

9. Place fabric crown top on padding crown top and backstitch to top edge of crown band. (Picture, middle right.) Trim off surplus fabric.

10. Cut the darker fabric into 1 1/2in. wide bias strips. Join two end to end and bind lower edge of band.

11. Fold remaining strips lengthwise, and working upwards from bound edge arrange in layers round hat, stab-stitching in place on the raw edge side. No stitches must show. (Middle picture.)

12. Cut a 7in. wide bias strip of lighter fabric, fit smoothly over crown band (picture, middle right) to get back seam placing. Remove, machine seam. Press open.

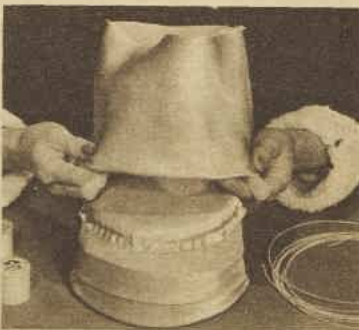
13. Slip lighter tone piece back on to hat, arranging into deep folds, turning in both raw edges. Slip-stitch top and bottom. (Picture, lower right.)

14. Gather one side of veil, sew to inside of hat across front.

15. Make a lining of taffeta from the patterns. Sew in. Stitch headband of petersham inside lower edge.



• Steps 3, 4, and 5.



• Steps 9, 11, 12.



• Step 13.

## Flower Hat

(From previous page)

• It's so easy to make

1. Using book muslin or cap net, block crown according to instructions above left.

2. Take linen canvas and cut 5in. wide strip on the true bias. Length is head fitting plus 1/2in. seam allowance at each end.

3. Seam canvas strip at back and apply coat of material stiffener with brush. Allow to dry.

4. Cut velvet similarly and join back seam similarly. Fit it over the prepared canvas and stitch them together along top and bottom.

5. Fold in half lengthwise, with the two raw edges together, and turn in 1in. on raw edges to give width of 1 1/2in. to finished brim.

6. Fit blocked crown into the fold of the velvet brim between the turned-in raw edges (see picture below), pin in place, and try on for head fitting.

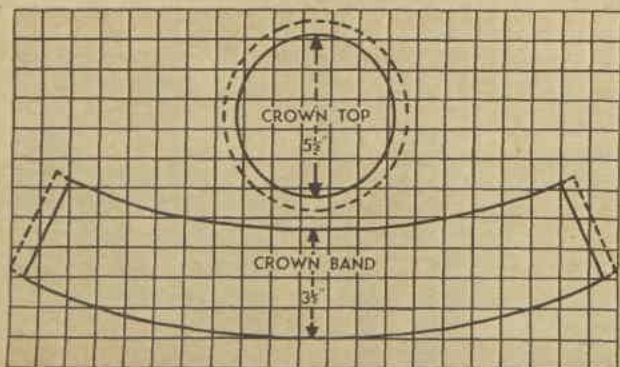
7. Attach edges of blocked crown and velvet together by slip-stitching from side to side.

8. Make a fold in the velvet-covered headband above the left eye and steam in the fold by holding it over a steaming kettle.

9. Either sew or glue flowers all over crown of hat (see picture below).



• Flower hat, steps 6, 7, 9.



• Pillbox pattern graph, on one-inch squares.





all the girls  
are thrilled!

GOSSAMER is now only 10¢!

● **Beauty** costs less than ever. Now it's better beauty-budgeting to have Gossamer keep your hair style smooth and shining.

● **Glamour** is a natural with Gossamer... it helps you set the most attractive hair-do with a professional touch.

And the new low price applies to both Gossamer sprays:

● **Gossamer "Invisible Net"** for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hair styles.

● **Gossamer "Supersoft"** for easy-to-manage hair and casual hair styles.



There is NO lacquer or stickiness in Gossamer

57148/61





## Casual cap

- Young and relaxed, this jaunty straw cap is just the thing to wear with casual clothes.

**M**ATERIALS required, with approximate costs, are:

One and a quarter yards 2in. braid straw, a light color, 5/2. One and a half yards 2in. braid straw in a dark color, 6/9. Coil of millinery wire, 1/-. Skein embroidery cotton to match each of the straw colors, 8d. each. Straw stiffener, 2/6. Three-quarter yard 3/4in. grosgrain ribbon, 9d.

1. If the straw has no gathering thread, run a continuous row of embroidery cotton in the folded edge at one side. Pull it carefully to avoid crushing straw.

2. Form a centre crown of the lighter color straw and pin to hold shape (see picture below). The actual joining is done by a weaving stitch, from edge to edge of the two rows of straw. The needle must not pierce the straw but is inserted in the folds.

3. Place the hat frequently on an upturned basin of your head fitting, or a hat block, to check shape.

4. When the straw is nearly used up, ease the last row of straw gradually up under the above row, thus keeping a continuous lower edge.

5. When about to start on the darker straw, decide where the centre back of the section already done should be and proceed to pin the darker straw in position from the centre back.

6. Continue to test the fit on the basin or block, and when two rows are fitted proceed with stitching and continue; the last row of the straw should be gradually sloped under the one above, as with the last row of the lighter straw.

7. Place the hat back on the basin or block and use the steam from a boiling kettle to mould it into shape. Allow to dry before removing.

8. Paint a coat of straw stiffener on the inside of the hat and return to basin to dry.

9. Removing the hat from the basin, sew millinery wire round the inside of the edge to conform to your head fitting.

10. Stitch in a headband of the petersham ribbon and the hat is ready to be worn.



● Step 2—starting the crown.

Make  
your own  
spring  
hats

# PRETTY STYLES

- Before beginning to make a hat, assemble all the materials needed, including pins, needles, thread.
- Don't hurry. Work where you will be free of interruptions and able to concentrate properly.
- Be deft. Not all materials will stand pulling and tugging. Handle bias-cut silks without stretching.

## Six-rose hat

- Make this charming little hat to match your dress. The roses round the edge are quite simple, and interesting to make.

**T**HE cost depends on the price paid for the dress fabric. Materials required are:

One yard dress fabric. Strip 2 1/2in.-wide foam rubber which is 1-8in. thick and the same length as your head-fitting measurement. Half yard buckram. Two yards bias binding. Millinery wire. A ready-made silk lining.

1. Block crown in buckram by instructions on page 34. After cutting blocked crown to correct depth, sew millinery wire round inside of cut edge, using either buttonhole-stitch or sewing over and over.

2. Fold strip of foam rubber in half lengthwise and tack it as a wide binding to edge of buckram shape, with ends exactly meeting.

3. Cut a true bias strip 3in. wide of the material the hat is to be made of, length being your head fitting, plus seam allowances. Join seam by machine and press open. Place over hat's foam-rubber bind and back-stitch right through the material and the buckram to hold the two raw edges together.

4. Cut another piece of material 10in. x 10in. to cover the top of the buckram crown.

(A stiff fabric such as taffeta will need moulding to remove surplus fullness. Use mould already used for buckram. See instructions on page 34.)

5. Place 10in. x 10in. piece of material evenly over the buckram crown, pinning down on four corners of the foundation shape. Stitch to the buckram by a continuous row of back-stitching a little above the material's highest edges (see picture below). Neatly trim off a little below stitching and the hat is now ready for the roses.

### The roses

Follow the picture below right, which shows, left to right, the roses being made stage by stage, beginning in upper left of picture.

It is necessary to use a base of buckram on which to mount the material petals.

6. Cut six circles of 3 1/4in. in diameter out of the buckram.

7. Make a cut from the outer edge to the centre of each circle and lap the cut edges 1in. over to give a coned effect (stage 1). Stitch together from edge to centre and bind the outside with the bias binding (stage 2).



● Step 5—the crown.



8. From some firm paper cut a circle of 3in. in diameter and another 5in. in diameter. Each rose you make will require three material circles cut from each of these paper patterns—i.e., three 3in. circles and three 5in. ones.

9. Dealing first with the smaller circles of material, fold each in half on the bias. Arrange these three pieces on each buckram cone (stage 3 in picture), taking care to overlap evenly with all overlaps facing the same way. Stitch cut edge of material to bound edge of buckram.

10. For each rose fold three of the larger circles of material in the same manner, again making sure that the fold is on the true bias. Arrange as in stage 4 in picture. The amount of overlap at the raw edge as these are interfolded one on the other is 2in.

11. Run a gathering thread close to the raw edges of this outer petal arrangement, leaving the thread loose.

12. Place outer petal arrangement over the cone shape and pull up gathering thread to fit, taking care to distribute fullness evenly (stage 5).

13. Make the whole rose firm (stage 6) by stitching outer petals at row of gathering to the inside of cone's bias binding.

14. Pin roses at even intervals around the hat, taking special care that the amount of overlap is the same in all cases.

15. Roses are sewn to the hat by slip-stitching their outline to the hat. Make sure all raw edges are covered.

16. Sew in the lining.



● Back row, stages 1, 2, 3. Front 4, 5, 6.



# TO CHOOSE



## Three-in-one

● The three-in-one cocktail hat is made of coarse gold net, a gold rose, and black velvet bandeau.

THE gold net hat can be worn alone or over the rose-bearing bandeau, and the bandeau, worn alone, makes another change.

Materials required and approximate costs are:  
One and a quarter yards heavy gold net, 25/-. Gold rose, 9/11. One-eighth yard nylon tulle. Strip thin foam rubber, 3/11. Half yard velvet, 10/-. Half yard buckram, 2/9. Coil millinery wire, 1/-.

1. Cut a 14in. square of gold net for crown and block.  
2. Cut a length of gold net 28in. long and 11in. wide. Seam the 11in.-wide edges together, matching net pattern. Fold in halves lengthwise, run gathering thread along cut edges. This will form brim.

3. Pull up gathering threads to own head fitting. Shrink out any fullness by pressing with a warm iron.

4. Take piece of millinery wire 27in. long, plus 2in. for turnings. Join the ends (with 2in. overlap) with cotton. Cut tulle into 1½in.-wide strips and bind the whole circle of wire with tulle strips. Sew this bound wire near folded edge of brim and turn brim back 2½in.

5. Try on crown, mark depth, adding extra ½in. Wire crown edge, turning extra ½in. up over wire.

6. Fit raw edges of brim into crown, exactly matching back seam of brim to centre back of crown, and fix with back-stitching. Cut away surplus net above stitching.

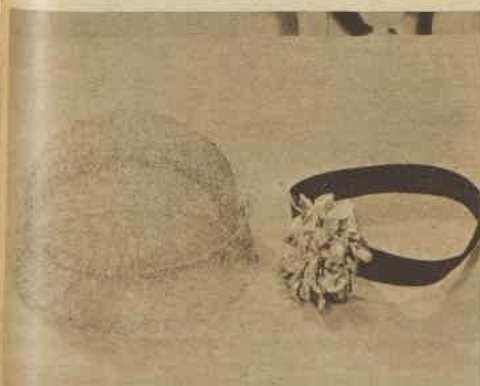
### Bandeau

7. Taking the buckram, cut a 1in.-wide strip to length of head fitting, plus seam allowances. Overlap ends and stitch. Wire along inside lower edge.

8. Cut a 2in.-wide strip of foam rubber to length of head fitting and tack it to outside of buckram.

9. From the velvet cut a true bias strip 3½in. wide and to the length of head fitting, plus seam allowances. Machine seam, press open, and fit the velvet to bandeau. Slip-stitch edges of velvet together inside bandeau.

10. Sew the rose over the join in the velvet.



● Finished hat (left) and bandeau.

## Petal hat

● Frivolous and charming, this special-occasion hat is a gay arrangement of rose petals and veiling.

THE cost of this hat depends largely on the cost of the jewel ornament. Materials required and costs for the fabrics to be bought are:

Half yard cap net, 4/-. Six yards veiling, 17/9. Half yard pure silk taffeta, 12/9. Three-quarter yard ½in. petersham ribbon, 10d. Tin of material stiffener. Steel knitting needle. Jewelled ornament.

1. Following how-to-block-a-crown instructions on page 34, make foundation crown in cap net (white for a pastel hat) and try on. Mark a crown depth ½in. greater than final hat will have. Cut off surplus cap net.

2. Using buttonhole-stitch, sew wire where hat edge will be, turning the extra ½in. of cap net up over it to inside.

3. Try whatever colored veiling you have chosen over this white base, and if the white shows through too clearly paint cap-net foundation over with a mixture of colored ink broken down with methylated spirit and place back on block to dry.

4. With a brush, apply coat of material stiffener to the silk taffeta from which you will make petals and let dry.

5. Take your petal shape from a real rose petal, making each shape 3in. long and 2in. wide. Before cutting out, be sure lengthwise fold of petal is on true bias of taffeta.

6. Roll both sides of petal tips over a heated steel knitting needle to make them curl. To give them a natural cupped appearance, run thumb and finger down centre of petal to stretch (see picture below). At base of each petal make a pleat to represent centre vein.

7. Cut off one yard of veiling, keeping it for later.

8. Cut rest of veiling into three lengthwise lengths, each 6in. wide, and fold each piece in halves lengthwise.

9. Gather across one end of a strip and sew to net foundation under where jewelled ornament will be. Run a gathering thread along veiling for about three inches, catching the two raw edges. Pull up gathering thread and stitch down to cap net, attaching a petal at same time. Repeat this process, sewing on petals and veiling from side to side across cap-net foundation until whole is covered (see picture below).

10. Sew in petersham headband.

11. Try on hat in front of a mirror and, with kept yard of veiling folded in halves lengthwise, tuck gathered ends in among the veiling and petals behind ears, pulling double veiling down over face and up toward top of hat.

12. When veil is arranged like picture above, secure here and there to veiling of the hat with tie-stitches.

13. Firmly pin or sew on jewelled ornament.



● Stretch petal centre with thumb.



● Assemble petals and veiling.





## Gardening in party clothes?

Planting birthday trees is the happy way they have of marking anniversaries at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roach, Blackburn, Vic. Naturally they're dressed for the occasion. (But only the birthday child's clothes are new . . . the others just look it!)

**Whose birthday?\*** If you can't guess, that's all the more credit to Mrs. Roach — and to New Rinso — for keeping their clothes so bright and fresh. "With Rinso in my machine, everything comes up smiling," she says, "from frilly party dresses to husky coogans!"

**Boon for busy mothers!** Nothing beats New Rinso's richer, softer suds for getting clothes really clean. They keep working when other suds give up, putting extra whiteness, extra brightness into everything you wash.

\* Corinne, aged 2, in pink and white, is the birthday girl!



New Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines.



**NOTHING BEATS NEW RINSO'S RICHIER, SOFTER SUDS FOR**

**EXTRA WHITENESS · EXTRA BRIGHTNESS**



# These will save you pounds

● In the Flowerpot Hat pictured at right, white roses and coarse navy net combine in a style that is all feminine flattery.

**Y**ET it is simple, quick, and inexpensive to make. Materials required and their approximate cost are:

Dark-colored buckram shape, 3/-. Two yards coarse navy net, 11/-. Eight white roses, 3/11 each. One yard navy grosgrain ribbon, 1/-. Ready-made silk lining, 1/6. (The roses may be cheaper or dearer according to how much the purchaser wishes to spend.)

## How to make

1. Firmly pin ribbon as binding round bottom of shape.
2. Gather net together at one end with gathering thread and stitch firmly to centre of crown (see picture at right, "Steps 1 and 2").
3. Working from the centre, pile the net in layers on the crown, using a winding motion and pinning here and there at edges, until the 2yds. are used (see picture at right, "Step 3").
4. Pull net up from crown centre to give hat its height. When net is all arranged, stitch in place where necessary and remove pins.
5. Using stab-stitches, stitch on the binding. Remove pins.
6. As the complete stemmed roses would be too heavy, detach flowers and leaves from stems and sew round hat at base of net. Arrange petals to cover binding.
7. Sew in ready-made lining.

**NOTE:** A white shape is used to illustrate the step-by-step instructions, because the dark one would not show in the picture. But a dark one would be bought for the hat.



FLOWERPOT.



● Steps 1 and 2.



● Step 3.

## Try a "Jackie" style

● One of the hits of the season among girls and younger women is the pert "Jackie Kennedy" pillbox. Instructions for an easy-to-make version in two colors are given below.

**H**ERE are the materials required and the approximate cost:

Hat shape, 5/-. Two yards white Swiss braid 1 1/2 in. wide, 7/-. Half-yard navy strawcloth, 7/-. Half-yard navy grosgrain ribbon, 6d. Ready-made silk lining, 1/6. Total, £1/1/-.

## How to make

1. Holding navy strawcloth on the bias, stretch it tight across flat top of shape (see picture, "Steps 1, 2, and 3").
2. Pin it securely down sides of shape just below top of hat (see picture).
3. Cut strawcloth away below pins (see picture), back-stitch strawcloth in place, and remove pins.
4. Working with the remainder of the strawcloth still on the bias, pin in flat around the shape (see picture, "Steps 4, 5, 6").
5. Pin strawcloth at back where the back seam will be. Remove and, allowing one-inch seam allowance, stitch the back seam and press open. Place back on shape (see picture).
6. Trim strawcloth off to an inch higher than where it meets the crown. Turn in the extra inch, tucking down neatly with scissors, and pin against side of shape (see picture).
7. Stitch firmly in place.
8. Pull strawcloth firmly downwards, cutting off at 2 in. below base of shape.
9. Turn the lower edge up inside the shape, pin, and stitch.
10. Stitch a turned-back end of white Swiss braid to top of back seam and wind braid flat round and down hat until hat is covered. Slip raw end of straw up under the last row. Stitch.
11. Make a knot or bow of the grosgrain ribbon and sew in place at centre front of hat.
12. Sew in ready-made lining.



"JACKIE" HAT.



● Steps 1, 2, and 3.



● Steps 4, 5, and 6.

**WINTER**  
with **INTIMATE**  
makes you a warm and wonderful woman



## INTIMATE BY REVLO

Intimate Eau de Parfum. A subtle blend of sandalwood, musk and oriental woods. A fragrance that never shouts, but oh, how it whispers. Intimate Moisture Lotion. Softens and beautifies while leaving your skin delicately perfumed for hours and hours. Intimate Talc. High-speed windmill processed for extra fine texture. Intimate Soap. Leaves hands and face deeply cleansed. Hard milled to last longer. Holds its fragrance to the last silver.

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

## Sore Aching Feet

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin to bring relief for sore, aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, for easing chapped hands, chilblains, chafed skin, get Zam-Buk to-day.

### ZAM-BUK Medicinal Cream

is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet and muscular pains.

## Zam-Buk

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Sold by chemists and stores everywhere, 1/6 and 3/6

**INTERESTING LEAFLETS ON HOME PLANNING.**  
A collection of the charming homes published each week has been published in handy Home Plans leaflets.  
For full details of our HOME PLANNING SERVICE see Home Plan page.





**GEORGIAN-STYLE** home of the Hon. Simon and Mrs. Warrender at South Yarra.

**DRAWING-ROOM** features 160-year-old Aubusson rug and a painting more than 200 years old, the work of an unknown artist.



#### 20TH-CENTURY HOUSE

## IN 18TH-CENTURY STYLE



- The Hon. Simon and Mrs. Warrender have furnished their recently built home, Bruntisfield House, South Yarra, Victoria, with antiques from both their families. These family treasures include Chippendale dining chairs, a Regency desk, and two Aubusson rugs, one of them specially designed with the family crest, made in about 1800 for Mr. Warrender's grandmother, Lady Maud Shaftesbury. An unusual feature of the house is a self-contained flat for the three young children and their nurse.

*Pictures by staff photographer Jonathan Everts.*

**BEDROOM** that any little boy would love belongs to seven-year-old Alexander. Porthole is real, walls are natural Tasmanian pine.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20, 1961





*ORANGERY is furnished in citrus fruit colors and uses the old English-style orangery as a theme. Yellow Japanese temple blinds combine well with brick walls and ceramic glazed ceiling. The Warrender coat of arms hangs over the doorway. Indian rug covers the floor.*



*DRAMATIC STAIRWAY to main hall. At its foot is George VI Coronation chair, which was used by Mr. Warrender's father, the Earl of Bruntisfield.*



*UNUSUAL dining-room has glazed walls. Portrait of Mrs. Warrender at left. A portrait of her father, the late Sir Norman Myer, is on opposite wall.*



The car had not been washed in a long time, and showed it. A torrential rain beyond Aix had caked the red dust of the Saint-Raphael coast into a batik pattern on hood and fenders. Why have I driven up here at all? Clerfayt thought. It's too late for skiing, anyway. And pity? Pity is a poor companion for a journey—and a still worse destination. Why don't I drive to Munich? Or to Milan?

But what would I do in Munich? Or Milan? Or anywhere else? I am tired, he thought. Tired of staying places and tired of leaving them. Or am I only tired of decisions? But what do I have to decide that amounts to anything? He finished his wine and went back inside the restaurant.

A girl was standing behind the counter washing glasses. The stuffed head of a chamois stared out of glassy eyes over her head at the advertisement for a Zurich brewery on the opposite wall. Clerfayt took a flat leather bottle from his pocket.

"Can you fill this with cognac for me?"

"Certainly." The girl began measuring out the cognac, glass by glass. He asked for two packets of cigarettes and paid his bill.

"Are those kilometers?" the gas-station boy in the red sweater asked, pointing to the speedometer.

"No, miles." The boy whistled sharply. "What are you doing up in the Alps? Why don't you keep a car like this on the motorway?"

Clerfayt looked at him. Glittering eyeglasses, a turned-up nose, a broken-out skin, prominent ears—a creature that had just exchanged the melancholia of childhood for all the faults of semi-adulthood. "We don't always do what's right, son," he said. "Even if we know what it is. Sometimes the whole charm of life is making the wrong choices. Get it?"

"No," the boy replied. "But you'll find the emergency telephones all along the pass. If you get stuck, just call. We'll

come and get you. Here's our number."

"Don't you have Saint Bernards any more, with little kegs of brandy on their collars?"

"No. Brandy costs too much these days, and the dogs got wise. They drank the stuff themselves. Nowadays we have oxen for rescue work. Big, strong oxen to pull the cars out."

The boy met Clerfayt's stare and did not flinch.

"You're just about all I needed today," Clerfayt said at last. "An alpine wise guy at four thousand feet! What do you call yourself?"

"Goring." The boy grinned, revealing a missing incisor.

## RIVETS



"But my first name is Hubert."

"Any relation to . . . ?"

"No," Hubert cut in. "We're Basel Gorings. If we belonged to the other family, I wouldn't have to be pumping gas here. We'd be sitting pretty on a fat pension from the German Government."

Clerfayt gave the boy a searching look. "A strange day," he said finally. "Who would have expected it? Good luck to you in your future undertakings, son. You've been a big surprise to me."

"You're no surprise to me. You're a racing driver, aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

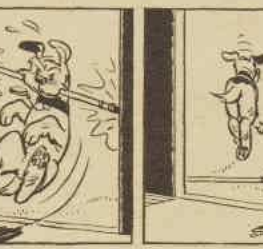
Hubert Goring pointed to an almost-vanished number under the dirt on the hood.

"A detective, too!" Clerfayt got into the car. "Maybe

it might be better to lock you up soon, to save humanity another calamity. Once you're premier, it will be too late."

An hour later the car was stuck fast. Several pieces of snow fence had given way on the slope and a drift had buried the road. After a while a small snow-plough appeared. Clerfayt shared the remainder of his cognac with the driver. Then the man drove on ahead, and his machine began whirling up the snow and tossing it aside.

Two hundred yards farther on, the road was clear again. The snow-plough pulled over to the side and Clerfayt's car glided past it.



Hubert had been fibbing; the pass was no longer closed. The car mounted rapidly toward the crest, and suddenly, far below, the valley lay outspread before Clerfayt, blue and soft in the early dusk. Scattered over it like toys out of a box were the white roofs of the village, a church spire that seemed to lean, skating rinks, a few hotels, and the first lighted windows of houses. Clerfayt stopped the car for a moment and looked at the view. Then he drove slowly down the serpentine curves.

Somewhere down below must be the sanatorium where Hollmann was staying—Hollmann, his co-driver, who had become sick a year ago. The doctor had found it was tuberculosis. Hollmann had laughed at the diagnosis—there was no such disease any more, in this age of antibiotics and miracle

moulds. And even if there were, the doctors gave you a handful of pills, a few shots and you were well again. But the wonder drugs had not been quite so wonderful and infallible as they were supposed to be, especially not for people who had grown up during the war and been undernourished for years.

During the Mille Miglia in Italy, Hollmann had had a hemorrhage just outside Rome, and Clerfayt had had to drop him off at the depot. The doctor had insisted on sending him to the mountains for a few



months. Hollmann had raged, and finally yielded; but by now the few months had become a year.

The motor began to sputter. The plugs, Clerfayt thought. Fouled again. He unscrewed them, cleaned them, put them back, and started the car again. The motor ran normally, and he pumped the accelerator a few times by hand to rid the cylinders of the superfluous oil. As he straightened up to close the hood, he caught a glimpse of a sleigh and saw the horses shy at the whine of the motor and start to swerve across the road toward the car, the sleigh leaping behind them. He ran toward them, seized the left horse by the bridle, and pulled back for all he was worth.

He was dragged for a few steps. Then the animals stopped. They were quivering, and the steam of their breath was eddy-

ing around their heads. Their wild, frightened eyes seemed to belong to primeval creatures. Clerfayt cautiously let go of the leather straps. The horses snorted and shook their bells.

A tall man wearing a cap of black fur stood up in the sleigh and spoke reassuringly to the team. He acted as if Clerfayt were not there. Beside him, gripping the arms of her seat hard, sat a young woman. She had a tanned face and very bright eyes.

"I'm sorry to have startled you," Clerfayt said. "It didn't occur to me that horses up here might not be used to cars."

The man occupied himself with the animals a minute longer. Then he let the reins fall slack and turned half-around. "Not to ears that make such a racket," he replied in an unfriendly tone. "Still, I would have been able to hold the sleigh. Thank you, though, for wanting to save us."

Clerfayt looked up quickly. The face above him was haughty, with a trace of mockery somewhere in it, as though the man were politely ridiculing him for trying unnecessarily to play the hero. It was a long time since he had so intensely disliked anyone at first sight.

"I did not want to save you," he replied dryly. "Just to save my car from being run into."

"I hope you haven't been too badly splattered for your pains." The man concerned himself with the horses again.

Clerfayt looked at the woman in the sleigh. So that's why, he thought. Wants to be the hero himself. "No, I haven't been splattered," he replied slowly.

The Bella Vista Sanatorium stood on a small height above the village. Clerfayt parked the car in a level square, where a few sleighs stood. He switched off the motor and put a blanket over the hood to keep it warm. "Clerfayt!" someone called from the entrance.

He turned, and was astonished to see Hollmann running

toward him. He had expected him to be in bed.

"Clerfayt!" Hollmann called. "Is it really you?"

"As real as I'm ever likely to be. And you! You're up and about? I thought you'd be lying in bed."

Hollmann laughed. "That's old-fashioned." He slapped Clerfayt on the back. His eyes devoured the car. "I thought I hear Giuseppe's roar, but figured it must be some kind of hallucination. Then I saw you coming up the rise. What a surprise! Where did you come from?"

"From Monte Carlo."

"What do you know?" Hollmann was in a state of high excitement. "And with Giuseppe, the old lion! I was beginning to think you two had forgotten me."

He patted the chassis of the car. He had driven it with Clerfayt in half a dozen races, and had been in it when he had his first bad hemorrhage. "It's still Giuseppe, isn't it? Not a younger brother already?"

"It's Giuseppe. But he's not running any more races. I bought him from the factory. He's in retirement now."

"Just like me."

"You're not in retirement; you're on leave."

"A whole year! That's not a leave any more. But come on in. We have to celebrate your coming. What do you drink these days? Still vodka?"

Clerfayt laughed. "Don't tell me you have vodka up here?"

"For visitors, we have everything. This is a modern sanatorium."

"It would seem so. It looks like a hotel."

"That's part of the treatment. Modern therapy. We're guests taking a cure, not patients any longer. The words 'sickness' and 'death' are taboo. They're ignored. Applied psychology. Marvellous for morale, but people die just the same. What were you doing in Monte Carlo? Did you ride in the rally?"

"I did. Don't you read the sports news any more?"

To page 50

## Advantages you enjoy going LLOYD TRIESTINO

### ★ Beautiful ships—

Splendidly run and just the right size for perfect comfort and a friendly atmosphere. Fully air-conditioned, of course!

### ★ Fine accommodation—

Spacious cabins, delightful public rooms, card rooms, attractive verandah bars, children's play-rooms, two swimming pools, etc.

### ★ Wonderful service—

Everything possible is done by the officers and properly trained staff to ensure your fullest enjoyment of the trip. A gay shipboard life—or perfect relaxation, if you prefer it!

### ★ Superb food and wines—

Lloyd Triestino is world famed for its excellent cuisine. Exciting continental fare—or your favourite Australian dishes.



'AUSTRALIA' • 'OCEANIA'  
FIRST & TOURIST CLASSES  
'NEPTUNIA' — ONE CLASS

### ★ Colourful route—

You see more of the fascinating East by the popular Lloyd Triestino route to Naples and Genoa from Sydney via Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle, Djakarta, Singapore, Colombo, Cochin, Aden and Port Said.

### ★ Then see Europe on the way to England—

It's the ideal way. Saves time and money, too! Experienced travellers recommend it. No baggage worries—heavy baggage goes on direct to England. Lloyd Triestino Agents will gladly assist with your travel arrangements in Europe.

## LLOYD TRIESTINO

★ Return tickets are interchangeable with other main sea and air lines.

Full particulars from your Travel Agents or from the General Agents:

SYDNEY: GILCHRIST WATT & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 17 O'CONNELL ST. TEL: 35 5601

MELBOURNE: JOHN SANDERSON & Co. (Shipping) Pty. Ltd., 111 WILLIAM ST. TEL: 630491

BRISBANE: WILLS, GILCHRIST WATT & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 262 ADELAIDE STREET. TEL: 31 1351

ADELAIDE: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, GILBERT PLACE (through Broomans Arcade). TEL: LA1219; PT. ADELAIDE 11641

PERTH: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, 133 ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE. TEL: 21 2085

FREMANTLE: GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, 17 PHILLIMORE STREET. TEL: L1176

HOBART: C. FESSE & CO. PTY. LTD., 7 ELIZABETH STREET. TEL: 507





# WINE

makes a party  
gay in the nicest  
possible way



Next time *you* entertain—may it be soon—delight your guests with the Red and White table wines. They're so light and refreshing it's a pity to confine them to dining alone. Introduce, too, all the delectable Sherries. Sweet, Cream, Medium or Dry, there's one for every taste. Remember, also, the Pearl and Rosé wines for their lighthearted freshness and fragrance, while, of course, Champagne and the other sparkling wines are always perfect for gay occasions. Certainly, entertaining with wine is something to do more often. Wonderful that it's surprisingly inexpensive, too!

### CHEESE FONDUE

(Serves 6 at supper, 18-20 at cocktail party.)  
 1 bottle dry white wine 2 tbsps. brandy 1 lb. grated  
 gruyere cheese 1 clove garlic 2 tps.  
 cornflour 1 slice crusty French bread.

Note: If spirit burner available, copper casserole may go directly over low flame; if made on stove, earthenware dish may be placed in a little water over low heat. Rub earthenware or copper casserole with a cut clove of garlic. Heat wine to boiling point, add cheese. Bring mixture to boil, stirring constantly, continue to stir over low heat until cheese is dissolved. Add cornflour mixed in little water and stir thoroughly. Add salt, pepper, a little nutmeg and brandy. Serve straight from casserole. (Guests spear pieces of French bread with forks and dip them into dish.)

YOUR LIFE IS MORE PLEASANT WITH

# WINE



### NEW—EXCITING FREE LITERATURE!

Delicious recipe folders "Meats with Wine" and "Fish with Wine" plus "Parties with Wine" (a guide to all types of entertaining). All free and post free. Simply write to Sheila Norris:—

#### WINE INFORMATION CENTRE

- BOX 3634, G.P.O., SYDNEY
- BOX 155C, G.P.O., BRISBANE
- BOX 2600, G.P.O., ADELAIDE
- BOX 4057, G.P.O., MELBOURNE
- BOX 809H, G.P.O., HOBART
- BOX 77650, G.P.O., PERTH

Put wine on your shopping list today. From your Hotel, Wine Retailer or Licensed Grocer.

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD





"LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR . . .  
JUST ONE OR TWO SHADES"  
... says TV star.

"It gives you a marvellous lift . . . especially if you're feeling a bit drab and tired of your looks! Try it this weekend. Your friends won't realise WHY . . . but they'll suddenly feel you've grown prettier. Actually a slightly lighter hair colour will make your eyes look bigger . . . your complexion fresher and more glowy!  
The important thing is to use a Blonding Cream that is especially gentle. I recommend Decore. It is so easy to control that you can just go one or two shades lighter . . . and no more. Decore Blonding Cream lightens your hair safely, because the rich lanolin protects your hair . . . leaves it baby-soft. You'll love the sparkling honey-highlights . . . the little dazzling lift that makes you feel so fabulous. (By the way, if you've ever wondered how some girls seem to grow

blonde . . . NATURALLY . . . over a period of months . . . Decore is their secret. It's the only super-gentle cream on the market, the only one that's easy to control.

#### Scientists perfect a new shampoo for Blondes!

Real beauty news was made last week when a lovely French model tested this new Special Shampoo for blondes. "It left my hair so much softer and easy-to-manage", she said . . . and somehow it gave my hair a new radiance . . . a more natural silky look!" The beauty scientist at Decore explained that when hair is 'blonded', the natural colour is taken from the tiny shaft of the hair. "So whatever you do, don't use a harsh drying shampoo," he said. "We designed a Special Shampoo that 'feeds' as it cleans. 'Decore Special Shampoo feeds the tiny hair shaft with lanolin . . . keeps each strand soft and silky-supple . . . easy to manage." Blondes all over Australia will be glad to know that this wonderful Decore SPECIAL SHAMPOO is available from chemists.

#### FREE SERVICE!

#### hair advisory bureau for readers

Decore have the services of leading hair specialists, who can give you professional advice on any hair problem. So whatever your worry . . . if your hair has faded after illness or pregnancy . . . if it's going grey and you want to restore the natural colour . . . if white or grey hair is tinged with yellow streaks . . . or if the ends are splitting . . . our hairdressers can give you expert personal advice. Here's all you do: Send a sample of hair with your name, address and problem to the 'Decore Advisory Bureau, Dept. W, Decore House, 389 Sussex Street, Sydney. Our Hair Specialist will scientifically examine your hair and prescribe the correct treatment.


WRITE IN TODAY!

#### "DON'T LET GREY HAIR BETRAY YOUR AGE"

. . . says visiting authoress  
"My dear, I suddenly realized grey, faded hair was making me look years older than my husband," she confided. "Australian women I met seemed so young . . . so vibrant, I was determined to discover their secret. And my dear, did you know, here in Australia they have a permanent colour shampoo that takes 10 years off your looks in minutes?" And Decore is NOT a dye! It's a permanent Oil Colour Shampoo Rinse that whisks away every trace of grey hair . . . leaves your hair glowing with vibrant natural colour, shimmering with highlights. THAT'S what makes Decore so different from other products. . . THE HIGHLIGHTS! Suddenly you look younger . . . prettier than you've looked in years. Decore Oil Colour Shampoo Rinse lasts shampoo after shampoo, won't rub off . . . won't wash out! There are 12 natural hair tonings from palest blonde to rich chestnut browns and raven black. Ask your chemist to show you the Decore colour chart, so you can match your original hair colour, and banish every trace of grey. The price is very reasonable: regular size 7/6 or a large economy size 11/-.  


#### Blondes rave over new PLATINUM TONER-RINSE

(sample bubble included in every pack of Decore Platinum Blonding Cream)

Now you can be the cool, white-fire blonde you've always wanted to be. Platinum pale . . . ravishing! This wonderful Decore Toner Rinse banishes every trace of 'yellowness' . . . leaves your hair gleaming with a silvery halo. Use it after every shampoo. One bottle lasts for months . . . costs only 10/-.  


## wonderful news for all BLONDES



### FASTER PARIS-FORMULA ARRIVES!

*Decore*

### PLATINUM BLONDING CREAM LEAVES HAIR PURE SILVER!

New SILVER toner-rinse included! Here at last, is a blonding cream that leaves your hair true platinum . . . a soft shining halo of silver. No brassiness! No yellow streaks! And every pack of Decore Platinum Blonding Cream contains a bubble of the exciting new Paris-born platinum toner-rinse . . . a foaming silver rinse specially designed for blondes. (Remember, you can buy separate bottles of Decore Platinum Toner Rinse to use after your weekly shampoo. One 10/- bottle lasts for months.)

12/6 AVAILABLE FROM YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST OR SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES ONLY.





## A MOTHER'S STORY

● *In the early years of my marriage, I thought I had attained the ideal state. I had a house similar to EVERYONE ELSE'S, furniture identical with EVERYONE'S; I kept both spotless.*

I PRESENTED my husband with a son a year after our marriage, and after an interval of three years (a space of time considered suitable by EVERYONE) I gave birth to a daughter.

I was rather smug with my pigeon pair because EVERYONE else considered this an ideal family, and quite enough to cope with physically and financially.

Yes. We should be able to save quite a bit each week to buy these children everything they wanted and give them a good education and buy a nice car.

I fussed over these two chicks and fed them on vitamin tablets, etc., because EVERYONE said it was a good idea, and I was horrified if they caught even a slight cold, thinking it was due to neglect on my part. I was very careful not to lose my temper with them even if they behaved abominably, because EVERYONE said it was bad for the children.

# SHE

# HEEDED

# OTHER

# PEOPLE

Time went by and my two chicks went off to school, and EVERYONE said how nice it was for them to be off my hands and how I'd be able to play tennis and join organisations, etc., which I dutifully did because EVERYONE expected it. Then how strange it was that I often had feelings of discontent and was more tired at the end of a day than I had ever been. One

day something in me rebelled. I felt I was living my life according to EVERYONE ELSE and felt far from satisfied.

I decided it was time I became mature enough to chart a course for myself.

After all, when my husband asked me to marry him he must have had confidence in my ability to run his household for him, so why should I wash on certain days, and iron and clean on certain days, just because EVERYONE did it?

I looked around the house and decided I'd like to paint the bedrooms, so revised my routine so I could fit in time to do this.

Things previously done daily were done every second day, twice-weekly tasks made weekly ones, etc., and I found the house looked just as nice. I extravagantly disposed of a lounge suite that we had bought because EVERYONE had one like it—and for which I had a secret loathing—and I felt like a new woman.

I used to be apologetic at first if anybody walked in and found me painting and some household tasks left undone, but I gradually learned not to turn a hair. After all, whose house was it?

Also, I became profoundly grateful that we had a home of our own.

I am full of sympathy for people who have to share homes; it must thwart personalities; also, I consider privacy in marriage and family life a must.

The idea of having another baby had been lurking in my mind, and, after talking it over with my husband, we decided it would be wonderful.

Of course, when EVERYONE found out I was pregnant I received murmurs of sympathy; it didn't dawn on people we may have wanted it.

EVERYONE advised me to be very careful and to take it easy, because after all I was in my thirties now and it might be more difficult.

So, with my tongue in my cheek, I'd take the advice and go home and do as I thought best; if I felt in need of a rest I had it, but if I felt like gardening, I did it.

When we told our son and daughter the news, a new era began in our home.

I taught them how to do little jobs at home to help me, and the growing baby was a wonderful opportunity of presenting the wonder of birth to them naturally.

By the time our second son arrived into the world, nearly seven years after his sister, the children were very helpful and, what was better, accepted their tasks quite happily.

Our home took on a most-lived-in look and I soon learned to master the irritation that would sometimes well up at

the sight of wet napkins draped around the house in wet weather. The joy this new little life brought into our lives compensated for the extra work and expense.

Very soon I realised this little chap would be very spoiled if he did not have a little brother or sister, as the rest of the family idolised him, and when my next pregnancy became apparent as I pushed my toddler around, the looks of incredulity on EVERYONE'S face were quite amusing.

Of course, EVERYONE said it must be a girl, but evidently baby did not care what EVERYONE thought, because we now have a third son, and a happier and more contented baby I have yet to see.

Sometimes things can be very hectic, but I have learned to take things in my stride, and incidents which once would have left me exhausted now fill me with a sense of achievement.

I have learned the wisdom of the old saying "Early to bed and early to rise."

I never attempt to try to catch up at night on tasks that were missed out during the day; rather I try to rise earlier the next morning and clean them up.

When one has babies in the home, a complete night's sleep cannot be guaranteed, so I find it a wise plan to retire early.

I've also learned that one does not have to spend hours in preparing meals; indeed, foods used in their natural state as much as possible have far more nutritional value.

A few sultanas or raisins as in-between meal snacks for children are a better idea and more health-giving than having to keep the cake or biscuit tins full.

Anything I buy for the home in way of furniture or furnishings is as "child-resistant" as possible, so that it may be used without frequent warnings about being careful with it.

An important thing I have learned is to let the children know you mean what you say.

My eldest son, who sometimes had difficulty in expressing his feelings, now has an outlet for his emotions when he plays with his two-year-old brother, and my daughter, who has always loved playing with dolls, now has a real live baby to help look after. Her joy is complete.

We don't have much money left at the end of each week after feeding and clothing the six of us and putting aside payments for house and insurances, etc., and our car is by no means a late model, but when my husband and I take a last look at each sleeping child before we retire at night, we feel richly rewarded.

We have learned to appreciate and help each other as our responsibilities—as well as our joys—have increased.

We hope we can bring our children up in an atmosphere of love, and to be mature enough to accept the responsibilities

of families of their own one day through the training we are giving them now. Should any fears or worries about the future try to lurk in our thoughts, we try to remember the gospel truth: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

As I sit writing this article in my "not-so-tidy kitchen," while keeping an eye on two of my children through the archway that leads to my "very untidy living-room," I imagine that if anybody should walk in at this moment I would be judged as one who does not cope very well; but I can say quite truthfully that I consider that I cope reasonably well and certainly a lot better now I have four children than several years ago when I had only two. You see, I do not judge the success of my "coping" by the degree of orderliness of my house, but by the look of contentment on the faces of my husband and children. I allow time for relaxation so that I am not too tired to enjoy the company of my husband and children. Each day I try as quickly as I can to achieve an air of tidiness at least on the surface, but really thorough cleaning waits till I see the opportunity to do it comfortably.

And how rewarding it can be when things the family have been searching for for days pop up in strange places!

## till she found her own ways were best

By Merle Male, Ringwood, Victoria, who wins £20 for this article.

## MOTHERCRAFT

### Post-natal care for mothers

● Sometimes a young mother does not have the help and thoughtful co-operation of her relatives and friends in the early days of her motherhood.

THIS can happen even though, during pregnancy, she was the centre of interest in her family circle and had every consideration shown to her.

But after the baby is born, all attention is focused on the little newcomer, who now takes the centre of the stage.

The young mother probably has far too many visitors.

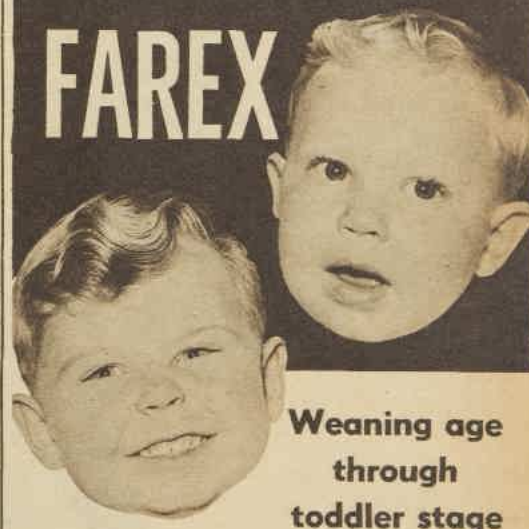
The chances are she also has to cope with all the care of her housework before she is properly ready to do so. On top of all this, she has the care and feeding of the baby.

A leaflet stressing some important factors in proper post-natal care can be obtained free from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed when ordering.

### Your baby thrives best on

# FAREX



### Weaning age through toddler stage

Farex gives baby the sturdiest start in life. Easy to digest, its balanced cereal nourishment, rich in added vitamins and minerals, makes Farex perfect for baby's "first" solid food.

BONUS FOR YOU: No cooking needed. Farex is pre-cooked, ready to serve in so many simple, delicious ways.

Feed Farex till Five and watch them thrive.

Choose Farex blended cereal or Farex rice cereal.

... till they're ready for Farex watch them grow on Glaxo.

Glaxo is the "nearest to natural" food there is for tiny babies. They flourish on Glaxo.

RECOMMENDED BY YOUR CHEMIST.

FREE: FAREX weaning and recipe booklet. Ask your family chemist.

GLAXO-ALLENBURYS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.



GA/A337



# Designed for Casual living

## 'VYNEX'

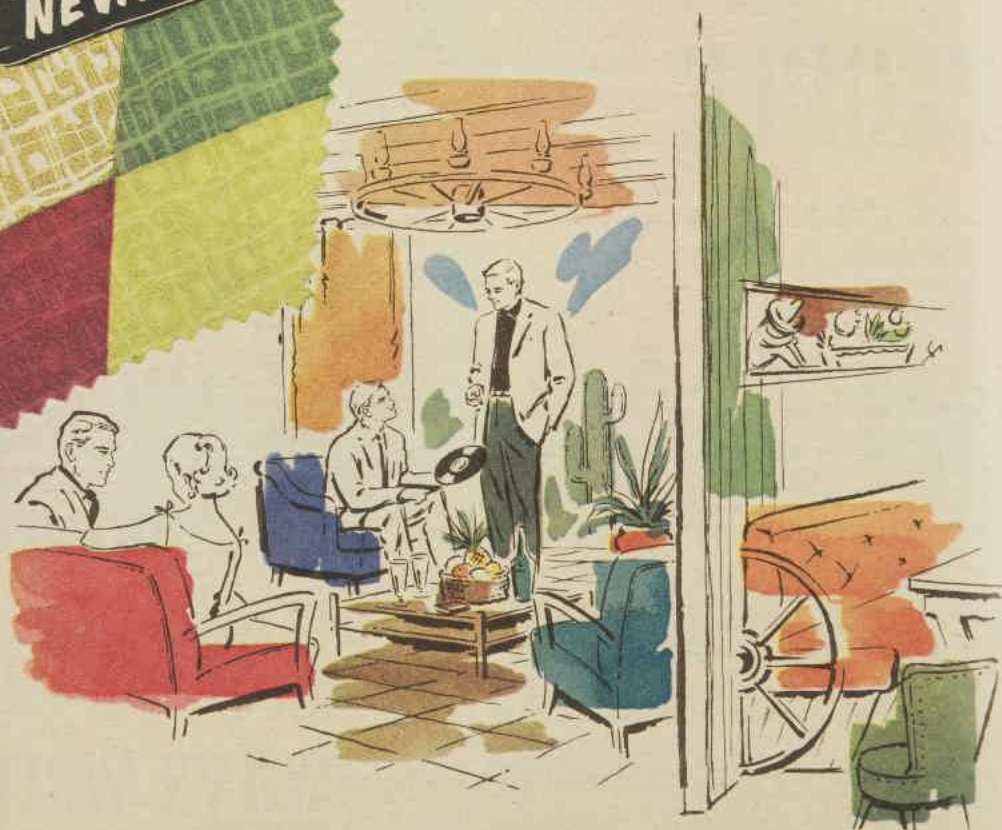
### FURNITURE FABRIC



The growing influence of casual living . . . the desire to bring the outdoor atmosphere inside the house, have inspired the two new, beautiful 'Vynex' patterns, 'Pasadena' and 'Nevada' — each available in a range of 8 magnificent colours — so versatile — equally 'at home' in lounge, kitchen, sunroom, or even outdoors. Remember, all 'Vynex' is colourful, lasts a lifetime and is so easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

Ask to see the full range of 'Vynex' colours and patterns at your favourite furniture store.

'Pasadena.' Registered design applied for Nos. 41591-4  
'Nevada.' Registered design applied for Nos. 41052-5



Only genuine 'Vynex'  
is distinguished  
by this tag.



MANUFACTURED IN AUSTRALIA BY

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



VYN 225X 281



# AT HOME *with*

## Margaret Sydney

### ● Years ago I discovered that having children makes you competitive.

WHEN you have a baby (especially a first baby) something happens to you which makes it impossible for you not to be a little pipped if somebody else's baby walks first, talks first, puts on more weight, has curlier hair or a friendlier attitude to strangers.

Now I've discovered that mothers of small children are not the only ones who show this competitive spirit. It's equally common among the owners of pets.

Hugh has at last got round to making the cat-door he has been promising me.

It's always annoyed him that I leave a window partly open when the house is empty so that the cats can go in and out, and he's been telling me for years that when the house is burgled the insurance company won't pay up if the house was not locked.

I don't at all object to the cats being put out to spend the day in the garden, but I do object to being the one who has to put them out (half an hour's hard work to find them and catch them once they've woken up to the situation), so the open window has been the easy way out.

On Saturday Hugh took one of the outer doors off its hinges, cut a rectangle of wood measuring 6½ by 4½ inches out of the bottom, replaced it with a slightly smaller piece of plywood hung from a two-way hinge, put the door back, and sat down to watch the cats running in and out.

What an optimist!

The cats investigated their door carefully from each side, as they always investigate anything that's new, apparently decided it was some sort of devilish trap, and would have nothing whatsoever to do with it.

### Is it catty to be so silly?

BY Sunday night I was beginning to feel sorry for Hugh.

He had spent half a day making and painting the door, and was going round muttering against the cats as "a stupid bunch of half-witted no-hopers," and I decided to bribe them to come through the door to get their meat.

They soon discovered that they could push the trap open with their heads, extend their necks to swan-length, grab the meat, and retire to the verandah again.

This was when the competitive spirit began to show, in the form of furious arguments between the children as to whose beloved cat would be the first to unravel the mystery of the two-way door.

After three days the situation is like this: Most of the time the cat-door is unusable because our dog is outside with his head through it into the house, or inside with his head through it to the verandah.

Kat's Siamese, Vanessa, usually regarded as the dumb blonde of the family, is the only cat who is using it properly—she goes through for the lick of her life, as though there is someone armed with a hatchet waiting for her on the other side.

Di's Siamese, Plum, regards it as a useful toy and lolls half-way through it with the trap-door resting on his head like a sun-hat, but if he thinks he'd like to go out into the garden he pulls his head and shoulders back through the trapdoor and bellows to be let out.

My brainy Melisande will not have anything to do with it at all, and Mike's alley-cat, Bobo, uses it as an exit and refuses to see that it can be used as our entrance door as well.

One way or another, Hugh's cat-door is a nuisance to everyone just at present.

But I was able to tell him today that, for the first time in years, I'd locked up the whole house when I went out for the afternoon.

I hope nobody will be mean enough to tell him that I had the trap-door blocked open with a chunk of wood so that the poor cats wouldn't have to bother their stupid little heads with mechanical problems.

### More pseudo than Chinese

I'VE been given a recipe for a pseudo-Chinese dish that is very quick and easy to prepare. It's rather more pseudo than Chinese, I think, and I doubt whether oriental cooks would approve of it, but my family does.

I make it in the fry-pan, using full heat to brown three medium onions in a tablespoon of fat. Then I add a pound of minced steak, letting that fry with the onions until it is slightly browned.

Next, turn the heat down (about 240deg., so that the mixture just keeps cooking) and add 1½ cups of unpolished rice (raw, not cooked), ½ lb. of beans (string them and break them in half), half a bunch of shallots cut in three-inch lengths, a dessertspoon of curry powder, salt, three cups of water, and half a cabbage shredded very finely.

Lid it, and cook until the rice is done (roughly half an hour) without stirring the layers together.

When it is cooked stir it all thoroughly before serving.

Wedges of pineapple, put in five minutes before it's cooked, make a nice addition, and celery added with the other vegetables adds to the flavor, too.

Di and Kat have placed a ban on this dish just for the present. The beginning of warm weather always leads to a wild outbreak of dieting.

As a woman I approve (everyone seems to accumulate a few unwanted pounds during the winter), but as a cook I strongly disapprove.

Doing the cooking day in and day out gets to be rather a bore, and the only thing that makes it worth while is to have people "eat up hearty," as the Americans say.

### Gift of boronia sprays

I'VE had such a nice letter from a reader in South Australia who shares my passion for boronia.

She used to live in a small mill town 200 miles from Perth, and every Sunday in the boronia season, rain or shine, pregnant or pushing a pram, she and her sister used to walk through three miles of prickly virgin scrub to gather armfuls of flowers from a boronia swamp.

She has just received a shoe-box full of boronia sprays and a box of plants to grow from her sister, who wrote: "This is the first time for seven years that I haven't pushed a pram out to the boronia swamp."

My correspondent tells me that she is coddling some young plants at her South Australian home, and she offers to send me a spray of it the first time it flowers.

I'll be keeping my fingers crossed for her. I've tried to grow it over and over again in Sydney, but without success.

Once I got a spindly plant to flower (six tiny blossoms!), but the effort was too much for it and it died immediately after.

Potter & Moore

# fragrant freshness

*embraces you all day!*



new

Potter & Moore

*talcum with lanolin clings... the fragrance lingers*



Want to go French? Choose these clinging body talcs in two fascinating fragrances. Ask for Brigitte or Gigi, both 5/11.

Choose and change your floral fragrances, Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Gardenia and Eau-de-Cologne. Elegant regency-striped tin, 3/11. De luxe tin, 5/11.





**CHINA PLATE AND FRUIT DISH** are part of a dessert service of 19 plates and eight other pieces. Every piece has a different floral design.

## Collectors' Corner

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

"This china plate and fruit dish belong to a set used as a dessert service. The only marking on the back is No. 10 77. Can you tell me the origin and age?" — Mrs. J. D. Miller, Kew, Vic.

The dessert set is English Staffordshire and was made between 1845-50. Two pieces are shown at left.

"My pretty glass jug with stopper is about 6in. high and is deep mauve in color. Could you please tell me its

origin and age?" — R.K., Woolwich, N.S.W.

Your jug (shown at right) is Victorian glass and a rare example of that period. Its coloring is most attractive. The width at the base of the handle indicates it was made about 1860. Before this handles had much finer bases which broke easily. It is reasonably heavy glass, which indicates it is English rather than Continental. I would say it is Bristol glass.



**GLASS JUG** with stopper is an attractive mauve shade and was made in England about 1860.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph and description of the object, with drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## PRESENTING A NEW CONCEPTION IN SUNGLASSES NEW DESIGN FOR STRENGTH NEW LIGHTWEIGHT NEW CONTINENTAL STYLING

These are the latest designs in modern sunglasses. Many new innovations are included in the manufacture to make them more attractive, more modern, more stylish.

The temples are wire lined for "flexed-fitting" individual facial adjustment. The lenses are finished to Accepted Ophthalmic Quality, specially hardened to prevent scratching and specially protected to prevent "prior-to-sale" damage. The price includes an optical quality carrying case with soft pile lining to protect your sunglasses.

Illustrated below are a few of our new season's models. See the full range and Catalogue at Opticians, Optometrists, Chemists and leading Department Stores everywhere.

### AURORA



Model 121: Black Relief, Cherry Red, Sapphire Blue, 47/6  
Tangerine, Grey Lilac



Model 124: Jet Black, Morocco Tan, Stone Grey, 47/6

### Conset



Model 303: Black, Poppy Red, Iris Blue, Ranch Mink, Bone Pearl (all with ornamental trim in anodised gold), 42/6



Model 304: Peony Red, Azalea Pink, Larkspur Blue, Maize Gold, Bone Pearl, 42/6

### REVEL



Model 902: Black on White, Blue on White, Grey on Pink, 32/6



THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY

## £5 prize for rich dessert

A RECIPE for a rich layered chocolate - flavored dessert wins the £5 main prize in our regular recipe contest this week.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for tangy orange-cases filled with a delicious fruit mixture.

All spoon measurements are level.

### CHOCOLATE WALNUT DESSERT SQUARES

**Vanilla Cookies:** Four ounces butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat butter and sugar until creamy, add egg, and beat well. Fold in vanilla, sifted flour, and walnuts. Roll out thinly on floured board, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes or until lightly browned.

**Filling:** Eight ounces chocolate, 1 dessertspoon water, 4 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts, 4 stiffly beaten egg-whites, 2-3rd cup evaporated milk (chilled), cookies, extra cookies, walnuts, and cream.

Melt chocolate in water in top of double boiler. Remove from heat, stir in egg-yolks and sugar; cool. Fold in beaten egg-whites, whipped evaporated milk, and walnuts. Cover base and sides of 8 x 8 x 2in. tin with layer of cookies, top with half chocolate mixture, then add another layer of cookies. Top with remaining chocolate mixture. Decorate top with extra cookies and walnuts. Chill until firm. Cut into squares, serve with whipped cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Kenny, 24 Murton Ave., Holland Park, Qld.

### ORANGE DELIGHTS

Eight oranges, 16 dates, 8 figs, 8 marshmallows, 3 tablespoons flaked coconut, 1 tablespoon honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup blanched toasted almonds, juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon.

Cut tops of oranges, remove fruit pulp. Scrape out white membrane. Drain juice into bowl. Cut fruit pulp into pieces, add dates, figs, and marshmallows, which have been cut into small pieces. Mix in coconut, honey, spices, and lemon juice. In each orange shell place dessertspoon of orange juice and fill with fruit mixture. Top with toasted almonds. Arrange in covered ovenproof dish, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. D. Dawe, 27 Minchington Rd., Elizabeth North, S.A.



# Home hints for mothers

● These readers' hints will be of help if there are children in the home. A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each one.

**P**LACE a foam rubber mat in baby's bath to prevent him from slipping and to give him a sense of security. It is also a good idea to have one on the table when drying baby.—Miss O. Cahill, 7 Boyle St., Prospect, S.A.

Cracked plastic articles such as children's toys, babies' baths, etc., can be mended by heating an old steel knife and running it over the crack. This melts the plastic and seals the crack. It may be necessary to reheat the knife several times to smooth the joint neatly.—Mrs. T. J. Pedersen, 71 Balfour St., Nailsworth, S.A.

Instead of discarding such articles as empty cotton-reels, small toilet jars and tins, bright scraps of material and lace, colored string, etc., put them into a box and keep it for entertaining little visitors. Treasure trove such as this will keep any child occupied for hours.—Mrs. E. McRae, 5 Essex St., Prahran, Vic.

To make an economical paste for children to use for scrap books, etc., boil 1 teacup of water with 1 dessert-spoon of starch for 15 minutes, then stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of alum. Bottle and seal tightly.—Mrs. R. Dickson, Stock St., Mullewa, W.A.

Keep moths, silverfish, and other pests out of baby's woollens, blankets, and linen cupboards, etc., by sprinkling Epsom-salt on the bottom of shelves, drawers, and boxes. There will be no odor or staining, and winter woollies will be completely protected.—Mrs. J. Collier, 2 Wallun St., Como, N.S.W.

Save yourself a lot of picking up by screwing cup hooks on to baby's high chair. The hooks can hold rattles and toys attached with long strings. The baby can then pull his playthings up on the string when he throws them on the floor. Also, when feeding the baby, a washcloth hung on a hook is handy to clean up any spilled food.—Mrs. S. Gillard, 99 Beulah St., Gunnedah, N.S.W.

## Iron-on transfer and pattern

● Delightful puppy and rabbit motifs in colors of yellow and green are from our Iron-on Transfer No. 1007M. Price 2/6.



The pattern for the small girl's brunch coat comes in sizes to fit 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14-year-olds. The price is 2/6.

Complete set of transfer and pattern is available to our readers for the special price of 4/6.

Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



Children won't wear through the toes and heels of their socks so quickly if these parts are darned for extra strength before they begin to wear thin.—Mrs. R. B. Beswick, Box 23, Sheffield, Tas.

It is easy to make a cool, shady spot for baby's playpen or pram or an outdoor living area if you have

a rotary clothesline. Buy some lightweight duck, and cut two triangular shaped sections to fit over the top of the clothesline. Tie these to the bars with tape and finish with a fringe.—Mrs. B. Harwood, 5 Jackson St., Glenorchy, Tas.

If you have a useful hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for every one published.

**W**ALL panel for the nursery is not expensive: Use two bamboo sticks and coarse linen on which to sew gay designs made with colored cotton remnants. You don't have to be an artist—you need only a little dexterity, imagination.



Whether you wash by hand or machine . . .

## THESE GARMENTS NEED SPECIAL WASHING CARE



And special washing care means Lux care! Even when they're machine-washable, modern fabrics need the protection of gentle Lux suds. Only Lux is made from pure baby-mild soap, so only Lux can take real care of special finishes, keep subtle colours really true. All things—blankets woollens, undies, baby clothes—stay softer, last longer, when they're washed in safe, gentle Lux.



Everything a little girl wears stays bright-as-new with Lux! Because it's pure mild soap, Lux can't fade colours.



His cashmere sweater—hand-some? Yes! Washable? Yes—in Lux! Pure-soap Lux protects fibres, guards against shrinking.



Cuddly brushed fabrics never lose their comforting softness—pure Lux is so baby-safe and mild!



Hand-knit by Villawool—washing care by Lux. Villawool recommends Lux for all precious hand-knitted "because Lux is so safe . . . preserves softness and safeguards shape like nothing else can."

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX . . . and so are your hands



# E L A S T O P L A S T



THE  
NEW  
INVISIBLE  
ANTISEPTIC  
FIRST AID  
DRESSING

It's just that. Invisible. Even 'neath the sheerest nylons. It hides as it heals. "Invisible" Elastoplast is very modern, very effective, antiseptic, very sensibly priced, very very handy. Every dressing individually sterilized and wrapped.



Another fine **3M** product  
Smith & Nephew

Available at Chemists,  
Stores and Chain Stores.

I could hardly believe it,  
**HAIRSETS FOR 4d!**  
Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4.10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!  
**Curlypet**

Continuing . . .

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 42

Hollmann gave an embarrassed laugh. "At the beginning, I used to. Then I stopped. Idiotic, isn't it?"

"No, sensible. Read it when you're driving again."

"Right," Hollmann said. "When I'm driving again. And when I win the grand prize in the sweepstakes. Who was your co-driver in the rally?"

"Torriani."

They walked toward the entrance. The snowy slopes glowed pink in the setting sun. Skiers shot like black commas through the glitter. "Pretty up here," Clerfayt said. "Yes, a pretty prison."

Clerfayt did not reply. He knew other prisons.

"Are you teamed up with Torriani regularly these days?" Hollmann asked.

"No. I keep changing co-drivers. I'm waiting for you."

That was not true. For the past six months, Clerfayt had been driving all the sports-car races with Torriani. But since Hollmann no longer read the sports news, it was a handy lie.

It affected Hollmann like wine. "Did you win anything in the rally?" he asked.

"Not a thing. We were too late."

"Where did you drive from?"

"Vienna. It was a crazy idea. We were stopped by every Soviet patrol. They seemed to think we might be kidnapping Stalin. Mostly, I wanted to try out Giuseppe's successor. What roads they have in the Soviet Zone! Like leftovers from the Ice Age!"

Hollmann laughed. "That was Giuseppe's revenge. Where did you start before that?"

Clerfayt raised his hand. "Let's have a drink. And do me a favor—for the first few days let's talk about anything you like, only not about races and cars."

"What's the matter? His something happened?"

"Nothing. I'm just tired out. I want to rest a bit and for a few days forget about this crazy business of putting people into machines that go too fast and having them drive like mad. Can't you understand that?"

"Sure I can," Hollmann said.

"But what's wrong?"

"Nothing," Clerfayt replied impatiently. "I'm just superstitious, like the rest of us. My contract is running out and hasn't been renewed. I don't want to jinx anything, that's all."

"Clerfayt," Hollmann said, "who has cracked up?"

"Ferrer. In a silly, stinking little race on the coast."

"Dead?"

"Not yet. But they've had to amputate one of his legs. And that crazy woman who went around with him, that fake baroness, won't go to see him. She sits in the casino and bawls. Can't stand a cripple. Come on now and give me a drink. The last of my cognac disappeared down the throat of a snowplough driver who's got more sense than we have. His vehicle can't go more than three miles an hour."

They sat in the lobby, at a small table by the window. Clerfayt looked around. "Are all these people patients?"

"No. There are guests, too, visiting the patients."

"The pale-looking ones are the patients?"

"No, they're the healthy people. They're pale because they've just come here. The others, who look so tanned and athletic, are the patients; they've been here a long time."

A girl brought a glass of orange juice for Hollmann and a small carafe of vodka for Clerfayt. "How long do you intend to stay?" Hollmann asked.

"A few days. Where can I put up?"

"The best place is the Palace Hotel. They have a good bar."

Clerfayt looked at the orange juice. "How do you know?"

"We go over there now and then when we play hooky from here."

"Play hooky?"

"Yes, at night every so often, when we want to feel like normal people. It's against the rules, but when the blues get you, it's better than holding a hopeless discussion with God on why you're sick." Hollmann took a flask from his breast pocket and poured a shot into his glass. "Gin," he said. "It helps, too."

"Aren't you allowed to drink?" Clerfayt asked.

"It isn't absolutely forbidden, but it's simpler this way."

Hollmann thrust the flask back into his pocket. "We get to be pretty childish up here."

A sleigh stopped in front of the door. Clerfayt saw that it was the one he had met on the road. The man in the black fur cap got out.

"Do you know who that is?"

Clerfayt asked.

"The woman?"

"No, the man."

"A Russian. His name is Boris Volkov."

"White Russian?"

"Yes. But just to vary things."



not a former grand duke, and not poor. I gather that his father opened a bank account in London at the right time and was in Moscow at the wrong time. He was shot. The wife and son got out. The story goes that the wife carried emeralds the size of walnuts sewed into her corset. In 1917 women still wore corsets."

Clerfayt laughed. "You're a regular detective agency. How do you know all that?"

"Up here you soon know everything about everyone," Hollmann replied with a trace of bitterness. "In two weeks the skiers leave, and this village goes back to being a gossip society for the rest of the year."

A group of people pressed by behind them. They were talking animatedly in Spanish.

"For a small village, you seem to have a pretty international set here," Clerfayt said.

"That we have. Death hasn't got around to being chauvinistic yet."

"I'm no longer so sure of that," Clerfayt looked around toward the door. "Is that the Russian's wife?"

Hollmann glanced around.

"No."

The Russian and the woman came in. "Don't tell me those two are also sick," Clerfayt said.

"But they are. They don't look it, do they?"

"No."

"It's this way. For a while,

the patients look as though they're brimming over with life. Then that stops; but by then they're no longer running around."

The Russian and the woman lingered near the door. The man was saying something insistently to the woman. She listened, then shook her head vehemently and walked swiftly toward the back of the lobby. The man waited a moment, watching her; then he went outside and climbed into the sleigh.

"They seem to be quarrelling," Clerfayt said, not without satisfaction.

"That sort of thing is always happening. After a while everyone here goes a little off his rocker. Prison-camp psychosis. Proportions shift; trivialities become important and important things secondary."

Clerfayt scrutinised Hollmann. "Does that happen to you, too?"

"To me, too. It's this business of forever staring at one point. No one can endure it."

"Do the two of them live in the sanatorium?"

"The woman does; the man lives out."

Clerfayt stood up. "I'll drive over to the hotel now. Where can we have dinner together?"

"Right here. The place has a dining-room where guests come."

"Good. When?"

"Around seven. I must go to bed at nine. Like school."

The woman who had entered the room with the Russian came back. At the door she was stopped by a grey-haired matron who seemed to be reprimanding her. Without replying, she turned around. Indecisively, she stood still—then she caught sight of Hollmann and came over to him. "The Crocodile doesn't want to let me out any more," she said softly. "She says I shouldn't have gone for a drive and she'll have to report me to the Dalai Lama if I do it again . . ."

She stopped. "This is my friend Clerfayt, Lillian," Hollmann said. "I've told you about him. He's paying me a surprise visit."

The woman nodded absently. She seemed not to have recognised Clerfayt, and turned to Hollmann again. "She wants me to go to bed," she said angrily. "Just because I had a little fever a few days ago. But I'm not letting her keep me locked up. Not tonight! Are you staying up?"

"Yes. We're eating in Limbo."

"I'll come, too."

She nodded to Clerfayt and Hollmann, and left.

"It must sound like Tibetan to you," Hollmann said. "Limbo is our name for the room where guests can eat. The Dalai Lama is the doctor, of course, and the Crocodile the head nurse . . ."

"And the woman?"

"Her name is Lillian Dunckerque. Half Belgian, half Russian. Lost both her parents in the war."

"She seems awfully worked up about nothing."

Hollmann gave a shrug. Suddenly he looked weary. "I've told you everybody here is a little off his rocker. Especially when there's been a death in the place."

"There's been a death?"

"Yes, a friend of hers. Agnes Somerville. Just yesterday. It doesn't really concern the rest of us, but something of ours always dies, too. A bit of hope, probably."

"Yes," Clerfayt said. "But that's so everywhere."

Hollmann nodded. "People start dying here as spring approaches. More than in winter. Odd, isn't it?"

Lillian stood in her room. The central heating hummed.

She had all the lamps on, as well as the ceiling light. I'm crazy, she thought. I'm afraid of the night. What shall I do? I can take a sedative and go to sleep with the lights on. I can call up Boris and talk with him. She moved her hand toward the telephone, but did not lift it off the hook. She knew what Boris would say. And she also knew that he would be right; but what good was it being right? The meagre rationality of human beings was there to show them that they could not live by reason alone. People lived by feelings—and being right was no help, as far as feelings went.

She crouched in an armchair by the window. I am twenty-four years old, she thought, the same age Agnes was. I've been up here for three years. And before that there were nearly six years of war. What do I know of life? Destruction,

the flight from Belgium, tears, terror, my parents' death, hunger, and then this illness caused by malnutrition and homelessness.

Before that, I was a child. I scarcely remember what cities used to look like in peacetime. The sparkling lights and the radiant world of the streets—what do I remember of them? All I know are blackouts and the rain of bombs from the merciless dark, and then occupation and dread and hiding and cold.

Happiness? Happiness had been a room even without heat, a loaf of bread, a cellar, a place that was not under fire. Then she had come here.

She stared out of the window. Below, at the entrance, stood a sled in which supplies were brought to the sanatorium. Or perhaps it was the sled for Agnes Somerville, already come. A year ago, Agnes had arrived at the main entrance to the sanatorium, laughing, wrapped in furs, holding

To page 59

problem:  
Want to slim  
but  
hate to diet?

delightful  
answer:

Reach for Ryvita instead of heavier breads. You'll soon lose unwanted inches—and gain fresh vitality. Ryvita is rich in whole rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. Crisp. Sustaining. Delicious—with any meal. Always fresh, because Ryvita is sealed in packets.



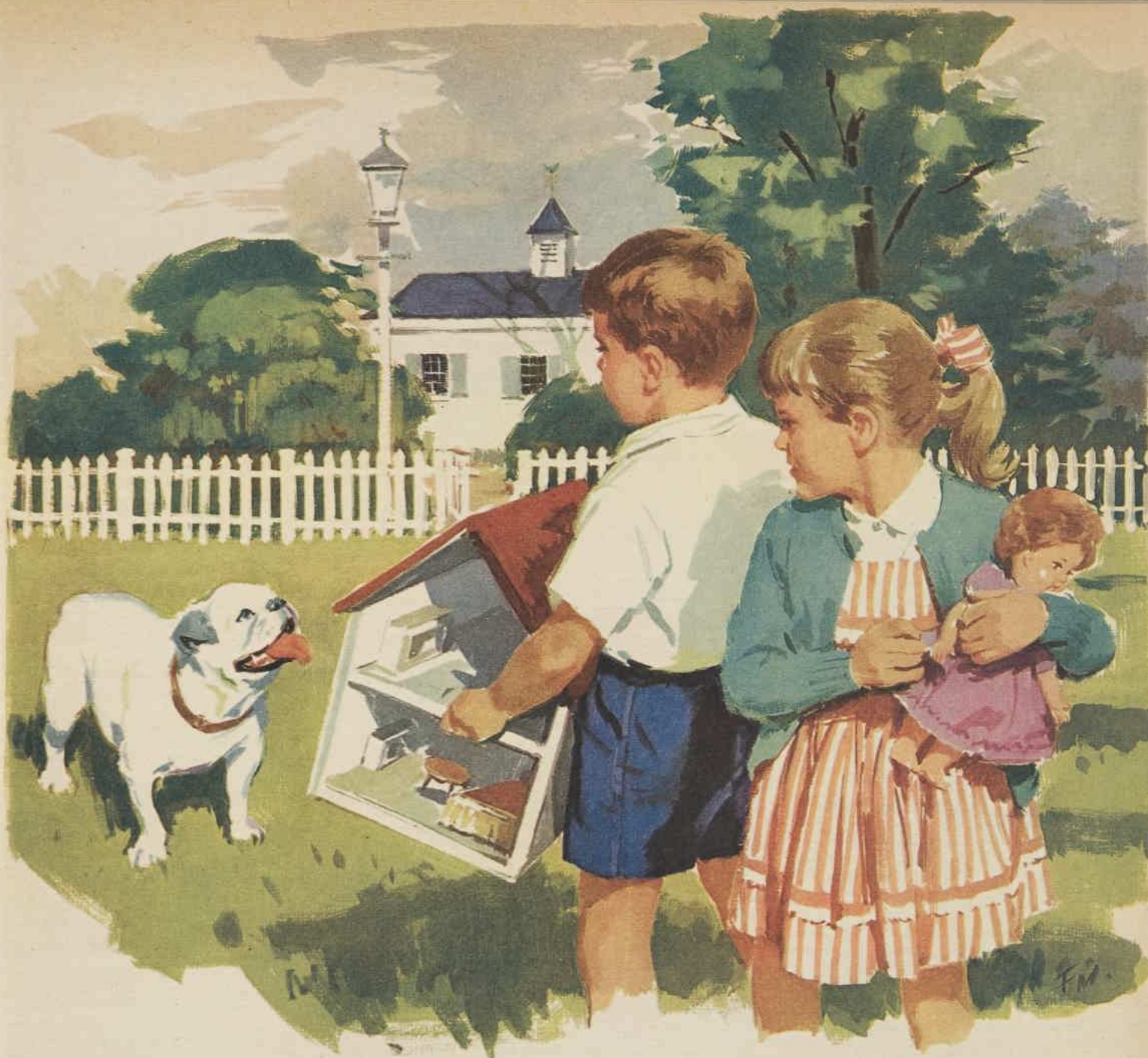
make your  
daily bread

**RYVITA**

Makes you fit—keeps you slim.

YR771





## Averting a crisis...

Just about the most important job a man has is to make sure his family cannot lose their home — come what may. Fire insurance looks after the possibility of destruction of the property. An A.M.P. Mortgage Redemption Policy takes care of the possibility of destruction, by death, of the income from which mortgage repayments are made.

For example, a man aged 35, with a debt of £5,000 on his home to be paid off over the next 25 years could,

for less than the price of a packet of cigarettes a day, keep the balance in his mortgage account covered and, assuming he lives to pay off the mortgage in full, emerge with a £1,000 basic policy, plus bonuses, in full benefit!

Men with mortgages need to know more about the A.M.P. Mortgage Redemption Policy. It is described fully in an A.M.P. folder, "Leave a Deed not a Debt".

Any A.M.P. Office or Agent will be glad to give you the folder, without obligation, if you write or ask for it. →



L253



# AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY. Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand, and in the United Kingdom.

A.M.P. MEMBERS ENJOY THE UNQUESTIONED SECURITY AFFORDED BY FUNDS OF £500,000,000 WHICH THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO INVEST TO THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MEMBERS.



# Paint Like A Professional!

● Hardboard, in plain or texture finishes, is the easiest surface a do-it-yourself painter can encounter. If your efforts do not come up to expectation, possibly you are overlooking the vital first step of sealing the board.

WHEN painting Masonite brand hardboard, before you open that tempting quart of new paint or get out brush and roller, make sure you have enough sealer and mineral turpentine thinner, for all hardboard must be sealed.

Even if you intend using a paint advertised as covering anything with one coat, you will get a much better looking and longer lasting finish by applying a sealer to the hardboard first.

Don't fall into the trap of confusing sealer with pink primer, which is often used as an undercoat on timber.

Pink primer is not suitable for hardboard and should not be used on it, as it has an oil base which is quickly soaked up by the hardboard and leaves the pink pigment on the surface.

The pigment is easily rubbed off and will not provide a good "key" for following coats of paint.

Sealers, which include the many all-purpose pigmented sealer undercoats on sale, bind firmly to the hardboard and give a good key for all types of paint.

Try to use one brand of paint from sealer coat to finishing coat.

If you are a raw beginner at painting, use the sealer coat as a practice coat.

Get your material on the board as evenly as possible, without slopping paint everywhere.

By the same token, don't dip or dabble daintily with brush or roller.

Be confident and try to use a full brushload or well-filled roller, but don't overload them, and work within your capacity to control the paint.

Transfer the material to the board energetically, covering as much area as you can manage at each go.

## Thin with turps

Once the sealer is on the board, "lay it off" by brushing or rolling with a criss-cross action. Then even off any patchiness by brushing smoothly along the board.

If the brush starts to "pull" you are using the sealer too thick and are getting "brush drag," which will slow you down and give a bad finish.

The remedy is to thin the sealer with mineral turps until it works easily.

For all Masonite brand hardboard it is better to have your sealer too thin rather than too thick.

If you use sealer straight from the can you will get a "ropey" cover, with ridges, which will show through the next coat.

The exact amount of turpentine varies with each job.

The only guide is to go on thinning (and stirring) until the sealer will flow easily on to the board in broad washes.

Shellac, which is bought in the form of fine, brittle flakes and is dissolved in methylated spirit, is a good sealer for a lot of hardboard paintwork.

It can give trouble occasionally, however, as it does not make as good a key as commercial sealer, and some combinations of paint applied on top of it can pull the whole lot away from the board.



This article is No. 7 in a special series on the uses of hardboard in the modern home.

by **MICK MARSHALL**  
Building Trades Adviser

Get your paint merchant's opinion of shellac as a sealer for the particular paint you are using.

## The next step

Once the sealer coat is quite dry you are ready for the next step, which is also an important one and should not be omitted.

This is sanding down the hardboard.

To see why sandpapering is necessary, run your hand over the sealed board. You will detect a harshness to the touch, which is caused by small ridges, blobs of sealer, and dried-on dust.

To remove these and get a good key for your next coat, take a sheet of fine glass-paper, or preferably a sheet of garnet paper, and wrap this evenly around a cork sanding block.

Don't make a wad of the sanding paper, as the pressure of your fingers will cause it to gouge the sealed surface.

Rub the sanding block and paper lightly over the hardboard. Do not rub fiercely, as your aim is not to remove the sealer but merely to take off the harshness.

Test your sanding by rubbing with the palm of the hand. When the board feels silky and smooth — the board you love to touch, in fact — sanding is finished.

Before going on to the color coat, dust off thoroughly, using a dusting brush or soft, clean rag.

Masonite brand Primecote hardboards save you all this work, as they are given a smooth and even coating of

sealer before they leave the factory.

When it comes to choosing the particular type or brand of paint to use on Masonite supergrade hardboard or natural-finish feature boards, it's a matter of deciding what kind of job the paint will have to do and how much wear it will get.

## Choice of paint

As a general rule, the higher the gloss the harder wearing the paint will be.

Your choice lies in the main among four kinds of paint.

**Water Emulsion Paint.** Very good for interior light-duty work, this paint is easy to apply, conceals inadequacies of brushwork, and has the big advantage of washing off hands and brushes just with water.

**Flat Enamel.** This paint goes on evenly, gives excellent cover, and is particularly recommended for finishing texture boards, such as Leather-board.

**Satin or Semi-gloss Enamel.** These enamels are kind to the amateur painter. Use them wherever you want a washable surface which is not subject to very hard use.

**High-gloss Enamel.** The secret of success with this kind of paint is good undercoating and a warm room, hot day, or good drying conditions.

Many amateur efforts are spoiled by laps, runs, or curtains, which are caused by using too much enamel on the brush.

For best results, put the enamel on fairly quickly and finally finish off by stroking it quickly and lightly in one direction.

Roller coaters of a suitable type can be used for gloss enamels if you are careful not to get too much paint on the roller.

In all painting, make sure you have an adequate sized brush or suitable roller for the job in hand.

Women will find roller coaters easy to use for sealer coats and satin and flat finishes, as rollers eliminate brushmarks, which are the bane of novice painters.

**Final hints:** Paint manufacturers' instructions are very helpful, so read the directions on the can before you start to paint. For Temptrile paint along the grooves first to get a solid build-up of paint, then fill in the squares. A flat putty-knife is better than a thumb for stopping-up nail-holes or scuffs in hardboard. Masking tape is a great aid if you are shaky about cutting-in on corners, skirtings, or tricky junctions. Never, never forget to mix your paint thoroughly.

**Next Week:** The real-life story of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Harris and the Masonite Dream Home which came true.

ADVERTISEMENT



ATTRACTIVE exterior shows roof extending to form a carport and covered entrance porch.

ST302

The Australian  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

## Home Plans Service

● This plan, No. ST302, has been specially designed for a family with young children.

ADDED living space is given by a large family room 13ft. 6in. by 11ft. 3in. This room has large built-in cupboards which could be used to store children's toys.

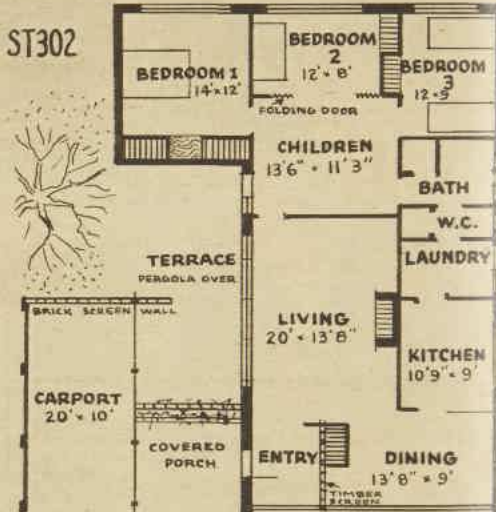
This room and the spacious living area open on to a paved terrace, screened for privacy by the carport and one wall of the main bedroom.

The living area has been separated into hall, dining-room, and lounge by a free-standing corner wall section and coat cupboard.

An outstanding feature of this room is the stone wall with its large open fireplace and bookshelves on one side.

The three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and the master bedroom has a built-in dressing-table.

Bathroom has a separate shower recess and toilet and the entrance to the toilet is



**FLOOR PLAN** features a special playroom for children and paved terrace sheltered by carport and one wall of the master bedroom.

through the bathroom or a large cupboard for storing laundry. The compact laundry cleaning equipment and an ironing-board.

## How to use our service

We offer the choice of thousands of different designs based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs. Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-.

Send coupon now for further information. If you contemplate building a home, this service can save you a lot of money. **THIS IS A COMPLETE ARCHITECT-DIRECTED HOME-DESIGN SERVICE FOR YOUR USE**, and all normal architect services are available.

Phone or call at your local Centre at—  
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney), B0951, ext. 220.  
MELBOURNE: Myers (32044).  
HOBART: FitzGerald (27221).  
ADELAIDE: Master Builders' Assn., 47 South Terrace.  
BRISBANE: McWhirters (50121).  
GEELONG: Myers (X6111).  
TOOWOOMBA: Pigotts (7733).  
OR FILL IN COUPON BELOW AND POST IT TO YOUR NEAREST CENTRE.

## COUPON

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)

☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)



# STILL TIME TO ENTER £2000 CONTEST

● Don't miss out on a chance to win one of the big prizes in this interesting contest. Closing date for entries is October 2.

THE "Hardboard in the Home" Contest, Grand Champion prize for which is £1000, is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly with The Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

There are four sections in the contest, and you may enter any one or all of them.

Another twenty progress prizes of £5 each are announced this week (see below). These are awarded for entries in all sections.

Many men have entered for the contest, especially in the handyman sections—2, 3, and 4. Entries in all sections have surprised the judges for their imagination and skill.

You can send as many entries as you wish, but, remember, THE COUPON (on this page) MUST BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY.

## SECTION 1—HOUSE INTERIOR

On this page are a roof-off drawing and a floor plan of a six-room house.

You must choose four of the six rooms and plan a decorating scheme for each of the four—choosing hardboard for the ceiling, walls, and any built-in furniture shown in the house plan. Use hardboard in the various textures available.

These textured hardboards can supply your color scheme

or you can choose colors in paint on the plain hardboard.

When you set out your entry, follow the numbers on the walls shown on the floor plan. (See details of house, which is Plan No. 301 in our Home Plan Service, in August 9 issue.) When you have decided on colors and textures, make up a list, numbering each wall of each of the four rooms as shown on the floor plan, then adding the ceiling color or texture. For this section send a written entry or use the special entry guide.

Two special guides are available at all hardware stores that stock Masonite and from all our Home Planning Centres (addresses opposite). One guide shows samples of Masonite colors and textures.

The other guide shows "exploded" views of each room, enabling you to experiment with various colors and gain a clear picture of the completed room.

## SECTION 2—BUILT-IN AND MOVABLE FURNITURE

Cupboards, bookshelves, small tables, wardrobes, vanity tables, or screens can be made

## COUPON

### HARDBOARD IN THE HOME CONTEST

"The Australian Women's Weekly,"  
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Name .....  
Address .....  
State .....  
Section .....  
Nearest Masonite Dealer (if known) .....

from hardboard—textured or plain.

Your entry should contain a drawing or photograph of the piece of furniture, and, if possible, drawings of the separate pieces used, with measurements marked and brief instructions for making. Make sure all drawings are clear.

## SECTION 3—HOUSE RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

Perhaps you have already made alterations to your house, using hardboard, that you could describe for this section.

You may have used panels of hardboard to surface walls which were too badly damaged to be repaired or perhaps you used hardboard sheets to build in a verandah or add a new room to the home.

A photograph or rough but clear drawing should be sent with description of the repair.

## SPECIAL SECTION—TOYS OR SMALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Hardboard can be used for dolls' furniture, a doll's house, toy motor-cars or trains, and small items like table-mats or trays. Once again, send drawings or photographs with measurements and instructions for making.

(Do not send in the actual article.)

## The prizes

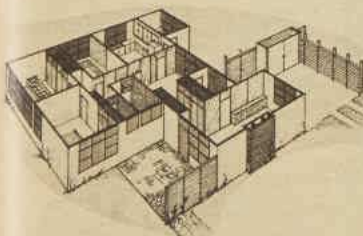
### GRAND CHAMPION

Chosen from any of Sections 1, 2, 3 .. £1000  
Section 1—  
First Prize ..... £100  
Second Prize ..... £50  
Section 2—  
First Prize ..... £100  
Second Prize ..... £50  
Section 3—  
First Prize ..... £100  
Second Prize ..... £50  
Three prizes of £5 each in Sections 1, 2, 3.

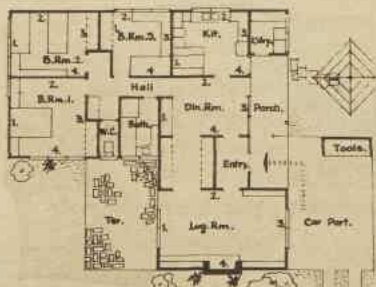
### SPECIAL SECTION

First Prize ..... £80  
Second Prize ..... £25  
Each week for four weeks a total of 20 progress prizes of £5 each in any or all of the four sections.

CHOOSE colors and textures for walls and list them for Section 1 according to numbers in plan, with ceilings included.



FOUR ROOMS must be decorated for Section 1. This roof-off view shows the position of cupboards and built-in furniture.



## TWENTY PROGRESS PRIZE WINNERS

MRS. M. SWANSON, 3 Carmody Street, Townsville, Qld., wins £5 for the following entry in Section 1—House Interior:

### Room 1—BEDROOM 1

1. Walls and built-in furniture white.
2. Pink cedar "Seadrift" feature wall.
3. White.
4. White. Ceiling shadow-grey.

### Room 2—BEDROOM 2

1. Pale blue.
2. Bronze Wattle "Seadrift" feature wall.
3. Pale blue.
4. Pale blue, built-in furniture off-white Leatherboard. Ceiling darker shade of blue.

### Room 3—BEDROOM 3

1. Pale green, built-in cupboards pale green.
2. Pale green, built-in shelves pale lilac.
3. Pale green, built-in cupboards pale lilac.
4. Pale green. Ceiling pale pink.

### Room 4—KITCHEN

1. Pale yellow, cupboards white, bench tops blue Lustreboard.
2. Pale yellow, cupboards white, bench tops blue Lustreboard.
3. Pale yellow, upper-cupboards deeper blue Ridgeboard, floor cupboards white, bench tops blue Lustreboard. All cupboard handles bright red.
4. Pale blue, built-in furniture in light Timberstone, with ends and back in red Leatherboard. Ceiling white.

### £5 each to —

- Mr. J. Bethune, 76 Hillview Cres., Edge Hill, Cairns, Qld.  
Mr. R. Bryant, 7 Lexington Street, Vermont, Vic.  
Mr. N. E. Buckle, Mail Service 54, Ayr, Qld.  
Mrs. P. Condon, 20 Moresby Street, Orange, N.S.W.  
Mrs. A. B. Curry, "Shadyacres," Wannon, via Hamilton, Vic.  
Mrs. A. J. F. Dent, Bullsbrook East, W.A.  
Mrs. N. Dowling, 180 Cecil St., North Williamstown, Vic.  
Mr. H. Elliott, 105 Clarence Street, Bellerive, near Hobart, Tas.  
Mrs. V. L. Guthrie, 41 Chopin Rd., Somerton Park, S.A.  
Mrs. M. Johnston, 162 Barkly Street, Mornington, Vic.  
Mr. S. McCredden, 37 Kariwara St., West Dundas, N.S.W.  
Miss M. MacKenzie, "Telson" Station, Dingo, via Rockhampton, Qld.  
Mrs. Elaine Mair, 16 Bunyula Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.  
Mr. D. M. Middleton, 26 Ash Grove, East Malvern, Vic.  
Mr. M. Pinchback, 4 Howson Street, Albany, W.A.  
Mr. M. Pretty, 41 Auburn Parade, East Hawthorn, Vic.  
Mrs. M. Rindfleisch, "Riverview," Merrygoon, N.S.W.  
Mrs. P. Shennan, 33 Massey St., Tier Hill, Smithton, Tas.  
Beryl Smith, 388 Gaffney Street, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

## I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF

Because I Take

## FORD PILLS



Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure... and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere F12.

## FORD PILLS

All the family will love **only Everybody's**



Sleepwear to inspire lovely dreams! Double skirted nylon robe with dainty butterfly neckline. Rose trim. Pink Pearl, Turquoise and White. 99/6  
SSW-W.  
Matching waltz length nightie with Harem skirt. SSW-W. 99/6

\* Individually boxed.



Another fine creation from Hilton Hosiery! H17.



# Make sandwiches more satisfying ...

with **KRAFT CHEDDAR**...your best cheese for sandwiches

## CUT LUNCH IDEAS

You can surprise the family every lunch-time ... when you make sandwiches with Kraft Cheddar. The mellow flavour teams deliciously with so many other fillings ... and Kraft Cheddar costs so little. Try these sandwich suggestions:

### Quick and easy sandwiches

- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, lettuce, and tomato.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, thinly sliced onion, and peanut butter.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, chopped nuts and dates.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and celery strips.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, lettuce and chutney.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced frankfurts and tomato sauce.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced banana and lemon juice.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, tomato and parsley.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, mashed sardines and a dash of vinegar.

Start cut lunches the right way — with Kraft Cheddar. Slices easily — no rind, no waste. And mellow Kraft Cheddar gives your family the flavour they enjoy — and nourishment they need — because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

**Cheese** is a wonderful food — always put a **cheese from KRAFT** on your table

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8oz., 1lb. and family-size 2lb. packets. Also in 1oz. portions.



# Cookery Course

## CUSTARDS —types, ingredients, textures

**CUSTARDS** — stirred, steamed, or baked — are an important item in menus because they are made with ingredients which supply valuable health-giving requirements.

Custard is a mixture of beaten egg and milk, sweetened, flavored, and cooked until thickened or set. Eggs used alone or combined with flour, cornflour, or gelatine provide the thickening, add nutritive value, and improve flavor and color.

### TYPES

**Stirred Custard:** Of pouring consistency with smooth, even texture. It can be (a) egg-milk mixture, incorrectly called "boiled custard"; or (b) economical custard sauce thickened with cornflour and reduced quantity of egg or with packaged custard-powder.

**Baked Custard:** Egg-milk mixture set in oven to firm, velvety consistency thick enough to hold its shape and with smooth, even texture.

**Steamed Custard:** Egg-milk mixture cooked by steaming on top of stove. Mixture sets to firm consistency with smooth, fine texture.

**Jellied Custard:** Egg-milk mixture such as stirred custard set with gelatine; can be lightened by adding stiffly beaten egg-whites.

### PROPORTIONS

Number of eggs required for thickening depends on method of cooking.

**Stirred Custard:** Use 1 egg and 1 tablespoon sugar to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk; for richer custard use 1 egg plus 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sugar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk.

**Baked Custard:** Use 3 eggs and 2 tablespoons sugar to 1 pint milk; for richer custard use 3 eggs plus 1 egg-yolk, or 4 eggs and 2 tablespoons sugar to 1 pint milk; or use 3 eggs and 3 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, and 1 pint milk.

**Steamed Custard:** Use 2 eggs or 3 egg-yolks and 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons sugar to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk.

**Jellied Custard:** Use specific recipe such as angels' food or spanish cream; or add 1 tablespoon dissolved gelatine to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cooled stirred custard and lighten mixture by folding in 1 stiffly beaten egg-white.

**Economical Stirred Custard:** Thicken  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk with 1 dessertspoon blended cornflour, boil 3 minutes, cool slightly. Pour over 1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon sugar; stir over hot water until thickened.

## DESSERT RECIPES USING CUSTARDS

### SPANISH CREAM

Two eggs, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Warm milk and sugar, mix with beaten egg-yolks. Cook over simmering water until mixture coats silver spoon. Allow to cool, stir in gelatine dissolved in hot water. Add vanilla. Make sure custard and gelatine are at same temperature when combining, otherwise mixture may curdle. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wetted mould or serving-dish. Chill.

**Variations:** Use 1 cup milk and 1 cup evaporated milk; add 1oz. grated or melted chocolate to warm custard.

### FLOATING ISLAND

Two eggs and 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

**Meringue:** Two egg-whites, 3 tablespoons crystal sugar, 1 tablespoon castor sugar.

Beat eggs with egg-yolks and sugar, add milk. Cook over gently simmering water until custard coats silver spoon. Remove immediately from heat, add vanilla, pour into shallow serving-dish. Prepare meringue: Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add crystal sugar, beat until mixture holds its shape. Fold in castor sugar. Place 1 dessertspoon at a time into  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint simmering water in large, shallow frying-pan. Poach gently 1 or 2 minutes. Lift out carefully with slotted spoon, place on top of cold custard.

### CARAMEL CUSTARD

Two ounces loaf sugar, 3 dessertspoons cold water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence.

Place loaf sugar, water, and lemon juice in

**Economical Custard Sauce:** Thicken  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint sweetened milk with 1 tablespoon custard powder, or 1 dessertspoon custard powder and 1 dessertspoon cornflour blended with little extra milk.

### GENERAL RULES

1. Cook custards of all types slowly, at temperature well below boiling point; curdling occurs between 182deg. F. and 194deg. F.

2. Avoid over-beating eggs, which tends to make custard porous.

3. Use fireproof glass or china containers in preference to aluminium or enamel for steamed or baked custards.

4. For stirred custards use double boiler or jug standing in saucepan of gently simmering water. Add essence after cooking.

### STIRRED CUSTARD

1. Pour warmed milk slowly on to beaten egg and sugar, stirring constantly.

2. Turn into top half of double boiler or into jug standing in saucepan of simmering water halfway up side of jug.

3. Stir over gentle heat until custard thinly coats silver spoon.

4. Remove from water, place container in cold water to prevent further cooking, add flavoring essence, stir while cooling to prevent skin forming on top.

### BAKED CUSTARD

1. Beat eggs with sugar, add flavoring and warmed milk, pour into greased pie-dish.

2. Stand pie-dish in larger dish of water.

3. Bake in moderate oven until just set when tested with tip of knife.

4. Remove custard from dish of water as soon as set to prevent over-cooking and curdling.

### STEAMED CUSTARD

1. Beat eggs with sugar, add warmed milk and flavoring essence.

2. Pour into greased custard cups or mould, place in steamer or saucepan with simmering water coming halfway up cups or mould.

3. Cover with greased paper or greased aluminium foil.

4. Steam gently until set.

5. Test as for baked custard.

### BAKED CEREAL CUSTARD

1. Allow 1oz. cereal to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, and 1 egg.

2. Cook cereal in usual way, drain, place in greased ovenware dish, add beaten egg and milk, sugar, and flavoring.

3. Bake as for baked custard.

small, heavy pan. Cook gently over low heat until thoroughly dissolved and rich honey color. Pour into wetted mould, tilting and turning until caramel completely coats inside surface. Mix beaten eggs, sugar, slightly warmed milk, and vanilla. Pour into caramel-lined mould, cover with greased paper. Steam gently until set (1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Serve warm or cold.

### QUEEN PUDDING

One pint milk, 2 large eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, jam, 3 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Warm milk, pour on to egg-yolks beaten with sugar, reserve egg-whites for meringue topping. Pour milk mixture over crumbs in ovenware dish, place in larger dish of water, bake in moderate oven until set. Allow to become cold, spread top with jam. Make meringue with egg-whites and extra sugar. Spread over pudding, taking meringue right to edge of dish. Bake in very slow oven until meringue is set.

**Variations:** In place of jam use crushed canned pineapple or other fruits drained from juice or dry cooked apple pulp and add 2 tablespoons coconut to meringue.

### FRUIT AND NUT RICE CUSTARD

Two ounces rice, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, good squeeze lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 tablespoons chopped cooked apricots (fresh, dried, or tinned), 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground nutmeg.

Cook rice in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water until very soft and all water is absorbed. Remove from heat, add milk, sugar, and beaten eggs. Stir in lemon rind and juice, vanilla, apricots, and walnuts. Turn into greased ovenware dish, sprinkle nutmeg on top. Stand in dish of water, bake in moderate oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 hour.



*Skin  
Perfume*

in the new purse-sized bottle

by **YARDLEY**


She's pampered, she's precious, she loves the exclusive fragrance of YARDLEY Skin Perfumes. For daytime, for evening . . . they are hers to delight in all year round. Now available in the new purse-sized bottle.

'Bond Street', Red Roses, April Violets, Lotus . . . 11/9


YARDLEY • LONDON • SYDNEY • PARIS • NEW YORK

Next week: Jam-making, Part 1





# Bouquet of ONIONS



● In this three-page feature are a variety of recipes that demonstrate how invaluable is the onion for adding that extra touch of piquant flavor to soups, main-course dishes, and other savory foods.

At least one of the many types of onions is used in these recipes. Quantities of onions given are elastic and can be increased or decreased according to personal tastes without affecting the actual balance of the dish. Remember it is always better to under-flavor rather than over-flavor a dish—especially when using garlic or other strongly flavored onions.

Recipes are sufficient for 4 to 6 servings. Spoon measurements are level, and the standard eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

## BUTTERED ONION RINGS

Three large onions, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, fat or oil for frying.

Peel onions, cut into  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in.-thick slices. Separate slices into rings. Beat egg-yolks in bowl, add milk. Sift in flour and salt, stir until smooth. Drop onion rings one at a time into batter, fry in deep hot fat or oil until browned. Drain, serve hot with grilled steak.

## ONION BREAD

Six medium-sized onions (finely sliced and peeled), 3 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups flour and 4 teaspoons baking-powder (or 2 cups self-raising flour), 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup drained whole kernel corn, 2-3rd cup milk, 1 egg (lightly beaten),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, pinch pepper.

Cook onions in melted butter over low heat. When lightly browned, drain off excess fat. Sift flour, baking-powder, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt into bowl, rub in 2 tablespoons butter. Mix in corn, add 2-3rd cup milk, lightly mix with fork. Knead on lightly floured board, pat out into 8-in.-square greased tin. Arrange prepared onions over dough. Combine egg, remaining salt, pepper, and the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Pour over onions, bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into squares, serve hot.

## FRENCH ONION SOUP

Three cups thinly sliced onions, 4oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 6 cups brown stock or 6 cups water and 2 beef bouillon cubes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 1 loaf French bread, grated Parmesan or other cheese.

Fry sliced onions in butter until golden brown. Stir in flour, stock, and Worcestershire sauce. Stir until boiling. Cover, simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Taste and season with salt, pepper. Meanwhile, slice bread thinly, toast under grill. Sprinkle with grated cheese, grill until melted and lightly browned. Pour soup into soup tureen or individual ramekins, arrange toast pieces on top. Serve hot.

## WELSH LEEK TART

Cheese Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, 4oz. butter, 2 egg-yolks, water.

Sift flour, mustard, salt, and cayenne pepper into bowl. Rub in butter and add cheese. Mix into stiff dough with beaten egg-yolks and water. Roll out on floured board, fill into 9 or 10-in. flan or pie-case. Trim edge, prick base and sides, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Filling: Four ounces butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon French mustard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipped cream,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of white part of leeks cooked until tender in salted water and well drained, extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, chopped chives, butter.

Melt half the butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 1

minute, without browning. Stir in milk, bring mixture to boil, stirring constantly. Fold in cheese, mustard, and cream. Place layer of sauce in base of pastry flan. Drain leeks well, reheat them in remaining butter. Arrange them on top of sauce, scatter over a little cheese. Fill flan with remaining sauce. Top with remaining cheese and sprinkling of butter. Place flan in hot oven to brown few minutes before serving. Top with chopped chives.

## ONION MARINADE

One pound onions, 1 cup burgundy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups salad oil, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 2 cloves crushed garlic.

Combine in bowl the burgundy, vinegar, salad oil, sugar, salt, mustard, garlic; mix well together, pour into shallow dish. Add sliced onions, mix well. Cover, allow to stand overnight or all day, turning occasionally. Serve with salad.

## ONIONS ARABIA

One pound small white onions (peeled),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups red pepper (seeded and thinly sliced),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry white wine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup oil, 1 teaspoon garlic salt, cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon black pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seedless raisins.

Place red pepper slices in greased shallow casserole. Cover with onions which have had cocktail stick placed through them sideways to prevent them falling apart. Combine oil, wine, and seasonings, pour over the onions. If more liquid is needed to cover, add water. Cover and bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Remove onions and peppers to hot serving-dish. Pour the liquid into saucepan, add raisins, boil until liquid reduces to slightly thick sauce. Remove cocktail sticks, serve onions hot or cold with sauce. (The white wine can be replaced with lemon juice and water or wine vinegar and water.)

## CHEESED WHOLE ONIONS

One and a half pounds small white onions, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup evaporated milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, salt and cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese.

Cook peeled onions in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, pile into serving-dish. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Add evaporated milk and water (or onion stock), stir until smooth. Season with salt, cayenne. Add most of the cheese. Pour over onions, top with remaining cheese, brown lightly under grill. Serve hot.

## CURRIED FAMILY CHICKEN

Three sliced onions, flour, fat, 1 cold cooked chicken, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 4oz. butter, 10 almonds, 4oz. sultanas, salt, pepper.

Dredge sliced onions in flour, fry in hot fat until crisp, drain. Cut chicken into pieces. Combine curry powder and butter, blend together. Cover each piece of chicken with this. Place in greased casserole dish layer of chicken, then layer of onions, almonds, and sultanas. Season each layer lightly with salt, pepper. Put in remainder of chicken and another layer of onions, sultanas, and almonds. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve hot.

## PIQUANT RABBIT BAKE

One large rabbit, salt, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 carrot, 1 apple, 2 sticks celery, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 3 onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 2 cups chicken stock,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry sherry, 1 teaspoon tomato paste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon chilli powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 bayleaf.

Soak rabbit in salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Cut into joints; dry. Heat fat in pan, add rabbit and saute until golden brown.

## SAVORY DISHES

made with onions are illustrated at right. They include grilled steak topped with buttered onion rings, onion bread, French onion soup, Welsh leek tart.

Arrange pieces in well-greased casserole dish, cover with diced carrot, apple, celery. Saute garlic and sliced onions in remaining fat in pan, add flour, salt, and pepper; brown lightly. Stir in stock, continue stirring until sauce thickens. Add sherry, tomato paste, chilli powder, herbs, and bayleaf. Pour over casserole ingredients. Cover, bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours or until rabbit is tender. Serve hot with potatoes and green peas.

## CABBAGE CREOLE

Half cabbage, 1 cup diced cooked meat, flour, salt, pepper, 3 cups boiled rice, 1 cup thinly sliced onion, 1lb. tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato juice, fat, 1 tin mushroom soup, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1oz. butter.

Coat meat cubes in seasoned flour, fry in small quantity of fat until golden brown. Remove from pan, add onion, and saute until golden brown. Add skinned sliced tomatoes, shredded cabbage, tomato juice; cook 5 minutes. Mix in mushroom soup, meat cubes, half the rice and paprika, season to taste with salt, pepper. Fill mixture into large greased casserole dish, top with remaining rice. Cover, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Uncover, dot with butter, bake further 10 minutes. Serve hot.

## VICHYSOISE SOUP

Three medium-sized leeks, 1 large onion, 2oz. butter, 4 medium-sized potatoes, 4 cups chicken stock, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, salt, pepper, chopped chives.

Peel, chop onion and leeks into small pieces. Saute in the butter until softened but not brown. Add potatoes which have been peeled and chopped finely, stir in chicken stock. Cover, simmer about 1 hour or until all vegetables are tender. Rub through fine sieve, return to saucepan, add milk, cream, or evaporated milk, salt and pepper to taste. Return to heat, simmer (but do not boil) until reheated. Serve hot or cold topped with chopped chives.





#### CHEESE CHIVE SPREAD

Four ounces cream cheese, 2oz. blue vein cheese, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped chives.

Leave cheeses few hours at room temperature before using. Then cream together with the mayonnaise. Add salt, cayenne, and chives, mix well. Use as sandwich spread or on small savory biscuits.

#### ONION SAUCES

No. 1 (with milk and eggs): One cup chopped onions, water, salt, 1½ cups hot milk, salt, paprika, 2 beaten egg-yolks.

Cook onion in salted water until tender; drain, put through fine sieve. Return pulp to saucepan, add milk, salt, paprika. Stir over heat until thoroughly heated through. Gradually add beaten egg-yolks.

Use this sauce to pour over vegetables such as cauliflower or cabbage, top with breadcrumbs and cheese and grill lightly.

No. 2 (with stock): Two cups sliced onions, water, 1 bouillon cube, 2 tablespoons flour (blended with ¼ cup milk), salt, paprika, 1 oz. butter.

Cover onion slices with 2 cups water, simmer gently until tender; drain and rub through fine sieve. Return pulp to saucepan with enough onion water to make up to 1½ cups. Add bouillon cube, stir in blended flour. Stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens. Season with salt, paprika, and add butter. Simmer 2 minutes.

This sauce can be served with vegetables, fish, and meat.

#### KIDNEYS WITH ONION DUMPLINGS

One pound ox or sheep's kidneys, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 onion (grated), salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1½ cups water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, 4 rashers bacon, extra flour.

Dumplings: One cup mashed potato, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 beaten egg, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 onions (finely chopped).

Soak kidney ½ hour in salted water. Remove skin and membrane, cut into slices. Coat with extra flour. Mix flour, sugar, salt, pepper, grated onion, and mustard to a smooth paste with water. Add sauce, vinegar, lemon juice, and sherry. Chop bacon (rind removed), place layer in ovenproof dish. Cover with layer of kidneys, repeat layers until all are used. Pour blended flour mixture over, cover, and bake in very moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Prepare dumplings: Mix butter with onions and potato, stir in beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste, and flour, making stiff mixture. Shape into balls, place on kidneys in casserole 20 minutes before end of cooking time, adding little more liquid to gravy if necessary. Serve piping hot.

#### GARLIC LOAF

One long French loaf or 1 Vienna loaf, 4oz. butter, 1 to 2 cloves garlic, salt, pepper.

Cut bread in 1in. slices almost through. Combine well-creamed butter with the crushed garlic and a little salt and pepper. Spread this mixture generously between slices. Wrap in foil and place on oven-tray. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until crisp. Break off slices, serve in a basket.

#### SAVORY BEEF PATTIES

One pound minced steak, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, mixed herbs to taste, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 3 tomatoes, 6 onion slices, 6 medium-sized potatoes, 1 small marrow.

Combine steak, breadcrumbs, sauces, parsley, herbs, salt and pepper to taste. Bind with beaten egg. Shape into six balls with floured hands. Arrange halved tomatoes in greased ovenproof dish. Season with salt, pepper. Top each with onion slice, then meat ball. Cover with sheet of greased paper. Wash marrow, cut into 1in. slices, remove pith. Place in casserole dish, barely cover with boiling water, add salt. Place lid on. Arrange meat dish in top half of moderate oven and casserole of marrow on lower shelf, with scrubbed potatoes around. Bake 1 to 1½ hours. Serve meat balls in marrow rings. Split potatoes, top with nut of butter and sprinkling of salt and pepper.

#### APPLE AND ONION SAVORY

Three medium-sized onions, 3 large apples, ¼ cup chopped bacon, salt, pepper, ½ cup water, ½ cup breadcrumbs, shortening. Peel onions, peel and core apples. Cut both into ¼in. slices. Arrange with bacon in alternate layers in greased casserole, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Add water, top with breadcrumbs, dot with shortening. Cover, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Uncover, cook further 20 to 30 minutes until apples and onions are tender and top is sizzling and brown.

*Continued overleaf*

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



**CURRIED ONION FRITTERS**

Eight or nine small onions, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 egg-yolks, 2-3rd cup milk, fat or oil for frying.

Peel onions, parboil in boiling salted water. Press out centre section and stuff with mixture of combined cheese and Worcestershire sauce. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and curry powder, mix to smooth batter with egg-yolks and milk. Dip stuffed onions in this batter, fry in deep hot fat or oil until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper, serve immediately.

**CUCUMBER AND ONION SOUP**

Two cucumbers, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 chopped onions, 1 small clove garlic (crushed), 4 cups milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, croutons.

Wash cucumbers, peel and chop finely. Place in double boiler, add celery, onion, garlic, and milk. Cook 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Blend together the melted butter, flour, salt, and pepper, gradually stir in milk mixture, stir over heat about 10 minutes. Press mixture through fine sieve, return to saucepan, add cream, reheat. Serve hot garnished with croutons.

**AMERICAN CRUMBED CHICKEN**

One chicken, 1 cup evaporated milk, 2 cups corn cereal crumbs, ½ cup finely grated onion, salt, pepper, butter or oil for frying.

Cut chicken into sections, remove skin. Dip each piece in evaporated milk, then into cereal crumbs which have been mixed with the grated onion and little salt and pepper. Press crumbs firmly. Fry few pieces at a time in hot butter or oil; drain, keep hot. Arrange on hot dish or in cane basket for serving. Tossed salad makes a good accompaniment.

**ONION CASSEROLE**

Three and a half cups small white onions, 1-3rd cup honey, ½ cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon butter, salt.

Parboil onions in boiling salted water 5 minutes; drain. Place in greased casserole-dish. Combine honey, tomato puree, and sauce, pour over onions. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until onions are tender. Serve hot.

**PICKLED ONIONS**

Small white onions, water, salt, white vinegar, sugar, red pepper, bayleaf and cloves.

Cover onions with salted water, soak 2 hours. Remove outer skins, soak onions further 48 hours in brine (use 1 part salt to 9 parts water, combine salt with a little water, add remaining water, then use). After soaking, drain. Cover with vinegar, bring to boiling point. Add 1 cup sugar to each gallon of vinegar. Add to onions, boil 3 minutes. Arrange onions in sterilised jars, cover with boiling vinegar. Add to each jar 1-in.-long red pepper pod, ¼ bayleaf and 2 cloves (optional). Seal at once.

**LIVER SAUTE**

One pound liver (sliced thinly), 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 4 bacon rashers (rind removed), 8 shallots (chopped, use some of the green section).

Cover liver pieces with breadcrumbs, season with salt, pepper. Fry in heated fat with the chopped bacon until sealed on both sides. Add shallots, continue cooking until liver is tender. Serve hot.

**ONION SOUFFLE**

Ten small white onions, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper, extra 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 3 egg-whites.

Cook onions in water until tender; drain. Chop, then force through sieve (there should be 1 cup puree). Add butter, salt, and pepper to taste. Melt extra butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk, cook over heat until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes, add egg-yolk and breadcrumbs. Fold in onion puree. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Pour into greased souffle dish (straight sided), bake in pan of water in moderately hot oven until firm to touch (about 35 minutes). Serve at once.

**FISH MEDLEY**

One tin herrings in tomato sauce (or other tinned fish), 1 cup cooked rice, 1 large onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley.

Topping: One and a half cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon melted shortening, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper.

Mix herrings with rice, finely chopped onion, sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, nutmeg, and Worcestershire sauce. Pack into greased casserole. Combine topping ingredients, spread over fish mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes until golden brown. Serve topped with chopped parsley.

**STEAK NORMANDY**

Two pounds bladebone steak, 3 onions, 1 clove garlic, 2 or 3 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce or tomato puree, 2 tablespoons vinegar, sprig of parsley, thyme and marjoram, ½ cup stock, salt and pepper.

Remove fat from steak, cut into 1-in. to 1½-in. pieces, coat with mixture of sugar and flour. Line ovenproof dish with 2 of the peeled and sliced onions, sprinkle with finely chopped garlic and herbs. Place meat on top, pour sauces, vinegar, and stock over. Stand 6 to 8 hours, uncovered, in cool place. Top with bacon strips (rind removed) and the remaining onion, cut into rings. Season with salt and pepper, cover, bake in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours.

**CRUMBED CHICKEN PIECES**, with grated onion added to the corn cereal crumb-coating, make a delicious meal. See recipe.

# FLAVOR-BUDS

...thousands in every spoonful!

Bushells  
coffee  
Flavor-Buds  
mean  
richer  
coffee  
flavor!

**BUSHELLS INSTANT COFFEE** is not just a powder but thousands of coffee **FLAVOR-BUDS** (tiny particles of pure, 100% coffee) which are ready to give you delicious "roaster-fresh" coffee the instant you pour on boiling water.

That's the secret...a special process which gives you **THOUSANDS** of **FLAVOR-BUDS** in every spoonful—rich, "roaster-fresh," flavor-full coffee—that's **BUSHELLS!**



flowers; now she was secretly leaving the building through the delivery entrance, as though she had not paid her bill.

The telephone rang. She hesitated, then lifted it. "Yes, Boris," she listened. "Yes, Boris, Yes, I am being sensible—Yes, I know it happens everywhere—Yes, I know that many more people die of heart attacks and cancer—I've read the statistics, Boris—Yes, I know that it only seems so to us because we live so close together up here—Yes, Boris, I am being sensible, certainly. No, don't come—yes, I love you, Boris, of course."

She laid down the telephone. "Sensible," she whispered, staring into the mirror. Her face stared back at her, a stranger's face with a stranger's eyes. I've been sensible far too long. What for? To become Number Twenty or Thirty in Room Seven beside the freight elevator? Something in a black box that horrifies people?

She looked at her watch. It was shortly before nine. The night loomed dark and endless before her, filled with panic and boredom, that mixture peculiar to hospitals—the panic in the face of disease, and the boredom of a regimented existence—which together became intolerable because they led to nothing but a feeling of utter helplessness.

Lillian stood up. She couldn't be alone now! There would certainly be a few people downstairs—at least Hollmann and his visitor.

Lillian Dunkerque came into the dining-room so quickly that she almost collided with a fat South American woman who was so startled she jumped to one side, with a little cry.

**A**LMOST running, Lillian went straight to the table where Hollmann and Clerfayt were sitting. "What made her shriek?" she said. "I'm not a ghost, after all. Or am I? Already?"

Hollmann smiled. "No, you're not and you don't frighten us, Lillian."

"Has the Crocodile been here yet?"

"No. But she'll be along any minute and throw us out."

"Josef is at the door tonight. We could get out. Will you?"

"Where? The Palace bar?"

"Where else?"

"There's nothing doing at the Palace bar," Clerfayt said. "I've just come from there."

Hollmann laughed. "There's always enough doing as far as we're concerned. Even if there's not a soul around. Anything outside the sanatorium is exciting to us."

"We could slip out now," Lillian Dunkerque said. "Josef is the only one watching. The other attendant is still busy."

Hollmann shrugged. "I have a touch of fever, Lillian. Just this evening, all of a sudden. Heaven knows why. Maybe from seeing that dirty sports car of Clerfayt's."

A cleaning woman came in and began setting the chairs on the tables. "We've slipped out with fever before this," Lillian said.

Hollmann looked at her with some constraint. "I know. But not tonight, Lillian."

"Also on account of the dirty sports car?"

"Possibly. What about Boris? Isn't he going?"

"Boris thinks I'm in bed. I made him take me out for a sleigh ride this afternoon. He wouldn't dissipate twice."

The cleaning woman opened the curtains. The landscape mighty and hostile, appeared outside the window—moonlit slopes, black woods, snow. Against it, the three people seemed utterly forlorn. The cleaning woman began turning out the lights along the walls. As each successive light extinguished, the landscape seemed to advance a step further toward the three in the room. "Here comes the Crocodile," Hollmann said.

The head nurse was standing in the doorway. She smiled with prominent teeth and cold eyes. "Night owls, as always. Closing time, Messieurs and Madame!" She made no comment on the fact that Lillian Dunkerque was still up. "Closing time," she repeated. "To bed, to bed! Tomorrow is another day."

Lillian stood up. "Are you so sure of that?"

"Absolutely sure," the head nurse replied with depressing cheerfulness. "There's a sleeping tablet on your night table, Miss Dunkerque. You'll rest in the arms of Morpheus."

"In the arms of Morpheus!" Hollmann said with disgust after she had left. "The Crocodile is the queen of the clichés. Tonight she was comparatively gracious. Why in the world must these hygienic policemen treat everyone who lands in a hospital with that gruesome patient superiority, as if we were all children or idiots?"

"It's their revenge upon the world for what they are," Lillian replied spitefully. "If waiters and nurses didn't have it, they'd die of inferiority complexes."

They were standing in the lobby in front of the elevator. "Where are you going now?" Lillian asked Clerfayt.

from page 50

He looked at her. "To the Palace bar."

"Will you take me with you?" He hesitated for a moment. Then he recalled the incident with the sleigh, and Volkov's arrogant face. "Why not?" he said.

She gave a rueful smile. "Isn't it dreary? We plead for a little freedom the way a drunkard begs a grudging bartender for one last glass. Isn't it miserable?"

Clerfayt shook his head. "I've done it often enough myself." For the first time, she looked squarely at him. "You?" she asked. "Why you?"

"Everyone has reasons. Where do you want me to pick you up? Or would you like to come along right now?"

"I'd better not. You must go out through the main entrance. The Crocodile is on watch there. Then go down the first serpentine, hire a sleigh, and drive up to the right, behind the sanatorium, to the delivery entrance. I'll be waiting there."

"Good." Lillian stepped into the elevator. Hollmann turned to Clerfayt. "You don't mind me not coming along tonight?"

"Of course not. I'm not leaving tomorrow, you know." Clerfayt went out through the

empty lobby. All the lights were out except one small one. Through the big window, the moonlight made patterns on the floor. The Crocodile stood beside the door.

"Goodnight," Clerfayt said.

He walked down the serpentine until he found a sleigh. He nodded to the driver and said, "I want to go to the sanatorium, to the rear entrance."

Lillian Dunkerque was already there. She had on a thin coat of black fur which she hugged tightly around her. It did not strike Clerfayt as very warm. "Everything's all right," she whispered. "I have Josef's key. He gets a bottle of kirch for it."

Clerfayt helped her into the sleigh. "Where is your car?" she asked. "It's being washed."

To page 62

PAGES MISSING NO 55 TO 58  
L J CULLAN

**So good... so different**  
... so full of fine cheese flavour

**CHEESE JATZ** ... the crisp, new, tender cracker biscuit with the flavour of fine cheese.

Easy as a party favourite, just nibble Cheese Jatz with any refreshing drink.

**Arnott's**  
famous  
**CHEESE JATZ**  
**Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality





## you (and Australia's leading designers) loved 'Dynasty' by Laminex!

Proof is in "Dynasty's" trend-setting success . . . you'll see it's discreet orient-inspired colours on fine furniture everywhere. Again Australia's leading designers and decorators (and you for whom they create) acclaim Laminex as the fashion leader in decorative surfacing materials for a busy world. Bring the oriental charm and simplicity of "Dynasty" to hard-working.


lotus gold • jade green • pagoda blue • willow grey • chinese rose • porcelain • mandarin beige

surfaces in your home. Enhance any room, every room, with its rich and rare colours . . . in a design inspired by the glazes of ancient ceramics. Ask for "Dynasty" by Laminex at your Laminex retailer or fine furniture store. Or write Laminex Pty. Ltd., 332 Bay Road, Cheltenham, Victoria, for an actual sample.

new **'DYNASTY'** by

**LAMINEX®**  
LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

THE QUALITY OF LAMINEX IS INDISPUTABLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SURFACING MATERIALS . . .  
PROVEN MORE RESISTANT TO HEAT, STAINS AND WEAR BY INTERNATIONAL STANDARDS TESTS.

a product of 



# PELARGONIUMS

**N**ATIVE to the Southern Hemisphere, and South Africa in particular, pelargoniums were first cultivated in the 18th century. They have made a comeback in popularity in recent years, and new varieties are constantly being introduced.

The species includes the plants which are commonly but mistakenly called geraniums or zonal geraniums. These, in fact, are *Pelargonium hortorum*. (The true geraniums are herbaceous plants from the Northern Hemisphere.)

Photographed on this page are new varieties of Regal pelargoniums (*P. domesticum*), which show the azalea-type blooms.

Pelargoniums are hardy and appear to thrive best in sandy loam in sunny positions. The ground should be well mulched in cooler places during the winter with a thick blanket of old manure, garden compost, or pine sawdust.

They can be propagated quite easily from cuttings, which should be taken from 6in. unflowered tops, with a few leaves. Let the severed ends dry well for a few hours before planting in pots or they will develop what is known as blackleg—rotting at the base of the cuttings.

Compost for potting should consist of two parts sandy loam, half part well-decayed manure, half part leafmould, one part coarse sand, and a tablespoon superphosphate or bone dust.

Water moderately for the first ten days after potting, and water well when cuttings are established. Apply weak liquid manure or fertilisers a month after potting.

Spray buds with DDT occasionally to control the grubs of a small moth which lays its eggs on the bud clusters and ruins the flowers, which open unevenly as a result. Aphids, white flies, mealy bugs, and red spider mites are also common pests. Spray with DDT for the first three and with any miticide for red spider.

**SANCHO PANZA** is a charming miniature pelargonium in a rich purple with a lighter-tone edge.



**WEDDING GOWN**, a Regal pelargonium from California. It is pure white with no blotches or veining; flowers freely.



**RAY KELLOGG**, a very popular pale pink with a flush of strawberry. This is a colorful and beautiful variety.



**DAWN** is low, compact. Its apricot-pink flowers are outlined in a lighter shading, giving a lovely shadowed effect.

## GARDENING

Pictures taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

**FIFTH AVENUE** (below) has large ruffled crimson flowers. It is small-wooded, upright, and compact, and is long-flowering.



**HOLIDAY** is considered one of the world's finest, has large ruffled flowers with a strawberry blotch.



• When friends ask after my small sons, I reply they are fighting fit; by this I mean they are very fit — and fighting.

**M**OST mothers seem to find that fighting within the family is one of their most exhausting problems.

The size of the family and the ages of the children seem to make little difference.

An elder sister resents her little brother because they have nothing in common; two little boys, much nearer each other in age, fight because they are so close emotionally they both want the same thing at the same time.

### "Normal"

Quarrelling in small children, although wearing, is fairly uncomplicated; they tend to behave like many happily married couples who argue heatedly when together because of their very interest in each other and yet are utterly miserable when separated.

This type of fighting in the under-fives is quite normal.

However, the handling of these childish quarrels may make all the difference between whether the child grows into a happy, well-adjusted adult or an immature person with a permanent grudge against the world.

Example in the home is one of the major factors.

If you and the other grown-ups around you treat each other with courtesy, even when you're not in agreement, your children will still fight; but eventually they will realise that loud quarrels are as childish and as much to be grown out of as loud crying.

Shouting matches between the parents not only create uncomfortable tension and give a child a sense of insecurity but they also convey the impression that aimless, bitter argument is a normal part of adult life. Which is wrong.

Fights among children can be avoided, to a certain extent, by scrupulous fairness to each child, and love and common sense are the best guides.

Don't lean over so far backward when the new baby arrives that the eldest child feels he is the most important person in the family and the infant is just a passing fancy of yours.

Each child should be able to feel that he has an important position in your affections on his own merits, and that you love the others neither more nor less because of him.

More practical measures include the provision of either iden-



tical toys, for children close in age, or else toys different enough for there to be no odious comparison.

Don't expect the eldest to help too much "because he is older and has more sense."

On the other hand, try to see that the younger ones have some compensation for wearing "hand-me-down" clothes.

### Rough justice

Every child in the family, wherever his position, may feel the others have a better deal, but a wise mother will make him feel that he has his own privileges.

What to do when your children, despite all your efforts, are rolling on the floor and pulling each other's hair out?

I usually feel like banging their heads together — hard — but so far have always managed to restrain myself. Example again!

If there is any obvious misdemeanor on the part of one child, you may be able to deal solely with the offending party, but be careful—very often it transpires that the one you caught in the act of hitting his sister over the head with a toy truck had himself been bitten on the ankle before you reached the scene.

One finds that a kind of rough justice brings the best results in the long run. If children fight over a toy, remove the toy; if they persist in fighting, remove the children.

In other words, tell them politely but firmly that you can't stand the noise, and that if they wish to quarrel to do it elsewhere, please.

It is surprising how soon this treatment brings results.

The independence of not appealing to the grown-ups at every turn is of immense value in their development, provided they are aware of the parents' continued interest in them.

Fighting is often another form of competing for the parents' attention.

If this seems to be the case, the best cure aims at showing that parents are impartial to all; that fighting is a futile business; that a thug is no substitute for a thinker.

However, you will be a remarkable parent if you can eradicate fighting altogether from your family.

But don't worry; as the children grow older they are more capable of leading separate lives while maintaining the same interests, and you will find things quieter.

So just hope you're not too exhausted by then to enjoy the unaccustomed peace.

### MOTERING HINT

• Do not use the clutch as a footrest, and avoid slipping or "riding" the clutch in traffic. —Betty McKay.

He took out a packet of cigarettes. "Give me one," Lillian said.

"Are you allowed to smoke?" "Of course," she replied, so sharply that he knew it was not true.

"I have only Gauloises. Strong black Foreign Legion tobacco."

"I know them. We smoked Gauloises during the Occupation."

"In Paris?"

"In a cellar in Paris."

He gave her a light. "Where did you start out from today?" she asked. "Monte Carlo?"

"No, Vienne."

"Vienne? In Austria?"

"Vienne near Lyon. I guess you've never seen it. It's a sleepy little town famous for having the best restaurant in France—the Hotel de la Pyramide."

"Did you drive by way of Paris?"

Clerfayt smiled. "That would have been quite a detour. Paris is much farther north."

"Which way did you drive?"

He wondered why she was so interested. "The usual route," he said. "Via Basel. I had something to do there."

"What was it like?"

"Boring," he summarised. "There's nothing but grey sky and flat country until you reach the Alps."

In the darkness he heard her breathing. Then he saw her face as they passed through a lane of light from a shop. It held a curious expression of astonishment, mockery, and grief. "Boring," she said. "Flat country? What I would give not to see these eternal mountains all around."

All at once, he understood why she had been interrogating him. For them, these mountains were walls barring them from real life. The mountains meant easy breathing and hope; yet they could not leave them.

### Continuing . . .

Their world had constricted to this mountain valley, and for that reason all news from down below seemed word of a lost paradise.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Three years."

"And when will you be able to go down to the low country?"

"Ask the Dalai Lama," Lillian replied bitterly. "Every few months he promises that it will only be a little while."

The sleigh stopped at the turn into the main street. A group of tourists in ski clothes rolled past them. "People like that pay a lot of money to come here, and we would give anything to get down again. Isn't it ridiculous?" Lillian said.

"It depends on how you look at it."

The sleigh started forward again. "Give me another cigarette," Lillian said.

Clerfayt held out the packet to her. "I know it must be incomprehensible to you," she murmured. "That all of us up here feel as if we were in a prison camp. Not in a prison; there you know when you're getting out. But in a camp, where there isn't any sentence."

"I understand," Clerfayt said. "I was in one myself."

"You? In a sanatorium?" "In a prison camp. During the war. But everything was the reverse for us. Our camp was on a flat moor, and for us the Swiss mountains were the dream of freedom. We could see the mountains from the camp. I think that if they had offered to release us on condition that we just hole up in the mountains for several years, most of us would have snapped at the chance."

"Would you have?"

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 59

"No. I had a plan of escape."

"Who didn't? Did you escape?"

"Yes."

"Did you succeed? Or were you recaptured?"

"I succeeded. Otherwise I wouldn't be here. There were no halfway stages about it."

The sleigh stopped in front of the hotel. Clerfayt noticed that Lillian was wearing no overshoes. He lifted her out, carried her across the stretch of snow, and set her down on the threshold. "Satin shoes weren't made for wading through snow," he said. "Shall we go into the bar?"

"Yes. I need a drink."

In the bars, skiers were clumping about the dance floor in their heavy footgear. The waiter arranged the chairs at a corner table for them. "Vodka?" he asked Clerfayt.

"I think not. Something hot. Mulled wine or rum." Clerfayt looked at Lillian. "Which would you like?"

"Vodka. Isn't that what you've been drinking?"

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Yes. But that was before dinner."

He saw that she was scrutinizing him mistrustfully. She seemed to think he was treating her like a sick person who had to take precautions with what she drank. "I'm not trying to put anything over on you," he said. "I would order the wine if I were by myself. We can drink all the vodka you like tomorrow before dinner. We'll smuggle a bottle into the sanatorium."

"All right. Let's drink wine. Could we have the kind you drank down in the plains in France last night — in the Hotel de la Pyramide in Vienne?"

It surprised Clerfayt that she had retained the name. Have to be careful with her, he thought; anyone who notices names so well will notice other things, too.

"Bring us a Chateau Lafite 1937, if you have it," he said to the waiter. "And don't warm it with a hot napkin. Let's rather have it as it comes from the cellar."

"We have it chambre, sir."

"What luck!"

The waiter went over to the bar and returned. "You are wanted on the telephone, sir."

"The sanatorium," Lillian said nervously. "The Crocodile?"

"We'll soon find out," Clerfayt stood up. "Where is the booth?"

"Outside in the corridor, to the right."

"Bring the wine meanwhile."

"Was it the Crocodile?" Lillian asked when he returned.

"No. It was a call from Monte Carlo." Clerfayt hesi-

tated a moment, but when he saw her face light up, he thought that it could do her no harm to hear that people died in other places, too. "From the hospital in Monte Carlo," he added. "Someone I knew has died."

"Do you have to go back?"

"No. There's nothing to be done. I almost think it's lucky for him that he died."

"Lucky?"

"Yes. He had a smash-up in the race. He would have been a cripple for the rest of his life."

Lillian stared at him. She thought she had not heard correctly. What kind of barbarous nonsense was this healthy intruder talking? "Don't you think cripples also like to live?" she asked softly, suddenly filled with hatred.

Clerfayt did not reply at once. The harsh, metallic, demanding voice of the woman who had telephoned him was still ringing in his ears. "What am I to do? Ferrer hasn't left a penny. Come! Help me! I'm stuck here. It's your fault. You're all to blame. You with your damned races."

He shook it off. "It depends," he said to Lillian. "This man was madly in love with a woman who cheated on him with every mechanic. He was also wild about racing, but he would never have risen above the average. All he wanted from life was to win in the big races and be with that woman. He died before he found out the truth about both. That's why I call it luck."

"Even so, he might have wanted to live," Lillian said.

"I don't know about that," Clerfayt replied, irritated. "But I've seen people die more miserable deaths. Haven't you?"

"Yes. But in every case, they would have liked to live."

Clerfayt remained silent. What am I saying? he thought. And what for? Am I talking to convince myself of something I don't believe? That harsh, cold, demanding voice of Ferrer's woman on the telephone!

"Nobody escapes," he said at last, impatiently. "And nobody knows when and how it will catch up with him. What's the use of haggling over time? What is a long life, anyhow? A long past. And the future always extends only to the next breath. Or to the next race. Beyond that, we know nothing." He raised his glass. "Shall we drink to that?"

"To what?"

"To nothing. To courage, perhaps."

"I am tired of courage," Lillian said. "And of consolations, too. Just tell me what things look like down there, beyond the mountains."

"Desolate. It's been raining for weeks."

She set her glass down on the table. "Up here, it hasn't rained since October. Only snowed. I've almost forgotten what rain looks like."

It was snowing when they came out. Clerfayt whistled for a sleigh.

They were drawn up the serpentine. The bells on the horse's harness jingled. After a while, they heard the jingling of other bells farther up the mountain. The driver turned into a bypass, beside a street lamp, to make room for the

To page 64





BENJAMIN RUSH: Physician, Pedant, Patriot—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

## Great Moments in Medicine

The first years of the new United States demanded much of the men who helped shape the union, and Doctor Benjamin Rush proved worthy of the challenge. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, Rush was also an Army Surgeon and teacher. He was a man who backed up his moral convictions with great physical courage. In 1793, a yellow fever epidemic scourged Philadelphia, then capital of the fledgling nation. While others fled, Rush stayed on to try to help the sick, and himself survived two attacks of fever. Though many of his ideas were controversial, he has come to be known as the United States' first great physician.

Men like Benjamin Rush, who persevere for the common good despite personal danger, benefit all mankind. It is this very kind of individual courage that has raised medicine from unscientific beginnings to today's skilled and dedicated profession.

At Parke-Davis, the search never stops for better medicines for use by the medical and pharmaceutical professions to combat illness and disease. It started in 1866; it continues today. Research such as this helps make possible longer, pleasanter, more useful lives for you and your family.

Parke, Davis & Company, (Inc. U.S.A.—Limited Liability) Sydney

**PARKE-DAVIS**

*...Pioneers in better medicines*



Soft, shining lovely hair



Made first for baby, Johnson's is a gentle shampoo for children . . . wonderful for your own hair, too. It leaves the hair soft, shining, lovely . . . so easy to manage . . .

BEST FOR BABY . . . BEST FOR YOU

Now available—  
Money-saving Family Size.

**Johnson's** WON'T BURN EYES **SHAMPOO**  
TRUST ITS GENTLENESS



Continuing . . .

other sleigh. In the sifting snow, the other sleigh glided past them almost without a sound. It was a low goods sleigh on which stood a long box wrapped in black oilcloth. Beside the box lay a piece of canvas protecting flowers, and another that covered a heap of wreaths.

In silence, they drove up the last curves and stopped at the side entrance to the sanatorium. Lillian got out. "Nothing helps," she said, and smiled with an effort. "You forget it for a while — but you don't escape it."

She opened the door. "Thank you," she murmured. "And forgive me — I was bad company. But I couldn't be alone tonight."

"Neither could I."  
"You? Why you?"  
"For the same reason as yours. I told you about it. The telephone call from Monte Carlo."

"But you said he was lucky."  
"There are all kinds of luck. And we say all sorts of things." Clerfayt reached into his coat pocket. "Here's the kirsch you were going to give the attendant. And here's that bottle of vodka for you. Good night."

Clerfayt awoke to an overcast sky. The wind was shaking the windows.

"Fohn," the waiter said. "It's the warm wind that makes everyone tired. You feel it in your bones beforehand. Old fractures ache."

"How is the snow?"  
"Strictly between ourselves, sticky as honey. According to the hotel bulletin: good, powder snow in the higher elevations."

Clerfayt decided to put off skiing. He did not feel up to it; the waiter seemed to be right about the effect of the wind. He had a headache, besides. The cognac last night, he thought. Why had he gone on drinking after taking the girl back to the sanatorium — that odd girl with her mixture of

melancholy and craving for life? Curious people up here — people without skins. I used to be a little like that, he thought.

But what was left? What besides a measure of cynicism, irony, and false superiority? And what was there to look forward to? How much longer could he go on racing? Wasn't he already overdue? And then what followed? What awaited him? A job as auto salesman in some provincial town — and old age slowly creeping up with endless evenings, diminishing

forces, with the pain of memory and the wear and tear of resignation, the empty pattern and the pretense of an existence that seeped away in stale repetitions?

Melancholy is contagious, he thought, and got up. There he was in the midst of life, without a goal and without support. He put on his coat, and discovered a black velvet glove in the pocket. He had found it on the table when he returned to the bar alone last night. It must belong to Lillian Dunkerque. He replaced it in his pocket, so that he could leave it at the sanatorium later.

He had been tramping through the snow for about

an hour when he came on a small, squarish building off the street, close to the woods. It had a round dome from which black smoke rose. An ugly memory came up in him of something he had wanted to forget; he had invested several years of wild and foolish living in the effort to forget it. "What's that over there?" he asked a young fellow who was shovelling snow away in front of a shop.

"Over there? The crematorium, sir."

He was about to turn away when the boy said, "Do you want any flowers, sir?" He indicated the shop in front of which they stood. "If you need any flowers, sir, we're cheaper than the robbers in the village. And we often have some really fine things. Just this morning a fresh shipment came in. Couldn't you use some?"

Clerfayt reflected. Flowers? Why not? He could send some over to the sanatorium to the rebellious young woman. It would cheer her up. And if that Russian friend of hers found out about it, so much the better. He stepped into the shop.

He stepped into the shop.

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 62

A thin, high-pitched bell tinkled. A man appeared from behind a curtain. The shop looked miserable, and the flowers were ordinary, except for a few which were far too beautiful for the place. Clerfayt noted a container full of white lilac and, in another vase, one long spray of white orchids. "Fresh as the dew," the little man said. "Just came in today. Something special, this orchid. It lasts at least three weeks. A rare type."

"I'll take them," Clerfayt said. He drew Lillian's black velvet glove from his pocket. "And would you put this in the box along with my card."

He went back to the village garage to see about Giuseppe. The car stood far at the back of the big, dimly lighted place, its hood facing the wall.

Clerfayt paused at the entrance. In the semi-darkness he could make out someone sitting at the wheel. "Do your mechanics play racing driver?" he asked the owner of the garage, who had come up to him.

"That isn't one of my mechanics. It's someone who says he's a friend of yours."

Clerfayt peered, and recognised Hollmann.

"How long has he been here?"

"Not over five minutes."

"Is this the first time?"

"No. He was over earlier this morning."

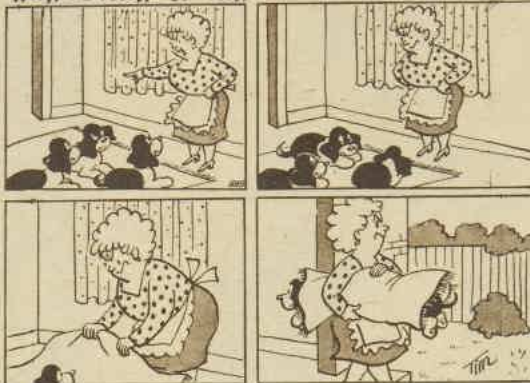
Hollmann was sitting at Giuseppe's wheel, his back to Clerfayt. There could be no doubt that he was dreaming he was racing. The soft click of gears as he shifted could be heard. Clerfayt stood for a moment; then he went out, signing to the garageman to follow him.

"Don't tell him I saw him. Let him do whatever he likes with the car. Here . . ." Clerfayt took the keys from his pocket. "Give these to him if he asks for them. If he doesn't ask, leave them in the ignition."

To page 67

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



# ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

THE PRE-COOKED WEANING FOOD IN POWDER FORM

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. In Australia this Robinson's baby food is proving itself as popular as it has been in the United Kingdom for many years. **FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING** When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal.

Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, the variety needed during the weaning period.

**READY IN AN INSTANT**

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

**TODDLERS, TOO!**

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

Send for a free trial sample of Baby Rice Cereal to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney.

**ROBINSON'S**  
**Baby Rice Cereal**

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE

- ★ Robinson's Baby Oats Cereal
- ★ Robinson's Baby Mixed Cereal
- ★ Triple Pack containing all three Robinson's Baby Cereals







GIVE YOUR SKIN THIS LOVELY

*Young Look*

It takes a really gentle soap to keep your skin young. You'll find Coronet is a new experience in gentleness. So rich in gentle beauty oils you can actually feel the fragrant lather smoothing your skin. Bring back—and keep—that lovely young look with Coronet.



*This is the gentlest soap you'll ever use*

CT.23.WWFPCR





*Beutron  
nicer buttons...*





Continuing . . .

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 64

After he leaves. For next time. Understand?"

"You want me to let him go as he likes. Even take the car out?"

"If he wants to," Clerfayt said.

Clerfayt met him at the sanatorium for lunch. Hollmann looked tired. "Fohn," he said. "Everyone feels rotten in this weather. Hard to get to sleep, and when you do, you sleep like you're drugged and have crazy dreams. How do you feel?"

"Normal hangover. Drank too much."

"With Lillian?"

"Afterward. It must be the altitude up here — the liquor doesn't affect you while you're drinking, but apparently you pay for it next morning."

Clerfayt looked around the dining-room. Lillian was missing.

"In weather like this, most of us stay in bed," Hollmann said.

"Have you been outside today?"

"No. Heard any news of Fetter?"

"He's dead."

They remained silent for a while. There was nothing to say about it. "What are you doing this afternoon?" Hollmann asked at last.

"I'll sleep and tramp around a bit. Don't worry about me. I just enjoy being in a place where there are hardly any cars, aside from Giuseppe."

The door opened. Boris Volkov looked in, and nodded to Hollmann. He ignored Clerfayt, and shut the door again without entering the dining-room.

"He's looking for Lillian," Hollmann said. "She ought to be in her room."

Clerfayt stood up. "I'll take a nap. You're right about the air here being tiring. Can you stay up tonight? Have dinner with me again?"

"Of course. I don't have any fever today, and I didn't put yesterday's down on the chart. I'm a real trusty around here: the nurse lets me take my own temperature. That's making the grade! How I hate thermometers."

"See you at eight, then, right here?"

"Seven. Unless you want to eat somewhere else? This place must begin to bore you."

"Don't be silly. I've seldom had a chance for a good solid stretch of prewar boredom. A pity. Boredom's become the rare luxury of our time. Only the Swiss can afford it, at least in Europe. Shall I smuggle anything up from the village for you?"

"No, I can't think of anything I need. There's going to be a party here tonight. An Italian woman is giving it. Maria Savini. Secret, of course."

"Are you going?"

Hollmann shook his head. "They always throw this kind of party after somebody's left. Meaning: died. The idea is to have a good time to work up fresh courage." He yawned. "Time for the prescribed siesta. Lie flat and no talking. For me, too. See you tonight."

The coughing had stopped. Lillian Dunkerque lay back exhausted. She had offered her morning sacrifice; the day was paid for, and last night as well. She had had her weekly fluoroscopy that morning, too, and the Dalai Lama had ordered bed rest.

Wearily she eyed the white box the nurse had brought her earlier. Finally she undid the blue ribbon. Boris, she thought. He had come to terms with the idea of staying up here, or at least that was what he said. But could she ever?

She parted the tissue paper that wrapped the flowers, and instantly let the box drop as if there were a snake inside.

She stared at the orchids on the floor. She knew those flowers. Coincidence, she thought, a ghastly coincidence; they are other flowers, not the same ones, others like them. But something in her knew, even as she thought this, that such coincidences did not occur. This kind of orchid was not kept in stock in the village. She had tried to buy some, and not found them, and at last had ordered hers from Zurich. She counted the blossoms on the spray. The very same number.

Then she saw that a petal was missing from the lowest blossom. She remembered having noticed that when the package arrived from Zurich. There could no longer be the slightest doubt: the flowers lying on the rug at her feet were

### FROM THE BIBLE — Two versions

● "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

—Philippians 4:19. (Authorised version)

● "And my God will supply all your wants out of the magnificence of His riches in Christ Jesus."

—Philippians 4:19. (New English Bible)

the very ones she had placed upon Agnes Somerville's coffin.

Someone is playing a gruesome joke on me. But why? And how? How could this spray of orchids possibly have come back to me? And what is the meaning of this glove beside them, looking like a dead, blackened hand reaching out in menace, like the symbol of a ghostly mafia?

Quickly, she opened the glass door to her balcony, warily picked up the tissue paper, and with it the spray of flowers, and threw both over the railing. She sent the box flying after it.

She went back into her room and saw the glove on the floor. Now she recognised it, and recalled having worn it in the Palace bar with Clerfayt. Clerfayt, she thought — what had he to do with it? She must find out. At once!

It was some time before he answered the telephone.

"Did you send my glove back to me?" she asked.

"Yes. You forgot it at the bar."

"Are the flowers from you, too? The orchids?"

"Yes. Wasn't my card along?"

"Your card?"

"You didn't find it?"

"No." Lillian swallowed.

"Not yet. Where did you get those flowers?"

"In a flower shop," Clerfayt replied in a tone of surprise.

"Here in the village?"

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Yes, but why? Were they stolen?"

"No. Or perhaps they were. I don't know."

Lillian fell silent.

"Shall I come up?" Clerfayt asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"In an hour — it's quiet then."

"All right, in an hour. At the delivery entrance."

"Yes."

With a sigh, Lillian set the telephone back on the hook. Thank heavens, she thought, here was someone you did not have to give explanations to. Someone who simply came, and did not pester you with questions. Someone who did not care about you, and was not worrying over you, like Boris.

Clerfayt stood at the side door. "Can't you stand orchids?" he said, pointing to the snow.

There lay the flowers and the box. "Where did you get them?" Lillian asked.

"In a small flower shop down below — on the outskirts of the village. Why? Is there something wrong with them?"

"These flowers —" Lillian said with an effort — "these are the very same flowers I put on my friend's coffin yesterday. The sanatorium doesn't keep any of the flowers. Everything is taken away. I've just asked the attendant. Everything was sent to the crematorium. I don't know how."

"Good heavens! The shop where I bought the flowers is right near the crematorium. It's a poor little place, and I wondered that they had flowers like these. This explains it."

"What do you mean?"

"Instead of burning the flowers with the coffin, one of the workers at the crematorium must have kept them out and sold them to the shop."

"How could that be?"

"Couldn't be anything else. Flowers are flowers, and one spray of orchids looks much like another. Hardly likely that a little trick like that would be found out. Who would count on the crazy coincidence that a rare type of orchid would come back to the very person who sent it."

Clerfayt took Lillian's arm. "What shall we do about it?" he asked. "Shall we be shocked, or shall we laugh at mankind's deep-seated money-making instinct? I propose we laugh; if we didn't laugh now and then, we'd die of grief at all the things that happen in this glorious century of ours."

Lillian stared at the flowers with abhorrence. "How repulsive," she said under her breath. "Stealing from a dead woman."

"Neither more nor less repulsive than many other things," Clerfayt replied. "I never would have thought I would search corpses for cigarettes and bread, and yet I did just that. In the war. It's terrible at first, but you get used to it, especially when you're hungry and haven't had a smoke in a long time. Come, let's go out for a drink."

She looked at the flowers. "What shall we do with them?"

"Leave them there. They have nothing to do with you, with your dead friend, or with me. I'll send you other flowers tomorrow. From a different shop."

He opened the door of the sleigh. As he did so, he noticed the driver's face. The man's eyes were resting upon the orchids with calm interest, and he knew that the driver

To page 68

# NEW! Plush

## ONE-ACTION CARPET SHAMPOO



### Just apply -let it dry!

**NO HARD RUBBING!**

**NO RINSING!**

**NO SOAKING!**

**Plush**  
FLOATS DIRT OUT!

**Plush**  
GETS CARPETS  
BRAND-NEW CLEAN

Plush does all the hard work for you. The cap is a measure — mix five measures to a pint of warm water. Rub it on. The Plush lather is gently active — specially mild — floats up all the embedded dirt. Better than any soap, any detergent, any general purpose cleaner. Use only Plush for carpets.

**PROVED BY THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES**

Plush comes from England, where it has been proved by thousands of housewives as the world's greatest, safest and best carpet shampoo. Keep your carpets looking better longer. Use Plush. One-action foaming Plush is so economical too! One plastic container cleans the average lounge room wall-to-wall carpet for only 8/3.



would be back after the orchids just as soon as he had taken Lillian and himself to the hotel. Heaven only knew what would happen to the orchids then. He thought of trampling on them. But why should he choose to play God? That never worked out well.

The sleigh stopped. Some planks had been laid down on the wet snow to make a path to the hotel entrance. Lillian got out. She suddenly struck Clerfayt as somehow exotic, as slender, bending forward a little and holding her coat wrapped across her chest, she made her way in her evening shoes through the clumping, heavy-shod crowd of winter-sports people, amid all that noisy health

strangely radiating the dark fascination of her illness.

He followed her. What am I letting myself in for? he thought. And with whom? Isn't she one of those people whose emotions stick out like the legs of a young girl in a much too short dress? Still, she was quite a bit different from Lydia Morelli, with whom he had talked over the telephone an hour ago. Lydia Morelli, who had learned all the tricks and never forgot a single one.

He caught up to Lillian at the door. "This evening," he said, "we are going to talk about nothing but the most superficial things in the world."

An hour later the bar was packed,

from page 67

Lillian looked toward the door. "Here comes Boris," she said. "I might have known it."

Clerfayt had already seen the Russian pushing his way through the crowd clustered at the bar.

Boris ignored Clerfayt. "Your sleigh is waiting outside, Lillian," he said.

"Send the sleigh away, Boris," she replied. "I don't need it. This is Mr. Clerfayt. You've already met him."

Clerfayt rose, a shade too negligently.

"Really?" Volkov said. "Oh, so I have. I beg your pardon." He glanced at Clerfayt, and past him. "You had

that sports car that made the horses shy, hadn't you?"

Clerfayt did not reply, and remained standing.

"I suppose you have forgotten you're due to be X-rayed tomorrow," Volkov said to Lillian.

"I have not forgotten, Boris." She spoke slowly, as if answering a child who did not understand. Clerfayt realised that this was her only way of restraining her irritation. He felt almost sorry for the Russian; the man was in a hopeless situation. "Won't you sit down?" he asked, not entirely with benevolent intent.

"No thanks," Volkov replied coldly, as if he were speaking to a waiter

who had asked whether he wished to order anything. Like Clerfayt a moment before, he sensed the other man's disdain.

"I am waiting for someone," he said to Lillian. "If you want the sleigh meanwhile—"

"No, Boris! I am going to stay." Clerfayt had had enough. "I brought Miss Dunkerque here," he said quietly. "And I think I am capable of taking her back."

Volkov looked fully at him for the first time. His expression changed. He almost smiled. "I am afraid you must understand me," he said. "But there would be no point in explaining."

He bowed to Lillian, and for a moment it seemed as if the mask of superiority were falling away, and there was nothing he could do to preserve it. Then he composed himself and went to the bar.

Clerfayt sat down. He was dissatisfied with himself. What am I up to? he thought. After all, I'm no longer twenty years old. "Why don't you go back with him?" he asked.

"Do you want to get rid of me?"

He looked at her. She seemed really helpless, but he knew that helplessness was the most dangerous attribute a woman could have—for no woman was really helpless. "Of course not," he said. "Then we'll stay."

She craned a bit to see the bar. "He isn't going," she said softly. "He's watching me. He thinks I'll give in."

Clerfayt took the bottle and filled their glasses. "Good! Let's see who holds out longest."

"You don't understand him," Lillian countered sharply. "He isn't jealous. He's unhappy and sick and concerned about me. It's easy to be superior when you're healthy."

Clerfayt set the bottle down on the table. This damn loyal little bird! No sooner was she saved, then she pecked at the rescuing hand. "Possibly," he said evenly. "But is it a crime to be well?"

"Of course not," she murmured. "I don't know what I'm saying."

She reached for her handbag, but did not get up. Clerfayt had had enough of her for the day, but not for anything in the world would he have let her go as long as Volkov stood at the bar waiting for her. He was not yet that old, he thought. "You don't have to be careful about my feelings," he said. "I'm not very sensitive."

"Everybody here is sensitive."

"I'm not from here."

"Yes," Lillian said. "I suppose that's it."

"What?"

She smiled. "That's what gets on all our nerves. Haven't you noticed? Even your friend Hollmann's."

Clerfayt looked at her in surprise. "That could be true. I probably shouldn't have come." He nodded toward the bar. "Do I get on Volkov's nerves, too?"

"Haven't you noticed?"

"I suppose so. He certainly doesn't try to hide it."

"He's leaving," Lillian said.

Clerfayt could see that. "And what about you?" he asked. "Shouldn't you be back at the sanatorium?"

"Who knows? The Dalai Lama? I myself? The Crocodile? God?" She picked up her glass. "And who is responsible? Who?" She asked hopefully. "Myself? God? And who is responsible for whom? Come, let's dance."

Clerfayt remained in his seat.

She stared at him. "Are you worried about me also? Do you think I shouldn't—"

"I don't think anything," Clerfayt replied. "Only I cannot dance. One of my legs isn't up to it any more. But if you want to we can try."

They moved to the dance floor. "Agnes Somerville always did what the Dalai Lama told her to—" Lillian said as the noise of the tramping tourists closed around them. "To the letter—"

The sanatorium was quiet. The patients were taking their rest cure. Silently they lay in their beds and deck-chairs, stretched out like sacrificial victims, the weary air fighting a silent battle with the enemy nibbling at them in the warm darkness of the lungs.

Lillian Dunkerque, in blue slacks, sat curled in the chair on her balcony. The night was far away, forgotten. That was how it always was up here—once the morning was reached the panic of the night dwindled to a shadow on the horizon and you could hardly understand

To page 69



## Light it ... you'll like it

WHY? Because the filter in Craven 'A' is designed to give you a cleaner, milder natural flavour than any other cigarette. Because painstaking care has been taken in hand-picking every single case of finest leaf from America's most experienced Virginia tobacco growers to give you a fresher, cleaner, more satisfying taste. More and more people are changing to Craven Filter, why don't you? You too will find Craven 'A' King Size Filter is . . . Filter Right, Flavour Right . . .

A RIGHT CLEAN CIGARETTE



## GRANDFATHER



## GRAND-DAUGHTER



## GRANDMOTHER



## All need the same gentle laxative LAXETTES

Mother! Your children like taking medicine when it's chocolate Laxettes. So easy to give the exact dose — because Laxettes have measured it for you in each chocolate square. And Laxettes' mild laxative action makes children better overnight!

Grandmother! Remember Laxettes when you were a child? Laxettes can help you again now. Pleasant to take, leave no discomfort, give relief without embarrassing urgency.

\* Be sure your medicine-chest has Laxettes — a family friend for generations.



\* Milk chocolate in the red packet. \* Dark chocolate in the green packet.

Continuing . . .

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 68

it any longer. In front of her, packed around with snow which had blown upon the balcony during the night, was the bottle of vodka Clerfayt had given her.

The telephone rang. She went to it, lifted it. "Yes, Boris — No, of course not — where would we end if we did that? — Let's not talk about it — Of course you can come up — Yes, I'm alone."

She returned to the balcony. For a moment she considered whether she ought to hide the vodka; but then she went for a glass and uncapped the bottle.

"Good morning, Boris," she said when she heard the door. "I'm drinking vodka. Would you care for some, too? Then get yourself a glass."

She stretched out in the deck chair and waited. Volkov came out on the balcony, a glass in his hand. Lillian breathed a sigh of relief. Thank heaven, no sermon, she thought. Volkov poured himself a glass. She held out hers. He filled it to the brim. "Why, my dear?" he asked. "X-ray panic?"

She shook her head. "Has the Dalai Lama said anything about your pictures?"

"No. What would he say? I don't want to know what he thinks, anyhow."

"Good," Volkov replied. "Let's drink to that."

She observed him. She knew that he hated her to drink; but she knew also that he would not say a word to dissuade her from drinking. Not now. He was too diplomatic for that; he knew her moods. "Another?" he asked. "The glasses are small."

"No." She set her glass down beside her without having drunk. "Boris," she said, "We understand each other too well and that's our misery."

"Especially in fohn weather," Volkov replied, laughing. "Not only in fohn weather."

"Or when there are strangers around."

"You see," Lillian said, "you already know the reason. You can explain everything. I can't explain anything. You know everything about me in advance. Why aren't you jealous?"

"I am. All the time."

She opened her eyes. "Of whom? Of Clerfayt?"

He shook his head.

"I thought not. Then of what?"

Volkov did not answer. Why was she asking? he thought. What did she know about it?

Jealousy did not begin with another person, nor end with that. It began with the air that the beloved breathed, and never ended. Not even with the other's death.

"Of what, Boris?" Lillian asked. "Of Clerfayt, after all?"

"I don't know. Perhaps of the thing that has come up here with him."

"What has come up?" Lillian stretched, and closed her eyes again. "You don't have to be jealous. Clerfayt will drive away again in a few days, and will forget us and we him."

For a while, she lay still in her deck chair. Volkov sat behind her, reading. The sun advanced until the edge of its shifting rectangle of light reached her eyes. "Sometimes I would like to do something utterly crazy, Boris," she said. "Something that would shatter the glass ring here. Let myself go — let the chips fall where they may."

"It would not change anything if we did that. We would only feel the glass ring that surrounds us more keenly. Or else shatter it, cut ourselves on its sharp edge, and bleed to death."

"You, too?"

Boris looked at the thin figure before him. How little she knew about him, for all she thought she understood him! "I have accepted it," he said, knowing that this was not true. "It's simpler, dear. Before we consume ourselves with pointless hatred of it, we ought to try to see whether we can't live with it."

Lillian felt a wave of weariness coming over her. "Accepting is resignation," she murmured after a while. "I'm not yet old enough for that."

Why doesn't he go? she thought. And why do I insult him even when I don't want to? Why should I despise him for being here longer than I have and for having the good fortune to think differently about it? Why does it drive me wild that he is like the man in prison who thanks God for not having been executed — and I like the one who curses God because he isn't free.

"Don't mind me, Boris," she said. "I'm just talking. It's noon and the vodka and the fohn. And perhaps X-ray panic, too — only I don't want to admit it."

The bells of the church down in the village began to ring and then through the fading clangor of the bells, Lillian suddenly heard Giuseppe's roar. The car sped up the serpentine and stopped. She wondered why

Clerfayt was bringing it up; this was the first time since the day of his arrival.

"I hope he doesn't intend to go skiing with the car," Volkov said. "He's parked it by the practice field for novices, not in front of the hotel."

"He must have his reasons. Tell me, why can't you bear him, really?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because I was once much like him."

"You?" Lillian replied sleepily. "That must have been a long time ago."

"Yes," Volkov said. "That was long ago."

Half an hour later, Lillian heard Clerfayt's car drive off.



"I'm keeping the budget in mind, I'm only inviting those on a diet!"

Boris had already left. She continued to lie for a while, eyes closed. Then she stood up and went downstairs.

To her surprise, she saw Clerfayt sitting on a bench in front of the sanatorium. "I thought you drove down just before," she said, sitting down beside him.

He blinked into the strong light. "That was Hollmann."

"Hollmann?"

"Yes. I sent him to the village to buy a bottle of vodka. It was high time for him to be getting his hands on the wheel of that buggy."

They heard the motor again. Clerfayt stood up and listened. "Now we'll see what he does — whether he comes right back up here like a good little boy, or whether he tears off. There's plenty of gas in the tank — enough to take him to Zurich."

"What?" Lillian asked. "What's that you're saying?"

Clerfayt was listening again. "He's not coming back. See, he's driving along the village toward the lake and the highway."

Lillian had sprung to her feet. "Are you crazy? You've sent him off in an open sports car? To Zurich if he likes? Don't you realise that he's sick?"

"That's just the reason. He's already had the idea he'd forgotten how to drive."

"And suppose he catches cold?"

Clerfayt laughed. "He's warmly dressed. And cars have the same effect on racing drivers as evening dresses on women — if they're having fun, they never catch cold in the one or the other."

Lillian stared at him. "And suppose he does catch cold just the same? Do you know what that means up here? Up here a cold can mean the end of you."

Clerfayt looked at her. He thought her considerably more attractive than she had seemed last night. "You ought to keep that in mind when you play hooky and go to the Palace bar at night instead of staying in bed," he said. "In a skimpy evening dress and satin shoes."

"That has nothing to do with Hollmann!"

"Of course not. But I believe in the therapy of the forbidden. I thought you did, too."

Lillian was perplexed for a moment. Then she said: "Not for others."

"Good. Most people believe in it only for others." Clerfayt looked down toward the lake. "There he is. See him? Just listen to the way he's taking the curves. He hasn't forgotten how to shift yet. Tonight he'll be a different man."

"Tonight he'll have a fever." "Better a little fever than for him to go skulking around the car and thinking he's a cripple."

Lillian turned sharply. It was as though he had slapped her. Cripple, she thought. Because Hollmann is sick? How dare he, this ignorant lout! Did he by any chance think of her as a cripple, too? She recalled the first evening in the Palace bar when he had talked on the telephone with Monte Carlo. Hadn't he also spoken of cripples then?

"Up here a little fever can quickly turn into fatal pneumonia," she said angrily. "But I suppose that wouldn't bother you. All you'd say was that Hollmann was lucky to die after having sat in a sports car once more and imagined he was a great racing driver."

At once she was sorry she had said that. She did not understand why she was so furious.

"You have a good memory," Clerfayt said, amused. "I've noticed that before. But calm down; the car isn't as fast as it sounds. With chains on the wheels, you can't exactly drive at racing speeds."

He put his arm around her shoulders. She did not speak or move. She saw Giuseppe emerge from the woods behind the lake, small and black.

"I hope he really isn't skipping out," Clerfayt said.

Lillian did not reply at once. Her lips were dry. "Why should he skip out?" she said with an effort. "He's almost cured, you know. Why should he risk everything?"

"That's the time people often do take risks."

"Would you risk it if you were in his place?"

"I don't know."

Lillian took a deep breath. "Would you do it if you knew you would never get well again?" she asked.

"Instead of staying here?"

"Instead of vegetating here for a few months longer."

To page 70

## Spring Clean

THE EASY WAY!



with a

## PIFCO Vacette

HAND VACUUM CLEANER



Featherweight Pifco Vacette penetrates the most awkward nooks and crannies, picks away every speck of dust, makes furnishings last longer!

\* COMPLETE WITH BRUSH AND TWO NOZZLES

£11/6/6

(plus 6p. p.p.)

Write for FREE illustrated literature to Australian Distributors:

CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.

67 Murray Street, Pyrmont, N.S.W.

NAME

ADDRESS



## GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. "Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls."

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks treatment 8/6

## Curlypet

## Sciatica

Get rid of Sciatica pain — all the pain, with wonderful A.R. TABS. At last, here's a positive relief for those excruciating twinges and pains. Follow the directions faithfully and positive Sciatica relief is soon felt. In just a few days all the pains and aches completely go. A.R. TABS will not affect the heart or cause unpleasant gastric upsets. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS is the positive relief for Sciatica pain — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

## A.R. TABS



## I've forgotten about CORNS

The day I tried Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads corn pain vanished. There's nothing like these super-soft pads for quick relief and safe corn removal. Sizes also for callouses, bunions, 3 1/2 pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

## Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS

## Australian Nature Book

Our 68-page all-color "Australian Nature" book is an ideal gift for relatives and friends in Australia and overseas.

THE book, price 10/-, is on sale in book-stalls and our offices in capital cities.

If you prefer to order it, fill in the coupon below. For 10/- it will be sent post-free to any address in the world.

Post filled-in order forms and address labels together to "Australian Nature," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, or order through your newsagent. You can order any number of copies.

### ORDER FORM

"AUSTRALIAN NATURE," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please DISPATCH . . . . . copies of "Australian Nature," price 10/- a copy (post free). I enclose £ / / cheque/postal note.

Name of Sender . . . . .

Address . . . . .

State . . . . .

If more than one copy is ordered, attach list giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.

### ADDRESS LABEL

"AUSTRALIAN NATURE" PRINTED MATTER ONLY

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

State . . . . .

Sender . . . . .

If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

### POSTAGE

PAID

SYDNEY



Clerfayt smiled. He knew other kinds of vegetating. "It depends on what you mean by that," he said.

"Living cautiously," Lillian replied quickly.

He laughed. "That's hardly the sort of thing you ask a racing driver."

"Would you do it?"

"I have no idea. One never knows what one will do beforehand. Perhaps I would — to make one last effort to seize hold of everything that means life, without considering time. But I might also live by the clock and scrimp on every day and every hour. One never knows. I've experienced some odd reactions."

Lillian drew her shoulder away from under Clerfayt's arm. "Don't

you have to settle that with yourself before every race?"

"It seems more dramatic than it is. I don't drive for romantic reasons. I drive for money and because I can't do anything else — not because I'm so adventurous. I've had enough adventures without wanting any more. Probably you have, too."

"Yes," Lillian replied. "But not the right ones."

They suddenly heard the motor again. "He's coming back," Clerfayt said.

"Yes," she repeated, taking a deep breath. "He's coming back. Are you disappointed?"

"No. I only wanted him to have a chance to drive the car. The last

from page 69

time he was in it he had his first hemorrhage."

Lillian saw Giuseppe zooming toward them on the highway. All at once she could not endure the prospect of seeing Hollmann's radiant face. "I have to go in," she said hastily. She turned toward the entrance. "And when are you driving over the pass?" she asked.

"Whenever you like," Clerfayt replied.

It was Sunday, and Lillian always found Sundays in the sanatorium harder to get through than weekdays.

The Sundays had a false peacefulness and lacked the routine of weekdays.

She had two glasses of vodka after dinner in her room to defend herself against the dreariness of dusk; but it did not do any good.

The night nurse had completed her evening round. Lillian lay on her bed trying to read. After a while, she dropped the book. Once again the long night stretched before her, the waiting for sleep — sleep and then the sudden starting out of sleep and that weightless moment when you recognised nothing, neither the room nor yourself, when you hung in soughing darkness and nothing but fear, nebulous fear of death, for un-

ending seconds — until the window became familiar again and its frame was no longer a shadowy cross in an unknown cosmos, but once more a window, and the room a room, and the coil of primordial terror and soundless screaming became yourself once more, a being called Lillian Dunkerque for its brief time on earth.

She drew the curtains. There was the panic again. She looked for her cache of sleeping pills. For a moment, she thought she heard Clerfayt's motor. She looked at the clock. He could save her from the long night; but she could not telephone him. Hollmann had said that he had someone with him. Who? Some healthy woman from Paris or Milan or Monte Carlo! The devil with Clerfayt! He would be driving away in a few days anyhow.

She swallowed the pills. I ought to submit, she thought; I ought to do what Boris says; I ought to live with it; I ought to stop fighting against it; I ought to submit, but if I do submit, I'm lost.

She sat down at her table and took a sheet of letter paper. "Beloved," she wrote, "you with the indistinct face, unknown, who have never come and are always expected, don't you feel that the time is running out . . ." And then she stopped writing, pushed off the table the box in which lay many letters she had never sent because she had no address to send them to, and looked down at the white sheet in front of her. Why am I crying? she thought. That doesn't change anything . . .

THE next afternoon she cajoled a young nurse, assistant in the operating room, into showing her the last X-rays that had been taken of her.

"Can I keep them here for a few minutes?" Lillian asked.

The nurse hesitated. "It's against the regulations."

"But the doctor usually shows them to me himself, and explains them to me. This time he forgot to," Lillian went to her wardrobe and took out a yellow dress. "Here is the dress I promised you last week. You can take it with you."

The nurse picked up the dress as if it were made of glass and held it up against herself. "I think it's just my size," she murmured, looking in the mirror. Then she laid it over a chair. "May I come back for it in a few minutes? I have to go into Number Twenty-Six for a moment. She's left."

"Who is Number Twenty-six?"

"The little South American girl."

"The one with the three relatives visiting? Manuela?"

"Yes. It happened quickly, but it was to be expected."

"Why are we talking all around it?" Lillian said, embittered by the euphemisms of the sanatorium. "She hasn't left! She's dead, dead, done for!"

"Yes, of course," the nurse replied, intimidated and eyeing the dress, which hung over the chair like a yellow quarantine flag. Lillian saw the look. "Go along," she said more calmly. "When you come back, you can take the X-rays right with you."

Quickly, Lillian drew the dark, smooth prints out of the envelope and went to the window with them. She could not really read them. The Dalai Lama had sometimes pointed out the crucial shadows and discolorations. For several months, he had not been doing so.

She looked at the shiny greys and blacks that decreed life or death for her. There were her shoulder bones, her spinal column, her ribs; there was her skeleton — and in between the bones the uncanny, shadowy something that meant health or illness. She recalled the earlier pictures, the nebulous grey spots, and tried to find them again. She thought she could see them, and it seemed to her that they had become bigger. Suddenly it seemed to her that she was seeing herself after death, after years in the grave, the flesh already decayed to grey earth, and only the bones withstanding dissolution. She laid the films on the table.

"I'm being a fool again," she thought — but nevertheless she went to the mirror and looked in; she studied her face, the face that was hers and not hers, alien, and nevertheless hers.

She felt her forehead and cheek; she felt the bones underneath, and it seemed to her that they were closer to the skin than they used to be. The flesh is already melting away, she thought; the Unbearable, the Nameless One is already peering out of my eye sockets, and his eyes and mine are meeting in the mirror.

To page 71

"It's true!

these new 2 ply sheers

last 50% longer

and they're so fine"



Why do such fine sheers wear so long?

BECAUSE . . . these seamless sheers are different from any you've ever worn. The unique 2-ply knit is an exclusive Holeproof development — never before possible in such fine stockings. Two gossamer-sheer threads are woven together in an entirely new technique that's been proven in thousands of actual wear tests to give a genuine 50% longer wear.

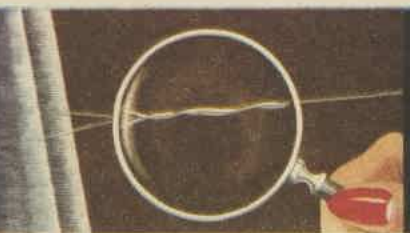
HOLEPROOF

new 2-ply  
super sheers

Seamless



2-PLY KNIT ON FINEST 474-NEEDLE MACHINES MAKES HOSIERY FINER, RESISTANT TO STRAIN. Now you can stretch, climb, bend, without stocking strain. 474-needle construction gives more stitches, more 'give' to the stocking. Holeproof 2-ply Seamless cling to your legs in perfect fit. Hatter them as never before. You'll love them.



LOVELY HOLEPROOF UNIQUE 2-PLY CONSTRUCTION GIVES BEAUTIFUL SHEER LOOK — 50% MORE WEAR. Exhaustive wear tests prove that new 2-ply construction gives you 50% more wear. Twin-thread construction is actually more beautiful, too, imparting a lovely sheer dull finish. . . . Here at last is a super sheer that really wears.



CHOOSE YOUR NEW 2-PLY SEAMLESS SHEERS IN 'NINON' Micromesh . . . OR 'FIBS' Plainknit. Holeproof are first with this new seamless hosiery. If supply is short it is only because demand is so great. See the full range of colours, including the sensational new shades 'Rave', 'Mink', 'Smoke Haze'.

12/11



"Why, what ever are you doing?" the young nurse asked from behind her. She had returned on her noiseless rubber-soles, to collect the dress and the X-rays. "I'm looking in the mirror, I've lost three pounds in the past two months."

"You're too restless. And you must be more. It seems to me you've been re-perpetrating very well."

Lillian whirled around. "Why do you nurses always treat us like children?" she said, vastly irritated. "Do you think we believe everything you tell us?"

"Here." She held the X-ray pictures out to the nurse. "Look at them! I know enough about it. You know the pictures look bad."

The nurse stared at her in alarm. "Can you read X-rays? Have you learned how?"

"Yes, I've learned how. I've had time enough to."

That was not true. But all at once Lillian could not retreat. She could not avoid everything if she kept silent now, and she really wanted to; but something that was stronger than fear impelled her forward. "It's no secret," she said quietly. "The doctor himself has told me that I'm not getting any better. I only wanted to see for myself; that's why I asked you for the prints."

"But you said you already know," the nurse replied uncertainly.

The stillness of expectation was no longer a stillness. It was a high, strange ringing in her ears. "Of course I know the cavities aren't getting any smaller," Lillian said with effort. "That happens often enough."

"Of course," Relieved, the nurse began to chatter. "There are always fluctuations. Ups and downs. Little relapses happen all the time. Especially in winter."

"And in spring," Lillian said. "And in summer. And in autumn."

The nurse laughed. "You have a sense of humor. If only you'd take things a bit easier. And follow the doctor's orders."

I provoked it, Lillian thought. Not because I'm courageous, but because I'm afraid. I lied. I wanted to hear the opposite; in spite of everything, we always want to hear the opposite.

THERE was a knock, and Hollmann came in. "Clerfayt is coming tomorrow. Tonight is full moon. The usual party up at the ski lodge. How about the two of us slipping out and driving up there with him?"

"You slipping out again?"

"For the last time. And this is different."

"Manuela has died."

"So I've heard. It's a blessing for everyone concerned. For those three patients — and probably for Manuela, too."

"You talk like Clerfayt," Lillian said. "I imagine that after a while we'll all have to talk like Clerfayt," Hollmann replied quietly. "In his case, the perspective is shorter, which is why what he says sounds harsher. He lives from the race to the next. And every year the chances get to be more and more against him. Shall we go out with him tonight?"

"When is he leaving?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. He wants to get down out of the mountains before it starts snowing. The weather forecast says a big snowstorm by tomorrow night."

"Is he going alone?" Lillian asked, with effort.

"Yes. You coming tonight?"

Lillian did not answer. So many things were tumbling down upon her all at once. She must think everything over. But what was there to think over, really? What else had she been doing for months but think things over? All that was left was to make a decision.

"Didn't you say you were going to be more careful from now on?" she asked.

"Not tonight. Dolores, Maria, and Charles Ney are coming, too. Josef is at the door. If we sneak out of here at ten o'clock we'll make the cable car in time. It's running till one o'clock tonight. I'll come for you." Hollmann laughed. "Then from tomorrow on I'm going to be the more careful patient in the sanatorium. But tonight we're celebrating."

"What?"

"Anything. That there's a full moon. That Giuseppe has come. That we're alive. Or celebrating farewells."

"Or that we're going to be model patients from tomorrow on?"

"That, too. I'll come for you. It's a costume party — you haven't forgotten?"

"No."

Hollmann closed the door behind him. Tomorrow, Lillian thought. Tomorrow — what had suddenly happened to it? It was a tomorrow different from all yesterday's tomorrows. By tomorrow evening Clerfayt would be left and the sanatorium routine would again spread over everything — like the wet snow which came in on the sickly wind — soft, gentle, covering everything, slowly smothering everything. Not me, she thought. Not me!

from page 70

The ski lodge was perched high above the village, and once a month in winter, at full moon, it was kept open at night for a torchlight ski run. The Palace Hotel had sent a small gipsy band up for the party.

The guests came in ski clothes or costumes. Charles Ney and Hollmann wore pasted-on moustaches for disguise. Dolores wore a dress of Spanish lace and a mantilla embroidered with sequins. Lillian Dunkerque had on her light-blue slacks and a short fur jacket.

The lodge was jammed, but Clerfayt had managed to reserve a table

at the window; the headwaiter at the Palace Hotel, which also managed the lodge, was a racing fan.

Lillian was very excited. She stared out into the dramatic night. Somewhere high above the mountains a storm was raging, though there were no signs of it down below. The moon slipped out from behind the tattered clouds and plunged back into them, and the shadows of the clouds brought the white slopes to life as though gigantic phantom flamingos were flying over the landscape with monstrous wings.

A big fire was blazing in the fireplace of the lodge. "What would you like?" Clerfayt asked. "There's hot

drinks, punch, and mulled wine. I think this is a night for mulled wine."

"Good," Lillian said. "Mulled wine."

The waiter brought the glasses. "When are you going tomorrow?" Lillian asked.

"Before dark."

"Where?"

"To Paris. Are you coming along?"

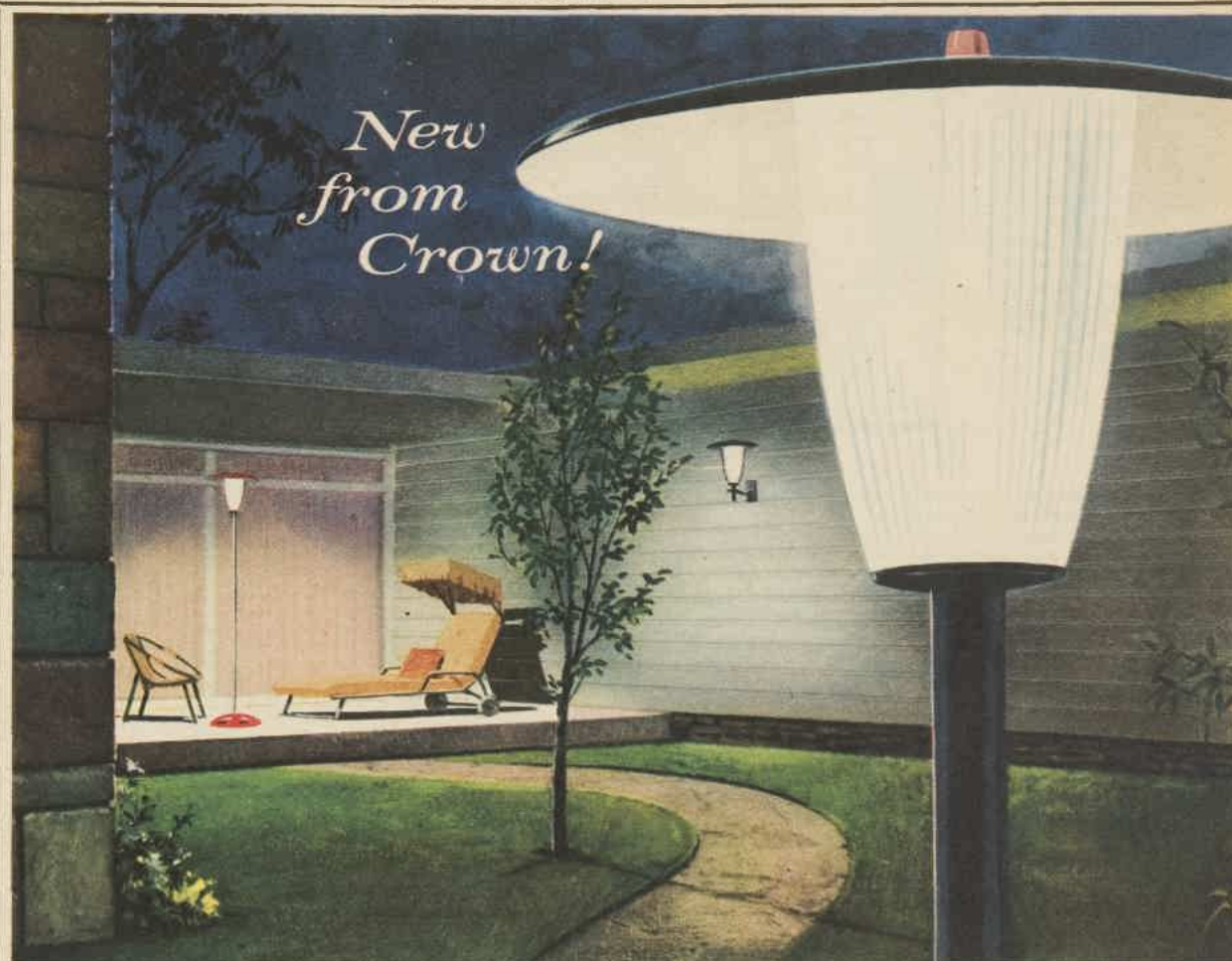
"Yes," Lillian replied.

Clerfayt laughed; he did not believe her. "All right," he said. "But you'd better not take much baggage with you. Giuseppe isn't built for it."

"I'd only need one suitcase. The rest could be sent. Where will we be making our first stop?"

"We'll drive out of the snow country, because you hate it so much. Not very far. Over the mountains to

To page 72



## The 'Avalon' exterior light fittings!

**Avalon Patio Standard Lantern.**  
Overall height 6' 4"  
Diameter of reflector 16"  
Height of glass 8½"  
Diameter of base 18"  
Retail price £15/4/9.

**Avalon Exterior Lantern Down.**  
Overall height 15"  
Diameter of reflector 10"  
Height of glass 8½"  
Projection 11½"  
Retail price £8/2/-.

**Avalon Gatepost Lantern.**  
Overall height 18"  
Diameter of reflector 10"  
Height of glass 8½"  
Retail price £7/12/6.

**Avalon Exterior Lantern Up.**  
Overall height 15"  
Diameter of reflector 10"  
Height of glass 8½"  
Projection 11½"  
Retail price £8/2/-.

**Avalon Garden Post Top Lantern.**  
Overall height 7' 3"  
Diameter of reflector 16"  
Height of glass 8½"  
Retail price £9/15/3.

The 'Avalon' series have white fluted glassware with a white under-side reflector. All fittings except the Patio Standard Lantern have hammertone grey or glass black metalware with a flamingo knob. The Patio

Standard Lantern is available in either hammertone grey metalware with a flamingo reflector, or with a geranium red reflector and base, and a white pole and knob.

# Crown

## LIGHTINGWARE

**FREE PLANNING SERVICE.** Planning light fittings for your home? Send us details of the room or rooms — photographs, plans, etc. We'll be glad to send you a lighting plan personally designed for your home. Use coupon and tick Free Planning Service box.

**FREE LIGHTINGWARE BROCHURE — MAIL COUPON NOW**

**CROWN LIGHTINGWARE**

52 WILLIAM STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me fully illustrated colour brochure of Crown light fittings for the home.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please enclose house plans and colour scheme for free planning service.



L2CC49/61



## Can friends criticise your most-noticed room?

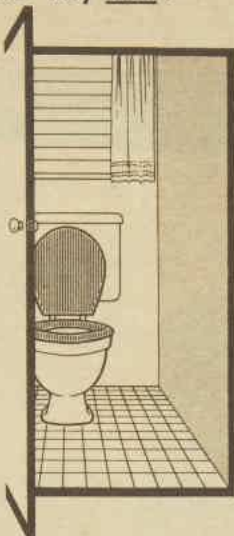


Your friends may not talk about your toilet,  
but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy  
way to keep your toilet bowl  
fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the  
toilet last thing every night  
and flush away in the morn-  
ing. While you sleep, Harpic  
cleans thoroughly and leaves  
the toilet free of germs. Even  
that lime-scale caused by  
hard water is removed—the  
entire toilet bowl is kept  
sparkling and hygienically  
clean. And being delicately  
perfumed, Harpic keeps  
your bathroom or toilet  
sweet-smelling.

Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered  
and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the S-bend—where no brush can  
reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as  
below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides  
of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long.  
When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain  
is sparkling clean.

**HARPIC** REGD.  
TOILET CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HP137F

## Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 71

the Ticino. To Lake Maggiore.  
It's already spring there.

"And then?"

"To Geneva."

"Can't we drive straight to  
Paris?"

"We would have to leave to-  
night. It's too far for one day."

"Can you make it there in  
one day from Lake Maggiore?"

Clerfayt began looking at her  
more closely. Up to this moment  
he had thought it all a game, but  
these questions were too  
specific for a game. "One long  
day's driving will get you  
there," he said. "But why?  
Don't you want to see the  
meadows of flowering narcissus  
around Geneva? Everyone wants  
to see them."

"I can see them as we drive  
past."

On the terrace fireworks were  
being shot off. Rockets streaked  
up high and red, and then,  
when they seemed to have ex-  
hausted themselves in their soli-  
tary flight, suddenly burst into  
sheaves of gold and green and  
blue and dropped back to earth  
again in a shower of glittering  
stars.

"Look!" Hollmann whis-  
pered. "The Dalai Lama!"

"Where?"

"At the door. He's just come  
in."

Sure enough there was the  
doctor, standing pale and bald-  
headed in the doorway, survey-  
ing the racket in the lodge. He  
was wearing a grey suit. Some-  
one plumped a paper hat on  
his head. He knocked it off  
and moved toward a table fairly  
close to the door.

"Who would have figured on  
that!" Hollmann said. "What  
are we going to do now?"

"He won't recognise you with  
your moustache," Dolores Pal-  
mer said.

"But he'll recognise you. And  
Lillian. Especially Lillian."

"We can sit so that he  
doesn't see their faces," Charles  
Ney said, standing up. Dolores  
changed places with him, and

Printed by Compress Printing  
Limited for the publisher. Aus-  
tralian Consolidated Press Limited,  
168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Maria Savini took Hollmann's  
chair. Clerfayt smiled with  
amusement and looked across  
at Lillian to see whether she  
wished to change with him. She  
shook her head.

"You change, too, Lillian,"  
Charles said. "Otherwise he'll  
spot you and tomorrow there'll  
be an awful fuss."

Lillian looked across at the  
Dalai Lama's pale face and  
colorless eyes. "No," she said.  
"I'll sit right here."

The skiers were preparing to  
set out. "Aren't you going  
with them?" Dolores asked Cler-  
fayt. He was in ski clothes.

"I wouldn't dream of it. It's  
much too dangerous for me."

Dolores laughed. "He really  
means it," Hollmann said.  
"Whatever you can't do per-  
fectly is dangerous."

"And if you can do it per-  
fectly?" Lillian asked.

"Then it's even more dan-  
gerous," Clerfayt said. "You get  
careless."

They went out to see the  
descent. Hollmann, Charles  
Ney, Maria, and Dolores slipped  
through in the confusion of  
everyone's leaving; Lillian  
walked without haste, at Cler-  
fayt's side, past the doctor's  
colorless eyes.

They tramped across the  
firmly trod path in the snow  
to the starting point. The  
fiery smoke of the torches cast  
shifting shadows across faces  
and snow. The first skiers shot  
down the moonlit slope, torches  
held high in their hands. They  
rapidly became glowing dots  
and vanished behind other,  
lower slopes. Lillian watched  
the skiers go, plunging down  
the slope as if plunging into  
life—the way the rockets that  
had reached the highest point  
of their flight had dropped back  
to earth in a rain of stars.

"When are we leaving to-  
morrow?" she asked Clerfayt.

He looked up. And under-  
stood her at once. "Whenever

To page 73

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"LAUREL"—Smart two-piece outfit with pleated skirt  
and top that can be belted or unbelted. Material is  
woven striped cotton in coffee, pale blue, lemon, and  
pink; all with white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/6/9; 36  
and 38in. bust, £5/9/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/15/6; 36  
and 38in. bust, £3/17/6. Postage 5/- extra on both cut-  
out and ready-to-wear styles.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77.  
Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion  
Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.  
They are available for only six weeks from date of  
publication.

## "Since I changed to FAB my extra dirty washing has never been so easy"

. . . FAB gets rid of grease and grime  
without hard rubbing

Only Fab contains Actergent . . . that's why Fab suds are so much richer and  
longer lasting. Fab's richer harder working suds make light work of the heaviest  
wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright.  
See how your clothes come sparkling white, brighter than ever before. When  
you use Fab you've said goodbye forever to that "left-over" grey look that  
comes from left-over soap scum which settles  
in your clothes. See for yourself how  
much easier, more satisfying your  
wash can be—buy Fab today!



Children's grubby playclothes come  
out of these long-lasting Fab suds  
as bright and clean as new.



Just pop those greasy grimy work  
overalls straight into rich Fab suds  
without any rubbing or scrubbing.



**FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!**



you like," he replied. "At any time. Even after dark. Or earlier. Or later, if you can't be ready."

"No need to delay. I can pack fast. When do you want to go?"

"Around four o'clock."

"I can be ready by four."

"Good. I'll come for you."

Clerfayt looked down again, following the track of the skiers.

"You don't have to worry about me," Lillian said. "You can just drop me off in Paris. I'll go along like—" She fumbled for a word.

"Like a hitchhiker?" Clerfayt suggested.

"Yes. Exactly."

"All right."

She felt that she was trembling. She studied Clerfayt. He asked no questions. I don't have to explain anything to him, she thought. He takes me at my word. What to me is the decision of my life is to him only the kind of ordinary decision people make every day.

Perhaps he doesn't even think me particularly sick; I suppose it takes an auto smashup to convince him that someone is really incapacitated. She felt to her surprise as if a burden she had borne for years were sliding from her shoulders. Here was the first person in years who was not concerned about her illness.

It made her happy in a strange way. It was as if she had crossed a frontier hitherto impassable to her. Her sickness, which had always been like an opaque window between herself and the world, no longer existed, at least for the moment. Instead, life lay outspread before her, breathtakingly clear and wide, flooded with moonlight; life with clouds and valley and happenings.

She stood like all the others, the healthy people, at the starting point, a burning, crackling torch in her hand, ready for the steep drop, the rush down and into life. What had Clerfayt said once? That the most desirable thing in life was to be able to choose your own death, because then death could not kill you like a rat or extinguish you, suffocate you, when you were not ready. She was ready. She trembled, but she was ready.

**V**OLKOV found her next morning occupied with her suitcases. "Packing, my dear? This early?"

"Yes, Boris, I'm packing."

"What for? You'll unpack everything again in a few days."

He had seen her packing this way several times. It came over her every year, like the impulse of migratory birds to fly away in spring and in autumn. Then the suitcases would stand around for a few days, sometimes even for a few weeks, until Lillian lost courage and gave up.

"I'm really going, Boris," she said. She dreaded this conversation.

He leaned against the door and watched her. "You're going tomorrow. And the day after tomorrow or in a week we'll unpack again. Why do you put yourself through this for nothing?"

"Boris!" she cried. "Stop it. It's no use any more. I'm going."

"Tomorrow?"

"No, today."

She felt his gentleness and his disbelief; there again were the spiderwebs that were to entangle her and hold her fast. "I am going," she said resolutely. "Today, with Clerfayt!"

She saw the change in his eyes. "With Clerfayt?"

"Yes." She looked squarely at him. She wanted to get it over with quickly. "I'm going away by myself. But I will be riding with Clerfayt because he is leaving today and I don't have the courage to take the train. I'm not going with him for any other reason. Alone, I'm not strong enough to fight clear of everything up here."

"To fight clear of me?"

"Of you, too — but not in the way you think."

Volkov took a step forward into the room. "You cannot go," he said.

"Yes, Boris, I can. I wanted to write to you. Look there—" She gestured toward a small brass wastepaper basket near her table. "It's no use. I couldn't. It's hopeless to try to explain it."

Hopeless, he thought. What does that mean? Why is something that didn't even exist yesterday hopeless today? He looked down at the clothes and the

shoes. A second ago they had still represented a sweet disorder: now they suddenly glittered with the bitter light of parting and were weapons aimed at his heart. He no longer saw them as charming frivolities; he looked at them with the pain one feels coming from the funeral of a loved person and unexpectedly seeing some of his personal possessions — a hat, a shirt, a pair of shoes. "You cannot go!" he said.

She shook her head. "I know that I can't explain it. That's why I thought of going away without seeing you, and of writing to you from down below. But I couldn't have done that either. Don't make it hard for me!"

from page 72

Don't make it hard for me, he thought. They always say that, these little packets of grace, egotism, and helplessness; they always say it when they set about tearing your heart to pieces.

"You're going with Clerfayt?"

"I'm riding down with Clerfayt," Lillian replied tormentedly. "He's taking me with him like a man picking up a hitchhiker. We'll go our separate ways in Paris. I'm staying there and he's going on. My uncle lives there. He's in charge of that little trust fund I have. So I will stay there."

"You mean—at your uncle's?"

"In Paris."

She knew that she was not telling the truth, but at the moment it seemed to her to be the truth. "Please understand me, Boris!" she pleaded.

He looked at the suitcases. "Why do you want to be understood? It's enough that you're going."

She bowed her head. "You're right. Go on hitting me."

Go on hitting, he thought. If you as much as twitched for a moment, they said, "Go on hitting," as though you were the one who was leaving. Their logic never extended beyond the last reply; everything before that was immediately stricken off the

record. Not what caused the cry, but the cry itself counted. "I'm not hitting you," he said.

"You want me to stay with you."

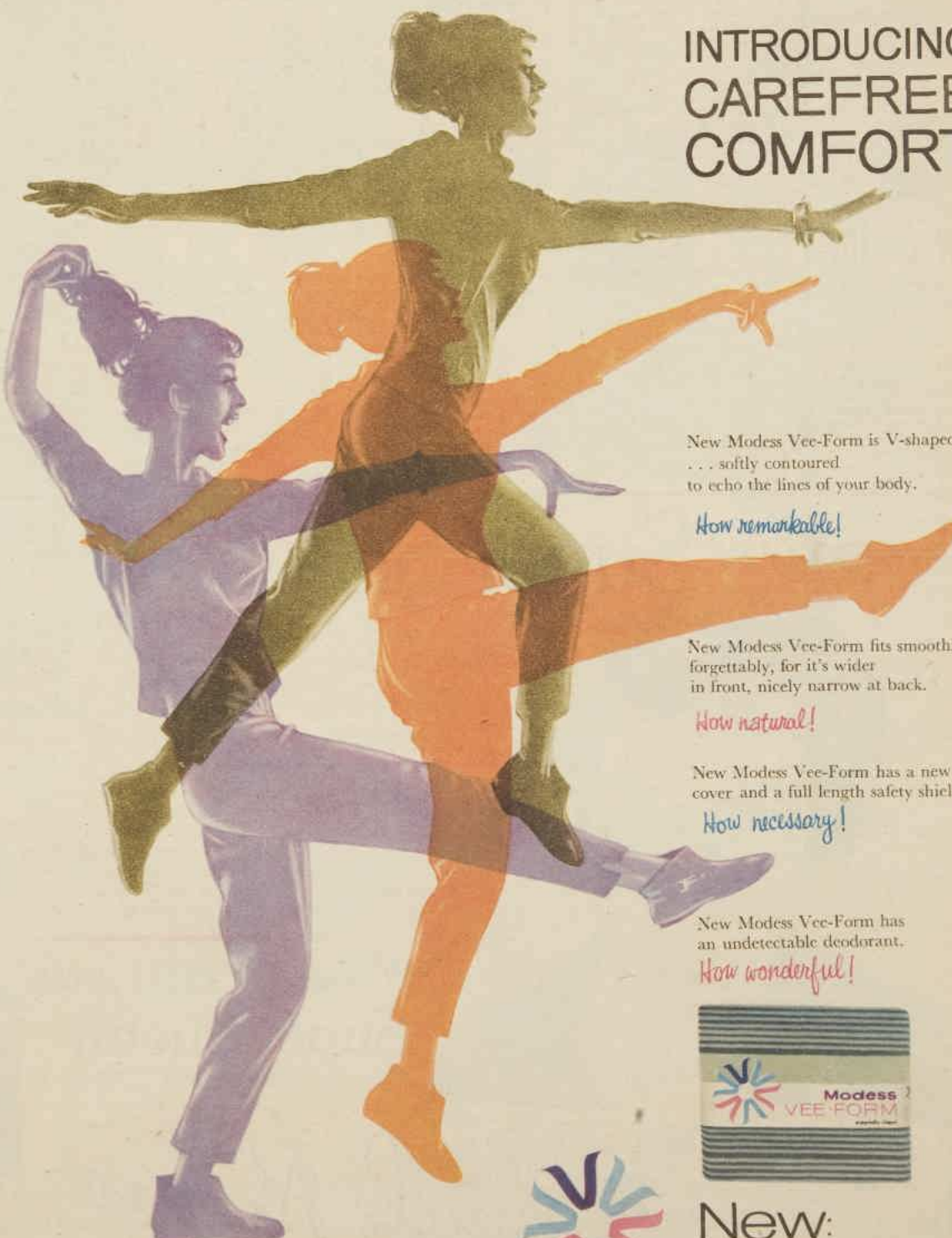
"I want you to stay here. That's different."

I, too, am already lying, he thought. Of course I only want her to stay with me; she's all I have, the last I have. The planet earth has shrunk for me to this village; I can count its inhabitants, know almost every one of them; this has become my world and she is what I want in this world; I cannot lose her, I must not lose her, but I have already lost her. "I don't want you to throw your life away like worthless money," he said.

"These are words, Boris. If someone in prison has the choice of living free for a year and then dying, or of

To page 74

## INTRODUCING CAREFREE COMFORT



New Modess Vee-Form is V-shaped . . . softly contoured to echo the lines of your body.

*How remarkable!*

New Modess Vee-Form fits smoothly, forgettably, for it's wider in front, nicely narrow at back.

*How natural!*

New Modess Vee-Form has a new soft cover and a full length safety shield.

*How necessary!*

New Modess Vee-Form has an undetectable deodorant.

*How wonderful!*



Johnson & Johnson

New:  
Modess  
VEE-FORM

Also available: MODESS regular with MASSLINN or GAUZE cover, and MODESS SUPER.



## The inexpensive Overseas holiday!

New Zealand... This Spring! The welcome mat is out and the thrift season is on. Come, see the natural marvels and the scenic beauty at a saving of as much as one third. Special Springtime "Air-conomy" tours from now to late November as low as £77/17/6. (The complete holiday, not just the fare.) \*From Sydney.



**New Zealand**  
this Spring

The inexpensive overseas holiday. Full information available at your travel agent or New Zealand Government Tourist Bureaux, Sydney and Melbourne.

Continuing . . .

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 73

rotting in prison—what choice should he make?"

"You are not in prison, Lillian! You have a false conception of what life is like down below."

"I realise that. I don't know what it's like, after all. I only know the part that consisted of war, betrayal, and misery, and even though the rest may also be full of disappointments, it couldn't be worse than the part I know and that, I know, cannot be the whole of it. There must be something else, too; the other parts that I don't know, that speak out of books and pictures and music and make me restless and call me . . ."

She stopped abruptly. "Let's not talk any more, Boris. Everything I say is false; it becomes false while I am saying it; the words become false and sentimental and don't convey it. They turn into knives, and I don't want to hurt you. Yet every word must be a stab if I try to be honest, and even when I think I'm being honest, I'm still not — don't you see that I don't know myself?"

She looked at him with a mixture of pity, hostility, and love grown powerless. Why did he force her to go over everything she had already told herself a thousand times and already wanted to forget?

"Let Clerfayt go off by himself. In a few days you'll realise how wrong it would have been to follow that Pied Piper," Volkov said.

"Boris," Lillian replied hopelessly, "it isn't Clerfayt. Does it always have to be another man?"

He did not answer. Why am I saying these things to her? he thought. I'm a fool! I'm doing everything to drive her away.

"No," he said, "it need not always be another man. But

if it isn't, why don't you ask me whether I want to come with you?"

"You?"

Wrong, he thought, wrong again! Why am I forcing myself on her? She wants to escape from illness — why should she take a sick man with her? I'm the last man she would like to travel with.

"I don't want to take anything with me, Boris," she replied. "I love you, but I want to take nothing with me."

that now seemed to her nothing but interminable boredom.

It was too late. From one breath to the next, it was suddenly too late. What moment had he let slip? He did not know. Yesterday, all had been closeness and familiarity, and now a wall of glass had slid between them. They could still see one another, but mutual understanding had ceased.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



For a moment he stood very still. He knew that it was better to say no more; but at the same time it seemed to him frightfully important to explain to her that both of them no longer had long to live and that the thing she now so detested in her life — all the time that hung so heavy for her — would some day be the most important thing of all, when only hours and days were left, and that she would bitterly regret that she had thrown time away, the time

They heard one another, but theirs were different languages that floated past each other's ears and did not reach the mind.

There was no longer anything to be done. The strangeness that had grown up overnight filled everything. It was there in every look and every gesture. There was no longer anything to be done.

"Goodbye, Lillian," he said. "Forgive me, Boris." "In love there is never anything to forgive."

these orders. I must ask you to leave the sanatorium. Perhaps elsewhere you will find a place that better suits your wishes."

"I realise that," Lillian said. "I will leave the sanatorium this afternoon."

The doctor was thrown somewhat off course. He had expected tears and appeals to be given another chance. "Why are you working so determinedly against your own health, Miss Dunkerque?" he asked finally.

"It didn't improve when I did everything that was prescribed."

"But that is certainly no reason to stop doing the right things when your condition takes a turn for the worse," the doctor exclaimed irritably. "On the contrary. That is the time to be particularly careful."

When it takes a turn for the worse, Lillian thought. The news did not strike her as hard as it had done yesterday, when the nurse had let it slip out. "Self-destructive nonsense," the Dalai Lama went on thundering. He gripped her shoulder and shook her gently. "Oh, well, go back to your room, and from now on obey the regulations one hundred per cent."

Lillian slid her shoulder out from under his hand. "I would only go on breaking the rules," she said quietly. "That's why it would be better for me to leave the sanatorium."

She felt like a soldier who after a long waiting has received his marching orders. Now there was nothing more to do than to obey. The new situation had already taken possession of her, just as the soldier's marching orders were already part of the uniform and the battle — and perhaps also of the end.

"Don't drive things to extremes. The few rules we have are in your own interest, after all," he growled. "Where would we be if we let people do just what they liked? As for the rest — we're not running a prison here. Or do you think we are?"

Lillian smiled. "Not any more," she said. "And I am not a patient any longer. You can speak to me now as you would to a woman. Not as if I were a child or a convict."

She saw the flush rise to the Dalai Lama's face again. Then she was outside.

She finished packing her

To page 76

I've used **Super Sheen** since the tender age of twelve . . .



Lucille Rivers used Coats Super Sheen when she first started sewing. Today—one of the world's most famous dressmakers—she still uses the thread she's learnt to trust. These are her own words:

"I use Coats Super Sheen for everything, be it cotton, wool or silk. It is fine and strong and will last the life of the garment, so is practical for tailoring as well.

All my accounts in the States have insisted on a colour-fast, first-quality thread, because model clothes get rough handling and must be washed or dry-cleaned innumerable times. I have only to assure them that I use Coats and they are completely happy. I have used nothing else for sewing since I started at the tender age of 12, so I truly approve of it."

**Sew a seam with Super Sheen**  
smooth strong and fine

*Lucille Rivers*



Size 40  
100 yds.

Size 50  
80 yds.

Size 50  
500 yds.

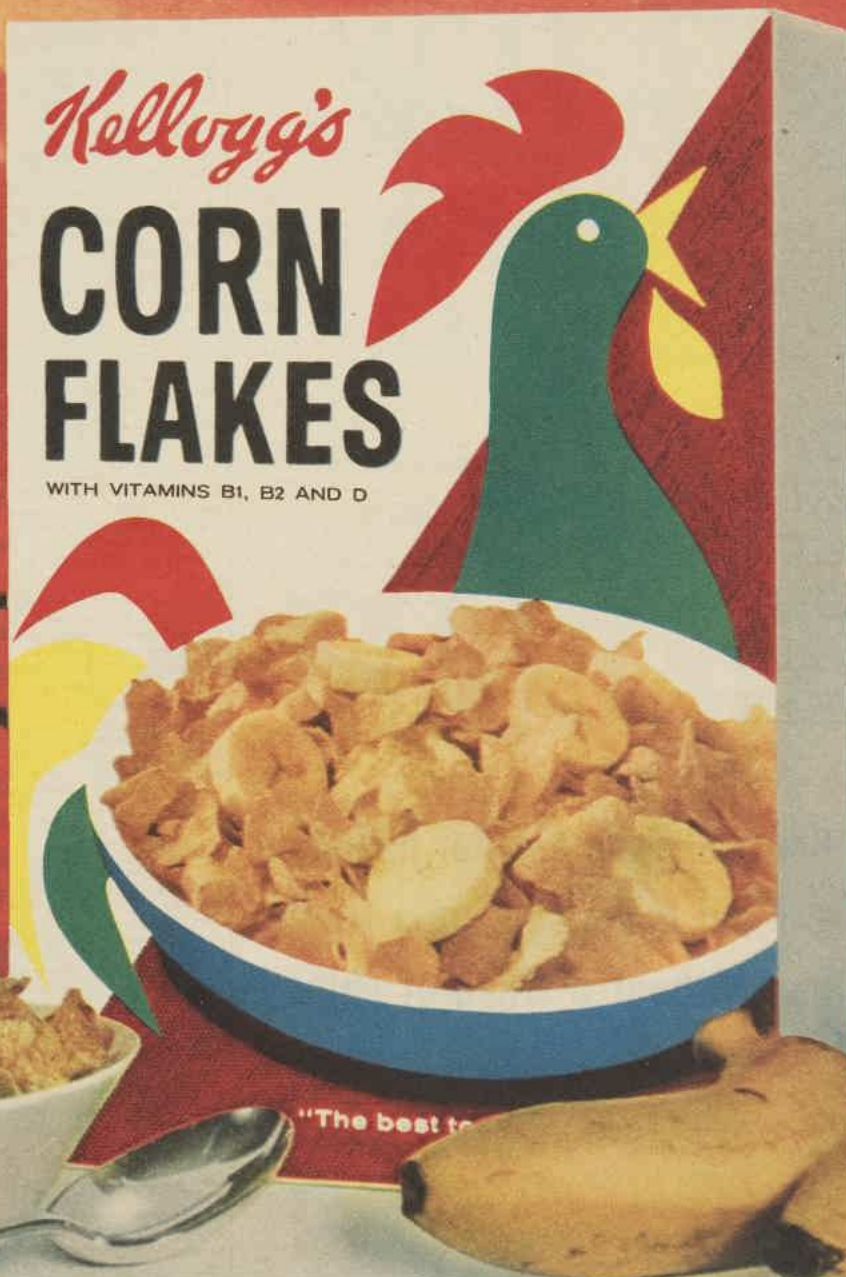
**COATS**  
**Super Sheen**



Something to  
crow about!

*Kellogg's*  
**CORN  
FLAKES**

WITH VITAMINS B1, B2 AND D



The best to you each morning – now in a bright new package

Outside, a gay, sparkling new face.  
Inside, the world's best-loved cereal.  
Here's a very special flavour we can't describe and  
no one can copy. Crispness that welcomes milk!  
More vitamins than the whole-grain corn itself!  
There ought to be a better word than *delicious*  
— just for Kellogg's\* Corn Flakes.

*Kellogg's*

**CORN FLAKES**

\*TRADE MARK REGISTERED





SMOOTH  
COMBO  
GIVES  
YOU  
THE  
"PRETTY  
LOOK"

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder based on  
*Look-Alive* Fluid Make-up for a fresh,  
natural face without a trace of shine

First smooth on Look-Alive which picks up  
your natural skin tone, then pat on Cashmere  
Bouquet Face Powder—so light, so right for  
you. With this smooth combination  
you'll have a flawless complexion that  
lasts. This make-up duo is a whizz at hiding tiny  
blemishes, too!

**CASHMERE BOUQUET**

COSTS SO LITTLE

FACE POWDER

8 SHADES

REGULAR

4/6

PURSETTE

3/6

*Look-Alive* JUST 6/-  
4 SHADES



Continuing . . .

## HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 74

clothes. By this evening I shall have left the mountains, she thought. For the first time in years she felt an expectation that gave promise of fulfilment; not the expectation of a mirage that was years away and always receded further. Here was something that would be fulfilled during the next few hours. Past and future hung in a quivering balance, and her first feeling was not of loneliness, but of high, tense solitude.

She was afraid that Volkov would appear again, and longed to see him once more. As she closed her suitcases, her eyes were blind with tears. She waited until she had calmed down a bit. Then she paid her bill and said goodbye to Dolores Palmer, Maria Savini, and Charles Ney.

Then she returned to her room and waited. She heard a scratching and barking at the door. When she opened it, Volkov's shepherd dog came in. The animal loved her and had often come by himself to visit her. She thought Boris had sent it and that he would be along in a moment. But he did not come.

She heard Clerfayt's car and closed the door behind her and went down the long corridor like an escaping thief. She hoped to get through the lobby unnoticed, but the Crocodile was waiting beside the elevator.

"Be reasonable, Miss Dunderque. You don't understand your situation. You must not leave the mountains now. You would not live out the year."

"That's just why I must go," Lillian went on. At the bridge tables a few heads turned toward her; otherwise the lobby was deserted. The patients were taking their rest cures. Boris was not there. Hollmann stood at the front door.

She was outside. The snow blazed back the light so strongly that she could barely see. "Au revoir, Hollmann!"

"Au revoir, Lillian. I'll be following you soon."

SHE looked up. He was laughing. Thank goodness, she thought, at last someone who doesn't behave like a schoolmaster. Hollmann wrapped her in her woollen stole and her fur coat. "We'll drive slowly," Clerfayt said. "When the sun goes down we'll close the top. Now the sides protect you against the wind."

The car started. Hollmann waved. There was no sign of Boris. The dog ran after the car for a while, then dropped back.

The car glided slowly through a white gorge above which the gentian-blue sky flowed like a mirrored brook.

An hour later the snow was behind them. "Shall we stop off somewhere?" Clerfayt asked.

"Not yet."

"How about something to drink?" Clerfayt asked. "Coffee with kirsch? We still have a good way to drive."

"That sounds good," Lillian said. "When will we be at Lake Maggiore?"

"In a few hours. Late this evening."

Clerfayt stopped the car in front of a restaurant. They went in.

"Are you hungry?" Clerfayt asked. "What did you have for lunch?"

"Nothing."

"I thought as much," He turned to the waitress. "What do you have in the way of food?"

"Salami, Schublig. The Schublig are hot."

"Two Schublig and some of that dark bread there. With butter and wine."

Lillian sat in the corner next to the window. Everything was intensely peaceful and normal; here was an evening without fear and rebellion, and she belonged to it, with the same normality and peacefulness. She had escaped into life. The feeling of it almost choked her.

"Schublig are fatty peasant sausages," Clerfayt said. "They're very good, but perhaps you don't like them."

"I like everything," Lillian said. "Everything down here!"

Clerfayt regarded her thoughtfully. "I'm afraid that's true."

"Why are you afraid?"

He laughed. "Nothing is more dangerous than a woman who likes everything. How is a man to arrange matters so that she likes him alone?"

"By doing nothing."

"Right."

The waitress brought the clear, white wine and they drank. Clerfayt looked around the shabby restaurant.

"This is not yet Paris," he said, smiling.

"Yes it is," Lillian replied. "It is the first suburb of Paris. Paris starts from here on."

At Goschenen they had stars

and a clear night sky. Clerfayt drove the car up the ramp to one of the flatcars that stood waiting.

The railroad officials placed chocks under the wheels. The train went through a switch and entered the Gotthard tunnel.

The walls of the tunnel were damp. Signal lights flew by. After a few moments, Lillian had the feeling that she was riding down a shaft into the centre of the earth. "Will this ever end?" she said.

"In fifteen minutes. The Gotthard is one of the longest tunnels in Europe."

Lillian had feared the first night. She had expected memories and regrets to come creeping at her out of the darkness like rats. But now the noisy ride through the stone bowels of the earth routed all other thoughts.

The whole thing's going almost too fast, she thought. A few hours ago I was stuck on the peaks of the mountains and wanted to come down; now I'm rushing through the earth and want to go up again.

The old planet on which the sanatorium stood remained behind her forever; she could not go back, any more than you could cross the Styx twice. She would rise from the depths to a new planet, cast out upon

To page 78

## AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD : Week starting Sept. 18

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

**LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, black.  
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, white, black.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, black, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23-DEC. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 21-JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20-FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4660, G.P.O. Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6148, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7282. — Full-skirted frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. ribbon. Price 4/6.

F7404. — Boy's pyjamas in sizes 4 to 14 years. Long sleeves and legs takes 2½ to 4½yds. 36in. material and short style takes 1½ to 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F7283. — Charleston-type frock in sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F5891. — Box-pleated tennis frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



F7284. — Matador pants and top, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. plain material, 2yds. 36in. striped, and ½yd. 36in. plain contrast. Price 4/6.

F5767. — Beach set, sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Takes 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 540—MUU MUU  
Muu muu is available cut out ready to sew in printed cotton. Colors: Beige with blue, black, and green; grey with pink, teal, and green; grey with pale blue, aqua, and green. Braid included. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/8, 36 and 38in. bust, 34/8. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 541—BABY'S FROCK AND COAT  
Available cut out ready to sew in pique. Colors are pink, blue, white. Size is infants only, and price is 21/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 542—BOY'S SHORTS AND BEACH JACKET  
Available cut out ready to make in printed cotton. Colors: Teal and black, red and black, royal-blue and black, cocoa and black, all on white. Sizes 4 and 6 years, 24/6; 8 and 10 years, 27/6. Postage 3/- extra.



• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

# NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

new improved

# MARMITE



\* In handy jars from 2oz. to 16oz.

New improved Marmite is second to none for easy spreading and savoury appetite-building flavour... and out on its own for vitamin goodness! Try it. Spread very, very lightly on toast and sandwiches. Add a teaspoon or so to soups and gravies. Stir into hot water for a pleasant and satisfying drink. Whichever way you serve it, Marmite helps promote sound nerves and general well-being as few other foods can do.

Spreads better! Tastes better! More economical!



the earth, falling, and at the same time hurled forward, clinging only to a single thought: to come out of this and to breathe.

The roars became a normal rattling, and then ceased altogether. The train stopped in a soft ambience of grey and gold and mild air. It was the air of life after the vault-like cold, dead air of the tunnel. It took Lillian a while before she realised that it was raining. She listened to the drops that pattered gently down upon the top of the car; she breathed the soft air, and held her hand out into the rain. Saved, she thought. Cast across the Styx and saved.

"It ought to be the other way round," Clerfayt said. "It should have

been raining over there, and on this side we should have clear skies. Are you disappointed?"

She shook her head. "I haven't seen rain since last October."

"And you haven't been down below for four years? It must seem almost like being reborn. Reborn with memories. I could envy you," he said. "You're beginning from the beginning again. With the passion of youth, but without the weakness of youth."

There was something different about her; he had never before seen her looking quite like this. Her face was illuminated by the glow of the speedometer, the clock and the other instruments for measuring times and

from page 76

speeds. In contrast to these, her face seemed, for the span of a heartbeat, utterly timeless and untouched by all that — timeless, Clerfayt felt, as Death, with whom that face was beginning a race beside which all automobile races were childish sports. I will set her down in Paris and lose her, he thought. No, I must try to hold her. I would be an idiot if I did not try.

"Have you any idea what you will do in Paris?" he asked.

"I have an uncle there. He's in charge of my money. Up to now, he has sent it to me in monthly instal-

ments. I'm going to get it all away from him. It will be something of a drama. He still thinks I'm fourteen years old."

"And how old are you really?"

"Twenty-four and eighty."

Clerfayt laughed. "A good combination. I was once thirty-six and eighty — when I came back from the war."

"And what happened?"

"I became forty," Clerfayt said, shifting into first gear. "It was very sad."

The car climbed the ascent from the railroad to the highway, and began the long downhill stretch, then glided on down the mountain, curve

upon curve. "This is a monotonous stretch," Clerfayt said. "It goes on to Locarno. Then comes the lake. Are you tired?"

Lillian shook her head. Tired! she thought. Monotonous! Can't this healthy specimen of life see that I am quivering all over? Doesn't he understand what's going on in me? Can't he feel that my frozen picture of the world has suddenly thawed and is moving and talking, that the rain is talking, the wet rocks are talking and the valley with its shadows and lights, and the road?

Doesn't he have any idea that I shall never again be so at one with them as I am now, and yet already knowing that all this will exist for me only this one time, that I am losing it even as I possess it and it possesses me, this road and these villages, these dark trucks in front of the roadside inns, this singing behind lighted windows, the guitars, the grey-and-silver sky, and these names — Osogna, Cresciano, Claro, Castione, and Bellinzona — already, scarcely read and already subsiding behind me like shadows, as if they had never been? Doesn't he notice that I can scarcely speak because my heart is swelling so, and that among the few names it feels, his is one, too, but that all of them really mean only one thing again and again: life?

"We'll arrive in ten minutes," Clerfayt said. "Here is Locarno already."

"How is it you know this place?"

"I lived here for a year after the war," Clerfayt replied. "How would it be if we drove a bit farther to eat?"

"Where to?"

"To Brissago on the Italian border. Ten minutes from here. To a restaurant called Giardino."

Lillian looked around. "Why, there's wistaria in flower!"

THE lavender clusters of blossoms hung along the white walls of the houses. Over a garden wall mimosa shook down its gold and feathery green. "Spring," Clerfayt said. "God bless Giuseppe. He displaces the seasons."

He parked the car beside a long, stone staircase. They climbed up to a little restaurant.

"You say you've lived here?" Lillian asked. "By this lake?"

"For almost a year. After my escape and after the war. I wanted to stay a few days, but I stayed much longer. I needed it. It was a cure of loafing, sunshine, lizards on the walls, staring at the sky and lake, and so much forgetting that after a while my eyes were no longer fixed upon a single point; they began to see that nature had taken no notice at all of twenty years of human insanity."

Lillian drank the light Italian wine, then set her glass down on the table. "I'm happy, Clerfayt," she said. "Though I must say that I have no idea what the word means."

"I don't know, either."

"Haven't you ever been happy?"

"Often."

She looked at him.

"In a different way each time," he added.

"When most of all?"

"I don't know. It was different each time."

"When most of all?"

"Alone," Clerfayt said.

She stood at the window of her room. Outside were lake, night, and wind. The spring busied itself in the clouds and in the plane trees on the piazza. Clerfayt came in. He put his arm around her. She turned and looked at him. He kissed her.

"Aren't you afraid?" she asked.

"Of what?"

"Of my being sick."

"I am afraid that I'll have a front tyre blow out on me at a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour," he said.

Abruptly, Lillian took a deep breath. We're alike, she thought. Both of us have no future. His reaches only to the next race, and mine to the next hemorrhage. She smiled.

"I've brought you a bottle of old champagne," Clerfayt said.

He put the bottle on the window-sill, but immediately picked it up again. "Wine should not stand in the moonlight. The moon kills its fragrance."

He went to the door.

"Clerfayt," Lillian said.

He turned around.

"I didn't leave in order to be alone," she said.

To be continued

Copyright 1961 by Erich Maria Remarque.

You're so nice to be near in

# BRI-LON

the soft and friendly nylon



JUMPER BY WHEEL OF FASHION; SLACKS BY Magha

Until you touch a BRI-LON jumper, you don't really know how soft and inviting nylon can be; until you wear one, you don't know the true meaning of comfort and easy care. See how gracefully this BRI-LON jumper flatters your figure. And look at the style and fit of those slacks. They're BRI-LON too . . . another amazing example of the versatility of nylon. Wash and wear them as much as you like, BRI-LON slacks will always keep their shape. See the wonderful range of BRI-LON in the stores now.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry



BRI-LON — trade mark of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.





It's  
great  
to  
have  
fun!

Great to be young, to be gay! To dance and have fun! To be at our best — every day of the month! Great to forget about problem days! Because you choose Tampax internal sanitary protection!

Tampax helps you feel so free! Free to dance, ride—even swim—with perfect protection, complete security. For Tampax is invisible, unfelt when in place. It can't chafe, bind, cause odour. It's by far the most comfortable protection and, the daintiest—especially for changing and disposal. It's the modern way.

At all chemists and stores in Regular and Super absorbencies.



Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women

## terrified by RHEUMATISM



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were a recommendation. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter to Head Office.)  
That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 3/-.

**MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOIDS**

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, acting as judge at the "summit meeting" of the four warring planets, has asked a simple question. The planets have been at war for centuries. Why? NOW READ ON...



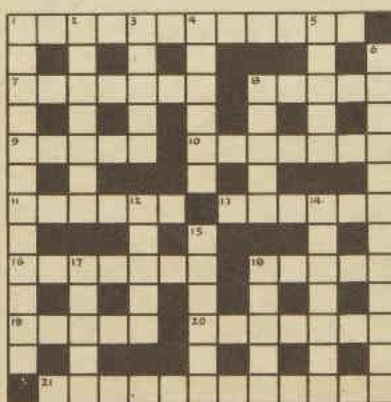
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- 1 Traverse the Equator (5, 3, 4).
- 7 One turn in electrically neutral particle (7).
- 8 Parts of a leathery chastisement (5).
- 9 An adversary turns men inside (5).
- 10 Paspalum in a constituent of all clay (7).
- 11 Ancient Roman god of agriculture (6).
- 13 Small shot hiding a French woman (6).
- 16 Japanese town on Honshu Island with a quite correct start (7).
- 18 Way for people whose aim is to get higher (5).
- 19 The sun enters it on March 21 (5).
- 20 Can a short saint start a card game? Yes (7).
- 21 This grotesque, humpbacked man coming from the most eastern maritime county of England is a horse (7, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



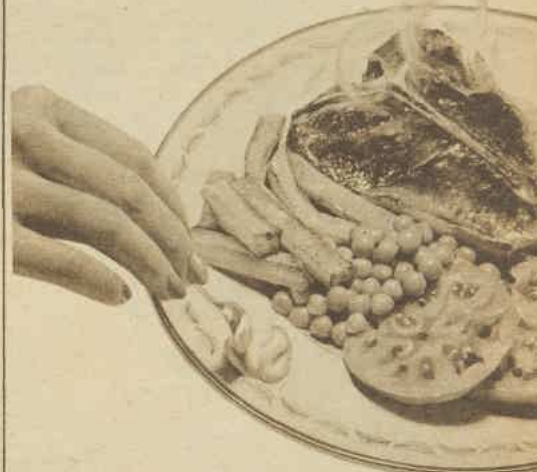
Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- 1 No face-loss in the place where sins are acknowledged (12).
- 2 Let up on rich (7).
- 3 Corn or rye are paltry (5).
- 4 Where planes start and end their flights (6).
- 5 One of the greatest long-distance runners of all time (5).
- 6 Plaster'd hats (Anagr., 12).
- 8 In such a manner use pickle (5).
- 12 Brings up, mostly by the dismembered Greek god of war (5).
- 14 Military connection is a lion (7).
- 15 A scalp of a 17th-century French philosopher and mathematician (6).
- 17 Goodbye to Madame (5).
- 18 Down which turns us to a backward pun (3-2).

## Flavour in a flash!

SERVE **mustard** WITH  
EVERY  
MEAL



Mustard for man appeal — on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds that tangy taste men really go for. It gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces; dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, hot or cold meats, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking, and serve mustard with every meal. But —

Be  
sure  
it's ...



## VARICOSE VEIN SUFFERER? EXPECTANT MOTHER? SWOLLEN LEGS?

DO NOT BUY ANY STOCKING

until you have seen the amazing new English Fully-fashioned Nylon

"INVISILON"

Corrective Stockings

(Invisible under sheer nylons)

Prescribed by Doctors

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

Trade Enquiries: COSMAC, Box 314, P.O., Haymarket, Sydney.



♥♥♥♥♥  
**Staisweet**  
Stay as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
The deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**  
♥♥♥♥♥

IT'S ONLY  
and there's  
more to  
read for  
the whole  
family in  
**Everybody's**



RETURN TO  
PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY  
CANBERRA

ADD  
**PLURAVIT**  
TO YOUR DIET  
AND  
**HELP**  
YOURSELF  
TO HEALTH



## Health-Giving Vitamins Renew Your Vigour, Vitality

There's no doubt that you'll look better... feel better... sleep better when you add PLURAVIT to your diet. PLURAVIT, a multi-vitamin capsule made by Nyal, contains 21 vitamins and minerals essential to your health—in balanced proportion. PLURAVIT therefore ensures that your body receives the correct amount of the right vitamins daily, no matter what you eat!

This is important. You can eat the right foods — and eat them heartily. But that doesn't necessarily mean that you can't suffer from "hidden hunger"; a hunger caused by not enough of the vitamins your body needs daily to withstand the stress of modern living.

When this happens, you'll know. You feel drained of energy; find yourself becoming nervy and easily upset; worn out yet unable to sleep soundly.

To restore lost energy... make you feel yourself again... add PLURAVIT to your diet. Just one soft gelatine PLURAVIT Capsule each morning provides the body with its normal requirements of all essential vitamins. PLURAVIT Capsules are easy to swallow; have no "after-taste."

PLURAVIT — a complete vitamin supplement costing as little as 9d. per day — should be taken by people on low calorie diets; by the very old; as well as the young. PLURAVIT Capsules are especially valuable for the relief of lassitude, loss of appetite and depression due to mental and physical stress.

### Check and Compare this Outstanding Formula

Each Capsule Contains	
Vitamin A	25,000 I.U.
Vitamin D	1,000 I.U.
Vitamin B <sub>1</sub>	10 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>2</sub>	10 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	2 mg.
Nicotinamide	25 mg.
Calcium	
Pantothenate	8 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>12</sub>	2 mcg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin E	10 I.U.
Iron	15 mg.
Cobalt	0.1 mg.
Copper	1 mg.
Iodine	0.15 mg.
Magnesium	6 mg.
Manganese	1 mg.
Molybdenum	0.2 mg.
Potassium	5 mg.
Zinc	1.5 mg.
Calcium	25 mg.
Phosphorus	10 mg.

From the Nyal Range, you can select a special formulation to meet the individual and nutritional needs of every member of your family. Your chemist will be glad to advise you.

**A.D.B.C. Vitamin Capsules, PENTAMAX** contain five essential vitamins—Vitamin A, D, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, plus Vitamin C. PENTAMAX provides additional vitamin intake to replace the demands of growth and expended energy; assists digestion and nutrition; builds resistance to minor infections. 50 Capsules, 11/6. **PENTAMAX CAPSULES.**



**Baby Formulo Additive, PLURAVIT DROPS** are a pleasant tasting combination of eight important vitamins which promote growth through improved nutrition. PLURAVIT DROPS aid in the digestion of food; help develop strong bones and teeth; maintain a healthy, clear skin. PLURAVIT DROPS mix readily into milk or orange juice. 15 ml. bottle with dropper, 7/6. **PLURAVIT DROPS.**



**B Complex-Vitamin C, BIOMIN FORTE** contain the high-potency B Complex vitamins—B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, B<sub>6</sub>, Nicotinamide and Calcium Pantothenate, together with Vitamin C. BIOMIN help prevent colds and 'flu; stimulate the appetite, and aid digestion. 50 tablets 10/6. **BIOMIN FORTE TABLETS.**



# PLURAVIT

MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES

One month's supply, 22/6 • Three months' supply, 52/6

## Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

NYAL COMPANY • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, Sydney, Australia

Page 80 (plus 12-page Teenagers' Weekly)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 20



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 20, 1961

# Teenagers

## WEEKLY

**JUDY STONE  
AND HER  
DRESS —  
for pattern,  
see page 2**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly  
Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Important to make up with Asia

NOW that Britain has decided to join the Common Market, isn't it time we linked ourselves more closely to South-East Asia?

Australia is the only country now with too much room for its population, but, if developed properly, would be able to produce enough food to feed millions of starving people in Japan, China, and India. Australia could become the grainery of Asia.

If Australia does not want to become absorbed by another nation, she must build up a strong population and a strong economy. To do this Australia needs markets—we must become more friendly with Asia and establish strong trade relations. —Karen Martin, Windsor St., Hamilton, Qld.

## Parties banned

I GO to a Tasmanian high school where the headmaster recently banned all parties during the term, whether on weekends or not. What is the place coming to? It's our free time! —"Dab," Tas.

## Support for rock

BEING one who appreciates both rock and jazz, I cannot understand why followers of jazz ridicule the type of teenage music generally known as "rock." Those who regularly attend the various jazz clubs turn their noses up at any form of music which does not conform to the requirements of

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

jazz. Anybody, no matter what else he believes in, who appreciates the rock type of music is contemptuously branded a "rocker."

I am sure that this intolerance lacks genuine feeling and is adopted because of smartness. Teenagers should be big enough to accept both variations of beat and not condemn one or the other. —Christopher Neal, Lower Plenty, Vic.

IN my early teens I passed through the rock-'n-roll stage. At the time I thoroughly enjoyed beatnik nights, rock parties, and hit parades like any hep teenager. Now I get more pleasure from classical music and music from the shows. Hats off to rock-'n-roll! It taught me to appreciate good music. —Helen Rutherford, Serpents Rd., Templestowe, Vic.

## Spuds and spouses

HERE is some rather strange advice for boys on choosing a wife, taken from an Arab philosophy:

"If you see a young girl you would like to marry, manage somehow to see her peel potatoes. If she cuts the peelings very thick, you will know she is extravagant; if she leaves in the eyes, she is lazy; if she

washes them in only one water, she is dirty; if she lets them burn, she is careless. Leave such a girl; she would not make a man happy.

"But if you find a girl who knows how to take a potato, peel it, wash it, and boil it—marry her whether she be pretty or ugly, poor or rich; she will make you happy." —(Miss) C. Morton, David St., Albury, N.S.W.

## Modern art

MODERN art—ugh!!! I cannot understand how anybody can like it. Splashes and blobs of paint just thrown anywhere isn't art—anyone can do that. Thank heavens for the Old Masters! —"Art Student," Campsie, N.S.W.

## Telling headlines

WHEN Napoleon escaped from Elba in 1815, a Paris newspaper headlined the progress of the returning monarch through France in successive editions in the following terms: "The Corsican Monster has landed in the Gulf of Juan" . . . "The Cannibal is marching towards Grasse" . . . "The Usurper has entered Grenoble" . . . "Bonaparte has entered Lyons" . . . "Napoleon is marching toward Fontainebleau" . . . "His Imperial Majesty is expected tomorrow in his loyal Paris." —Ellen Kangar, Marshall St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

## Dear diary

EVERY teenager should have a diary. I remember when I started mine and I thought that every detail I wrote was so important. Now when I look back through it I nearly die laughing. Yet I will always treasure it. —Miss J. Dillon, Raymond St., Sale, Vic.

## Empty lives?

DESPITE the wealth and glamor of the lives of today's entertainment stars, I wonder if they are really happy? Their life is occupied with attracting the public and living in an artificial atmosphere. They seem to have very little time for the ordinary pleasures of home and family. We envy them, but often our lives are richer with the possession of non-material things. —Isabel Jackson, Grant St., Hampton, Vic.

## Pounds and £s

"YOU'RE eating us out of house and home!" my mother would often exclaim as the cupboard became thin and I became fat. So to lose some weight and also try to leave some of those second helpings for other members of the family I went on a diet. All the special food I have to eat is costing us much more than before—and as I'm not getting much thinner I wonder is it really worth it? I think I'll stay fat and jolly and eat normally—and cost my mother less. —"Chuckie," Broomie, W.A.



## Uses of science at school

- What are the uses in this atomic age of learning about Hydraulic Lifts, Archimedes' Principle, and Moments (not romantic), asked Roslyn Hayden, of Lismore, N.S.W. Readers say there are plenty . . .

THE science taught in high schools is necessary not only for atomic warfare but for medicine and pharmacy. The scientific knowledge used in these fields is learnt in the universities and the science taught in schools provides an essential background. After all, we learnt the alphabet before we learnt to read. —"Scholar," Deakin, A.C.T.

UNLESS we have an elementary knowledge of physics, how on earth are we going to cope with the complex problems of atomic nuclear physics which will present themselves in an atomic war? Only if we are able to master higher physics and chemistry will we be able to prevent such a catastrophe. —Peter Oppenheim, Forest St., Ballarat, Vic.

IS our only purpose in life to save ourselves from an atomic war? If Roslyn finds physics so useless, why does she learn it? If she is so interested in it that she would like to jump straight into nuclear physics, she'd be in a fine mess if she hadn't heard of basic things like Archimedes' Principle. —"Liz," St. Lucia, Qld.

THE way Miss Hayden used the phrase "not romantic" after "Moments," I have the feeling that she puts her romantic life before her education, which I know she will regret. Maybe Archimedes' Principle won't prevent an atomic war, but as these teachings helped our schoolteachers make a career for themselves, why can't teenagers have such an ambition? —"Why? Why?" Oak Flats, N.S.W.

ROSLYN may appreciate science a little more if she applied her classroom science to everyday occurrences. What makes steel ships float? (Archimedes' Principle.) How does the garage hoist function? (Hydraulic Lifts.) Why is it possible for "fatty" and "skinny" to see-saw? (Moments.)

Elementary science helped many a serviceman when marooned during the war and will continue to do so, even in atomic wars. —"R.H.," New Lambton, N.S.W.

I WOULD like to point out to Roslyn that it is imperative to understand perfectly the principles of Newtonian Mechanics before one delves into the field of atomic physics. This is the reason why it is left to the end of the Leaving Certificate Physics course.

Anyhow, are French, Latin, Biology, English, and Mathematics helping us prevent an atomic war? This question lies in the hands of President Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev at the present moment. —Peter Charlton, Swan St., Hamilton, N.S.W.

## Next week

SWIMSUITS for the new season, which will catch all teenage eyes, are the main color feature in our next issue, and on our cover there is a terrific woollen poncho for the beach, with full how-to-knit directions. Our pin-up is film star John Saxon; and singer Connie Francis answers 15 questions about her life.

## JUDY'S DRESS PATTERN

OUR COVER GIRL this week is Judy Stone, modelling the dress she wore recently on the TV show "Bandstand." She received so many requests for the pattern that we arranged to have one cut.



Judy and her dressmaker, Mrs. Cohen, of 32 Reid Street, Granville, N.S.W., worked out the style between them, and Fashion Patterns drafted a pattern which is now available.

The pattern number is F7277. Dress requires 1yd. 36in. guipure lace, 7yds. 54in. tulle, 4yds. 36in. lining. Teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Price 4/.

Your pattern may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo. Postal address is Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



# The teen trend today

● *Unfussy, and quietly sure of themselves, today's teenage clothes have a young, alert look that is all their own. They are, above all, blissfully unselfconscious.*



**INFORMAL** party dress, with its unusual appliques of multicolored flowers and ribbons, is made of damask-like pink cotton.



**JAUNTY** little sleeveless dress and matching bolero of a dark cotton print is a junior teen style with a big future.



**PERT** schoolgirl look of sleeveless ink-blue linen dress at left makes it fun to wear. The trim is made of pique.



**GRACEFUL** senior teen style at the right has small kimono sleeves, a wide self-material belt, and box-pleated skirt.



# "DOWN THE MINE" ON SURFBOARDS

By KERRY YATES

● "Who are these handsome surfboard champions? Where are these beaches? Can I REALLY learn to ride a board from the instructions in the book?"

THESE were just a few of the questions I fired at 19-year-old Sydney boy Lee Cross.

Lee, a suntanned blond from Bronte Beach, had just shown me a copy of the "Australian Surfer," a book which he had written and published himself.

PETER THOMAS, of Manly (left), wearing zip-tweeds, "goes down the mine" at Fairy Bower. Below, three of Sydney's outstanding riders show what they can do on a surfboard — (from left), Johnny Payne, of Newport, rides toes-on-the-nose, Bob Evans, of Queenscliff, ready for a "head dip" (diving off), and Bernard "The Midget" Farrelly doing a perfect "quasimoto." Ron Perrott, of Harbord, took the pictures on this page and the one at the foot of the opposite page.

"Grab your swimsuit next Sunday morning," he offered, "and we'll be off with my surfboard to find out."

So at 8 o'clock that Sunday morning Lee and some of his surfing mates called in a car, with surfboards tied on the roof, to take me along on their usual weekend wave hunt.

The forecast was that the best surf would be rolling on Sydney's northern beaches, so we decided to start at Fairy Bower, near Manly. Travelling north to Palm Beach, we would have 16 surf beaches to choose from.

The boys said they would be looking for "hot-dogging" waves (long, tapering swells) on which they could "go down the mine" (ride their boards, sometimes for hundreds of yards).

We beeped our car horn to a passing truck with surfboards piled on top. I buttoned my heavy coat over a chunky knit sweater and began to feel excited about surfing on a sunny winter's day.

As we crossed Sydney Harbour







**DAVID JACKMAN**, of Harbord, on one of the mighty waves surging over the Queenscliff bombora last June.

Bridge to the north side (I was strictly a south-sider, coming from Bondi), Lee Cross told me a little about himself and why he wrote his book on surfing.

Lee has been a keen surfboard rider for four years and spends most of his weekends and holidays riding the waves. Since he left high school two years ago he has worked with a North Sydney advertising company.

He believes that surfing should be given more encouragement as a world-wide sport.

So Lee set out to produce a book about the Australian surfer, the best surfing spots, how to ride a surfboard, about the new South Pacific Surf Riders' Club (the first successful attempt to form a club to cater for the needs of the surfboard rider), with pictures and news about the local champions.

And he did just that, with the help of some of his teenage surfing mates.

The dramatic cover shot of a surfboard rider was taken by 17-year-old Terry Flemming, of Bronte, a trainee photographer with the Sydney Water Board.

Illustrations and jokes were drawn by an 18-year-old East Sydney Tech. art student, David Letts, of Newport.

Lee was telling me of his plans to bring out a second edition of the book before the end of the year when we arrived at Fairy Bower.

One of the "Bower Boys" yelled that the "waves were on" and the surf was "too much" (his term for fabulous).

We raced to the top of a cliff overlooking the spot where the boards were starting their journey "down the mine," about one mile off Manly Beach.

The surf looked wild and rough, but the boys had it mas-

tered, and the champs of this area, like "Nipper" Williams, Bob Pike, and Glen Richie (all pictured in the book), dared to ride with no fear of hitting the craggy stone bottom.

We were off again, giving Manly a miss, and were heading for a closer view of the Queenscliff bombora.

The great bombora, where the sea surges over seven layers of rock, nearly two miles out from North Steyne Beach, thunders in a big sea.

It has been conquered by only a handful of boys, including 21-year-old Dave Jackman, of Freshwater.

Three months ago "Jacko" successfully cracked four of the mighty bombora waves. (See picture above.)

Northwards again, we passed Freshwater, Curl Curl, Dee-why, and Long Reef without stopping. The surf was too big and there was danger of losing surfboards, which would go crashing against the rocks and so "ding" (a bang which splits the fibreglass on a surfboard) badly.

The boys told me that Long Reef usually supplies the works

—everything from 3ft. to 30ft. waves. The top man among some mighty locals of this area is Peter Clare, the senior surfboard champion for 1961.

The Collaroy boys were really "hot-dogging" on "Pitt Street" shoots (waves with five or six riders catching them), but we were off to find where the surfboard riders from the south side had "camped" for the day.

We didn't have to go far. As we reached the sands of North Narrabeen we could see cars, surfboards, and riders, and we knew that this was THE beach for the best surf.

### Shark scare

North Narrabeen is best known as the "home-water" for Bernard ("The Midget") Farrelly. At 16 "The Midget," a surfboard-maker by trade, is the junior champion of the Sydney surf-riders, and in November he is going to Hawaii to compete in the International Surfing Championships.

Lee Cross and his friends untied their surfboards from the top of the car, changed into their "zip-tweeds," and were off into the surf.

I was at the edge of the water, ready to take my first plunge

of the season, when there was a yell and everyone headed for shore. I looked out to sea about 150 yards and saw three shark fins circling the area.

Everyone was quick to agree to head further north in search of another beach.

But we were out of luck. At every beach the waves were too big for me, so we headed back to Collaroy, where we watched the experts do their surfing tricks.

Some were riding "toes on the nose" (standing with feet on the front of the board), some were going for a "wipe out" (instead of cutting off a wave when it begins to dump, they keep on riding it till they are thrown off the board), and others were crouching in "quasi-moto" style (body bent nearly in two with one hand stretched out in front and one behind).

We knew that the surf back home at Bondi was flat, so the boys finally took me there to learn to ride a surfboard from the instructions in the "Australian Surfer."

I put a jumper over my swimsuit. The sun had gone and a wind was blowing, but I wanted to have just one go at trying to ride.

I found it easy to kneel on the board as long as I kept my



**LEE CROSS, 19**, author and publisher of the "Australian Surfer," is an expert on the surfboard, too.

hands paddling. I tried and tried to stand up in one action, as the book said I should, but I can't even do that on land!

After about 30 minutes I learnt to stand in a strictly non-feminine fashion (one leg struggling up after the other).

In spite of the comments from Lee and his mates that "the fin must have been stuck in the sand" just because I could stand up, I was sure that I'd be a surfboard rider one day.



**BOB PIKE**, a renowned "Bower Boy," is hit by a backwash from the beach while cutting across a wave.





## These party dishes most-made easy



### Lobster Luxurious

• One large lobster (or 2lb. white fish, cooked), 6oz. mushrooms, 2oz. melted butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika, salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley extra 3oz. butter, 3oz. flour, 3 cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated tasty cheese, salad accompaniment.

Cut lobster in halves lengthwise, remove flesh carefully and cut into cubes, wash out shell for serving. (If using fish, remove bones and cut into bite-size pieces.) Peel and chop mushrooms

and saute in melted butter 3 minutes, add lobster meat, cook few minutes longer.

Melt extra butter in a separate saucepan, add flour, and cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and cook over low heat until mixture boils and thickens, stirring constantly.

Add lobster and mushrooms (or fish pieces), paprika, salt, and parsley. Stir lightly over low heat until mixture reheats. Fill mixture into lobster shells or into a greased ovenproof-dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place under a hot grill or in a moderate oven to brown. Serve hot with salad accompaniments.



TO HALVE LOBSTER insert sharp knife just behind the head and cut along the back, being careful not to smash the shell. Remove meat in one piece, then cut into cubes.



SPOON HOT MIXTURE into clean lobster shells or into an attractive ovenproof-dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under grill or in moderate oven. Serve with salad.



### Fabulous freeze

• Two dozen lady fingers or wafer biscuits, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream, extra 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint milk, 1 egg, 1 orange, 1 lemon, green coloring, 2oz. cherries (chopped), 2oz. chopped walnuts, extra whipped cream, red and green cherries to decorate sweet.

Line the base and sides of a greased or oiled bar-tin with lady fingers or wafer biscuits.

Prepare filling: Beat butter and sugar until fluffy and creamy, fold in cream which has been beaten thickly, and stand aside. Melt extra butter in a saucepan, add flour, and cook 1 minute with-



GREASE OR OIL bar-tin lightly, place sponge fingers in position. If desired, wafer biscuits or sponge pieces cut into strips 4in. by 1in. from your favorite sponge cake could be used.



# are the by Debbie

● Debbie, long popular with young and old readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, brings you three of her specialties which would be terrific for your next "big deal" party. All spoon measurements are level.



out browning. Stir in milk and cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in beaten egg, grated orange and lemon rinds. Divide into halves, color 1 section green, and add chopped cherries and nuts.

Place white mixture into prepared tin, then a layer of lady fingers, and top with green mixture. Chill in refrigerator overnight.

Unmould on to chilled serving-dish, decorate with swirls of whipped sweetened cream and pieces of red and green cherries. Serve cut into slices.



**SPREAD** cream mixture carefully over the sponge fingers with a knife to avoid moving them out of position. Top with layer of sponge fingers, spread with green mixture, chill well.



## Beef burger pie

● One calf's liver (soaked in salted water 15 minutes), 2oz. butter, 1lb. minced steak, ½lb. bacon, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon each of chopped red and green peppers and parsley, salt, pepper, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, few drops tabasco sauce, 1 cup each of cooked peas and corn, extra ½ cup mixed chopped red and green peppers, mustard butter (made by combining 2oz. butter with 1 teaspoon mustard).

Remove skin from liver and chop, saute in

butter until browned; drain, and place in basin. Add minced steak, chopped bacon, breadcrumbs, chopped pepper, parsley, salt, pepper, egg, mustard, and sauces. Mix well and press into a 9in. pie-plate; chill 1 hour.

Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes, drain off liquid, return to a moderately slow oven, and continue baking until tender, about 30 minutes longer.

Meanwhile combine peas, corn, extra pepper, and mustard butter in a saucepan; heat well. Spoon into centre of meat and serve garnished with parsley.



**USE SCISSORS** to snip parsley and cut bacon into pieces to use in the meat mixture. Blend ingredients thoroughly before pressing into greased dish with floured or wetted fingers.



**PRESS** prepared meat mixture into pie-plate and make sides about 2in. thick. Form a rope edge with the thumb and forefinger around top. Start cooking in moderate oven.



**Louise  
Hunter**

**Here's**

**your answer**

### Long farewell

"I HAVE come to like a boy who is planning to go overseas for a year or so next year, and I was wondering if it would be proper to see him off? Also, how could I get his forwarding address without making myself a sticky-beak?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Long-range plans aren't wise. If you still know him next year, and still go out with him, he'll probably suggest you see him off.

If he's restricted to a certain number of seeing-off visitors by the shipping company on whose vessel he sails, he may not be able to ask you. If this happens, you can send him a telegram at the ship. If he's got nice manners he'll write and thank you for it.

If he wants you to write to him he'll tell you his address. If he doesn't and you still want it, you can get his address while he's on the boat from the shipping company. And if you want to reach him after that, what's the matter with writing to him to his old home address, and marking it "Please Forward."

See what I mean about long-range plans? They're just one "if" after the other. Forget them and enjoy yourself now.

### Crazy co-ed

"I AM a girl who still attends school.

In my class there is a boy whom I have known and liked for quite a while now, but lately I have been crazy over him. I know this sounds silly, but every time I see him I like him more. Any time he smiles at me I get all excited, and then I feel queer. I know he likes me a bit. Recently at our school ball he danced every dance and spent the entire evening with me instead of going off with the rest of the boys. How can I show my feelings toward him and find out whether he really likes me or not?"

"Miserable," S.A.

You know he likes you, and he knows you like him. If you need proof, think of the way he behaved at the school ball. Your behaviour at the ball was his proof of your regard. Now relax and enjoy yourself—after you've done your lessons, of course.

### Trouble ahead

"I AM a 14-year-old girl, and know a nice-looking boy of 17. He is very well-mannered toward me, but he is considered a hood by his friends and mine. He was in trouble with a girl a few months ago, but his mother does not know this. Could you please tell me whether I should continue my relationship with this boy and trust him, although my mother does not know about him, or forget him?"

"Wal," Qld.

Forget him. You are far too young to have anything to do romantically with any boy, and this particular one

is dynamite. If you continue seeing him, you'll probably end up in serious trouble, and for a certainty, whether deserved or not, with a reputation like his.

### Love or career?

"I AM very much in love with my boyfriend and he with me. We had planned to get married in the near future. But in the past few weeks we have done nothing but fight over my career. Ever since I was very small, I have wanted to be a nurse. The urge toward this profession is even stronger now that I am old enough to start training. I decided to leave it till next year before entering the hospital. My boyfriend is dead set against it. He said nurses are all the same, he doesn't like them, etc. Try as I may, I cannot convince him that everybody is not the same. What is your honest opinion about nursing? If I start my training I will probably lose him. I am thinking very seriously of forgetting all about it, because I love him so much, but I cannot help feeling he is not being fair to me. Please answer this letter. I rang your office to find out if you really do answer problems. If I try to talk to him about nursing, he just says I am not cut out to be a nurse; I am too soft-hearted, etc. Yet my vocational guidance examination proved I had all the necessary qualities for nursing."

"Undecided," N.S.W.

Give up your boyfriend, but don't give up nursing. It will give you far more than he can.

From the sound of your boyfriend, you'd get a lot of insecurity, bossing about, jealousy, little understanding, and little trust; from nursing you'd get security and a profession that you could

practise, married or unmarried, all your life, plus a great deal of happiness and satisfaction, the intangible rewards of nursing. You also get a lot of companionship, meet many people—patients and otherwise—and when you've graduated your certificate is a passport to travel round the world, earning a good living.

If you find an understanding, trusting, loving man you can have all this and love and marriage, too. Obviously with your present boyfriend, you'll just have bad temper and scenes over your chosen career.

I think nursing is one of the great professions for a woman. Take no notice at all of what your boyfriend says about nurses. Nurses are generally very popular with both men and women because it is usually the girls with the big hearts who take it up. Your boyfriend's trouble is that he's frightened you'll meet someone else at the hospital and forget him. He's very silly. Nurses are so busy that they have little time for anything but their duties. They don't spend their time on duty romancing with handsome young doctors in immaculate white suits—doctors rarely even notice them in real life, although they do in films.

Every girl should be trained to earn her own living. It is a rare one who, married or unmarried, sails through life without the necessity at some time of bringing home the pay envelope. Her marriage may fail, or sickness or other circumstances may mean she has to be the breadwinner. With a nursing certificate she's right any time.

At your age, which I take from your remarks to be 17, you are too young to think of marriage or an engagement. You couldn't really love a man like this boyfriend of yours. It's your youth that makes you think you do. Even if you are positive now you do love him, I'll bet that if you don't give him up you'll notice his flaws before very long.

Incidentally, you say you feel he's not fair to you. I agree with you. But I'd like to have a piece of you, too. I don't think you're fair to me when you say: Do I really answer problems? When I think of the hours I spend trying to help you and others with problems, I get very angry with people who ask that. Apart from my personal feelings about it, believe me a paper like The Australian Women's Weekly would never do what you imply—manufacture problems to be answered. There are too many real ones.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



MAKE a new mother happy with a special pram cover for her pride and joy.

Buy a square of felt to fit the pram in a pretty color. Get some scraps of flannel in contrasting colors and cut out the outlines of cats, dogs, elephants, or whatever simple animal design you can find in the paper or a magazine.

Paste this gay menagerie on to the felt and fasten down with buttonhole-stitch. Add a few stitches with black and white thread for eyes and nose and you'll have a quaint pram cover. It looks extra good lined with a nursery-patterned cotton.

### Kissing games

"DO you approve of kissing games at a 12-year-olds' birthday party—games like 'Spin the Bottle' and 'Postman's Knock'? If you don't, please say why you don't. My mother doesn't mind me playing these games at my party, but she doesn't approve of kissing behind her back."

"Nessa," Qld.

I disapprove of kissing games at 12-year-olds' mixed parties. Normal girls of this age are embarrassed by kissing boys in public or private, and kissing should be enjoyed and appreciated. It should never be an embarrassment.

Kissing games are strictly for the birds, I think. They're no good when you're young and if you're old enough to enjoy the kissing, you want private kisses, not public ones.

### Boy too clever

"I AM 18 and for the last few months I have been going with a boy who is about five years older. He is a very good-looking, pleasant sort of boy and is also very clever and has a deep interest in science. Although he is nice most of the time, he sometimes gets into moods when he talks of nothing else but science. He embarrasses me when we are out, and I do not think I can stand it much longer. But I am sure he would be greatly offended if I told him so. Will he wake up to himself, or should I drop him?"

G.D., Vic.

Drop him. He won't change. Love occupies only a certain place in a man's mind; his career and other interests occupy others. You are obviously only interested in love and the light conversation of social occasions. Don't worry about offending him. If you don't drop him, he's a cert. to drop you before long.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Know your etiquette

## TELEPHONE MANNERS

#### WHEN YOU ANSWER THE PHONE.

MOST people simply say "Hullo," but it saves time and unnecessary questions if you give your telephone number and tell the caller who's speaking. If the caller wants to speak to someone else, say, "Just a moment, please; I'll call him to the phone."

If the other person is not at home, ask the caller his name (which he should have given you, anyway) and see if he wants any message left.

#### WHEN YOU MAKE A CALL.

THE most courteous thing to say when you're ringing a friend's home is: "Good evening. This is Margaret Jones. Could I speak to Alice, please?"

If a boy is ringing a girl to ask her for a date, he doesn't plunge straight in and say: "What are you doing on Saturday night?" He should chat for a while first, then say: "I was wondering if you'd like to come to the dance with me on Saturday night?"

Girls should make it a rule NEVER to ring up boys without a very good reason. Even better, wait till they ring you.

• What is your etiquette problem? Write to "Etiquette," Teenagers Weekly, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney, and we shall publish the correct answers to as many as possible. Sorry—we can't reply by mail.



# JOBS ON GOLD COAST

● These two Melbourne teenagers have solved the problem of cold, wet winters . . . they've got themselves jobs on Queensland's Gold Coast.

JUDY MORARTY, 19 (left), from Brighton, is now a holiday hostess at a big Coast hotel.

DIANE PLANE, 18 (right), from North Essendon, is a hairdresser now living at Surfers' Paradise.

Judy was Head Girl at St. Leonard's, Brighton, where she matriculated, and was school swimming and tennis champion for four years running.

A honey-blond, her beauty won her the Miss Summer Festival title in Melbourne last year and a trip to Honolulu, Tahiti, and America.

Part of Judy's glamor job is to teach the cha-cha to hotel guests.

Diane, a qualified hairdresser for more than two years, graduated from the Academy of Hairdressing in Melbourne and learned the job of styling and fitting wigs before she moved north.

She fitted wigs for the Melbourne cast of "My Fair Lady."



## How are your manners when you're at home?

● You always stand back for an older person in the lift, and you remember to thank the hostess. In fact, your manners are pretty good. But are they ALWAYS? What happens to them in your own home?

MAYBE they're dumped with your overcoat as you come in the door. It's not that you mean to be rude when you forget to say "Hullo" to Mum. You're simply preoccupied, relaxed. It's a rum do if you can't relax at home, after all. But Mum doesn't understand that. Rightly or wrongly, she's hurt when you ignore her. She reasons that you wouldn't walk into anyone else's house without a word of greeting, so why should you do it to her?

Yet you tell yourself indignantly you can't go round obsequiously stepping aside at doorways for an elder sister. It should be ludicrous.

Sure it would. But manners at home are a far more subtle breed than those normally used for export only.

The essence of home manners begins with THINKING manners. In fact, consideration for another person is the basis for most of the most ostentatious courtesies.

So, before you grab young sister's stockings because you can't find your own, think to ask her

permission. And if you happen to know she's down to her last pair and is planning to wear them herself, think how you'd feel in her place. Don't take them and don't ask if you may, either.

Think before you hop into the bathroom, if maybe Mum would like to use it first because she's in more of a rush than you. And once in, think whether there's enough hot water for the whole family before you stay under the shower for half an hour.

By Carol Tattersfield

Do you always plant yourself directly in front of the family hearth on a freezing evening? Habit, of course, but it's an inconsiderate one that soon chills any family warmth you may have earned by helping with the dishes.

Now, chores. No one will nag at you if you do what's got to be done before you're asked to. So much the better if you can empty the garbage-tin cheerfully, too.

Naturally, you'll expect to be thanked. Gratitude spurs you on and you feel your little sacrifice has been worth while.

Parents feel like that, too. Nothing makes them more difficult to live with than a feeling that all their efforts for their children are taken for granted.

So next time Mum puts a hot-water bottle in your bed when you're coming in late, or Dad drives you down to the station because you're going to miss the train, spare a thought and a word of thanks.

Another point — the tone of your voice has a lot to do with manners. You can make the most polite statement sound rude and objectionable simply by being brusque and unthinking.

But, having sounded rude, a swift apology can work wonders. After a family argument, too, an apology — even if you are absolutely certain you're in the right — helps clear the air and you don't really lose face.

Good manners at home are easier if you respect the other members of the family.

Sometimes it's rather difficult — when Mum seems a bit stupid and Dad a bit juvenile and selfish — but it helps if you remember that they're the only people who really belong to you, and they're the ones who really care what happens to you.



## THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS



Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. When buying a shampoo, select the one Breck

Shampoo that is right for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful. Hair you can keep beautifully in place with Breck Hair Set Mist.

4 oz. bottle 8/6 Breck Hair Set Mist 17/9  
Now Breck single-use handy sachet — 1/6

Beautiful Hair  
**BRECK**

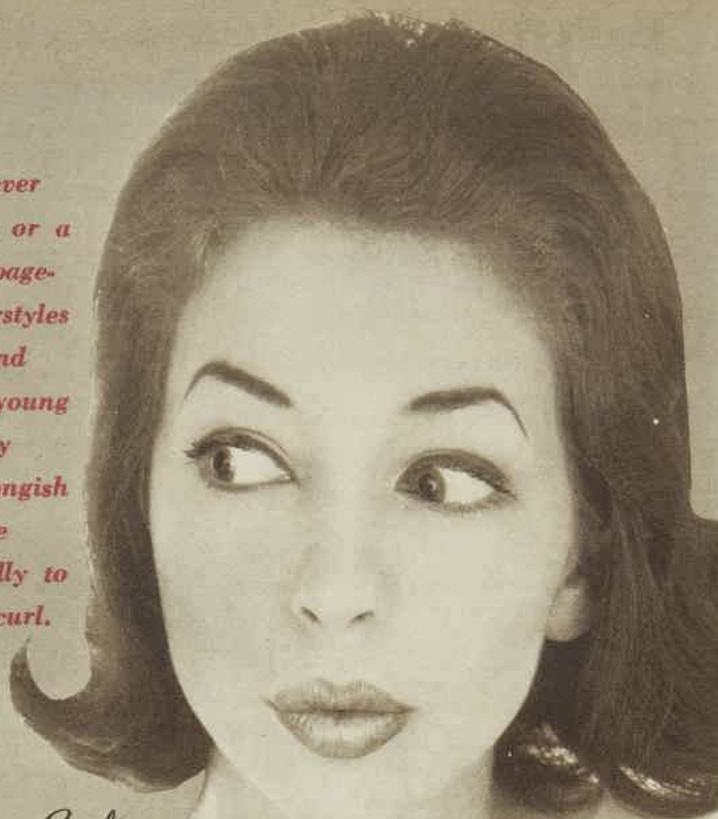
NOW MADE IN AUST. FOR JOHN H. BRECK INC.  
U.S.A. BY POTTER & MOORE (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

Potter & Moore



● *There'll never  
be a time or a  
season when page-  
boy hairstyles  
aren't loved and  
admired by young  
girls, especially  
those with longish  
locks that take  
more kindly to  
swirl than to curl.*

*By Carolyn Earle*



## STYLE WITH A KICK

WHILE it's not exactly true that every teenager would like to wear her hair in a page-boy bob, it IS a fact that this attractive style—it comes in all shapes and lengths—is becoming to almost any young face and texture of hair.

The classic page-boy cut falls straight down from the crown; it is cropped at the forehead and chin, and tucks under smoothly. Newer and far prettier, though, is the current favorite which leaves the brow and temples clear (see picture above), then brings the hair forward to flip up at cheek level to defy the laws of gravity.

How do you set a flip-up page-boy at home? Well, here are two workable ways to do it that are quite easy when you know how—like so many other skills.

The first step always is to invest in a good haircut to give your page-boy style and better line, and a shampoo.

Then, on with the setting. To give hair enough buoyancy, set it on big rollers, starting at the crown, rolling all of them downwards excepting the last row, which should turn upwards. Place two down and one upturned roller on each side. Roll top section back in four big rollers.

If your hair is fine-textured and simply won't hold flip-up ends, a soft body perm will add extra bounce.

Another how-to-set method begins with a shampoo and a piece of tape (or strong ribbon) tied around the wet hair.

If you wear your hair brushed back in front, set it high over jumbo brush-rollers. You'll see why they must be brush-rollers in just a minute.

Turn the sides into huge, flat pincurls toward the cheeks. The back is set on big brush-rollers, and each one is hooked into the tape by a single hairpin. Let hair set until it is bone-dry, then brush it out.

The way you brush out your set after removing the rollers and pins makes or breaks your page-boy "do."

To achieve that puffy, flipped-up look at the back of your hairdo, brush the turned-under hair first in the opposite direction to its setting. Then brush hair down and quickly flip the brush up, turning the bristles as you do so.

Get a nice swirl on the sides by brushing hair-ends up and over the back of your hand; continue around back and other side.

## HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME!

● *How're ya gonna keep  
'em down on the farm,  
after they've seen the sea?*

PERHAPS that's the way the old song should be sung, considering what an English scientist had to say recently.

The scientist, Sir Alister Hardy, an Oxford University marine zoologist, said future fishermen could be frogmen "farmers," driving tractors on the seabed.

"Sea farming" to increase world food supplies would eventually be possible, Sir A. said.

When, and if, this ever happens, blokes will have to completely revise their thinking about farm girls.

For instance, there is the traditional description about land lasses' complexions. So far the appropriate idea has been peaches and cream.

Underwater will it have to become leeches and bream?

And what will happen to the age-old conversation-opener between boy and milkmaid: "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

How, for one thing, does a bloke speak to a belle through a skin-diving mask?

Then, what's her answer—that she's going a'milking a sea-cow?

And did you hear the (new) one about the commercial traveller and the sea-farmer's daughter?

They went for a run, and he told her he had run out of air. She gave him just that, said "No tanks!" and left him high and dry (actually, low and wet)!

Romance, however, could flourish with these new farm femmes. Although the girls would still compare their swains with film stars—particularly Marlin Brando!

I guess, by the way, the new underwater farmers will have to go through the Wild West-like, rough-and-tumble, lawless days early land settlers endured.

Yes, I suppose there will be clam-jumpers! Underwater farm girls will still be usually more shy than their city sisters.

It stands to reason. For while an oyster might be one of these girls' world, the world need not be her oyster. Which makes it hard to get her to come out of her shell!

And, no doubt, these new-style poppies on properties will still be adept at handicrafts.

They'll knit, of course—y'know, plain one, pearl two.

There could be a wonderful musical written about the new set-up—called, naturally, "Algae and Dolls"! Algae's weed, sea!

For all my fooling, Sir Alister is probably right—there could be underwater farmers.

And, if there are farm girls who love the life—riding seahorses, making damper damper—good luck to them.

For I believe it's good to find a lass with a porpoise in life!

*—Robin Adair*



**LISTEN HERE —with Kirsten Ward**

## Three boys take to the sawdust trail

● We've had requests for something about Brisbane's Jimmy Clarke and Melbourne's Chuck Wayne — and getting this something was easier said than done . . . they're practically on safari.

**T**HEIR home is a caravan, their stage a tent. For three months they've trailed the sawdust, star-spangled sideshow circuit in Queensland and are now working south through N.S.W. country towns.

Last stop for the trip will be Bendigo, Victoria.

They're travelling with promoter Con Lianos, father of up-and-coming singer Laurel Lea.

Chuck Wayne says: "I was thrown out of the choir at the Melbourne orphanage where I grew up. I sang the wrong way."

Jimmy Clarke explains his start in show business like this: "I was a bathroom baritone, then watched Bill Haley's Comets and something went click."

After their sideshow run the boys have a date with Johnny O'Keefe in Sydney to talk about cutting some records.

Travelling with them is Little Rock Billy, a lad who got into the act by following Jimmy and Chuck around Brisbane music shops, chewing a straw, and muttering "Gee, you're lucky!"

Suddenly he sat down at the bongo drums in one of the shops and made the rafters ring.

A brief talk with his parents (who live at Teneriffe, Brisbane) and the little rocker was rolling north in one of Con's three caravans.

"COL JOYE said he'd like to make a parachute jump, but feels that people might think it purely a publicity stunt. This isn't so. He has wanted to for years, he says—and might still. So watch the sky—Col might land in your backyard!"

**A**FTER his trips to Adelaide and Brisbane not so long ago, Bryan Davies had to have a few days in bed. No, not flu . . . bruised ribs.

In Adelaide, at the opening of a teenage section in a big store, about 1500 teenagers pushed and jostled for autographs, giving Bryan a rough time.

In Brisbane about 10,000 people attended a football match for charity between show-business teams, and after the game Bryan was swamped by crowds of screaming autograph hunters, who ripped his shirt and eventually pushed him to the ground.

Bryan used his subsequent time in bed catching up on some study for the Leaving. Now he's in Melbourne, where he has second billing to Johnny O'Keefe at the Festival Hall.

**T**AKE a special look next time you see the de Kroo brothers on TV — not only at them but at their guitars. They made them.

Leo worked in a musical instrument repair shop before he began singing, and he and Doug put their knowledge of woodwork and their spare time together to make their guitars.

They say the instruments give them as good a sound as those they could pay up to £300 for in the shops.

People in Perth will be glad to hear that the brothers expect to go home for a while next month, the first time in a couple of years.

Their parents will notice a change in them. When they first came to Sydney they were a bit shy, but game. Now they're more confident, smoother, but they haven't lost their basic niceness.

They write their own songs, too, and in future one of their own compositions will be on each record.

**JOHNNY CHESTER** seems to be having trouble with his late-model car. He has been seen around Melbourne in a borrowed one—1927 vintage!

Johnny will be busy in the next couple of months with a lineup of stadium shows, country tours, personal appearances, and TV. A new record has just been released, too.

**SINGER Lana Cantrell**, one of Patsy Anne Noble's best friends, is teaching Patsy to drive. Tiny Judy Stone has



**LEO DE KROO**, helped by brother Doug, painting one of the guitars the boys made for themselves.

just got her licence, but has to have "dozens" of pillows under her to see through the wind-screen.

**Local talent:** Jimmy Little isn't appreciated nearly enough. He sings "Mary Said" and "Kissing Someone Else" (Festival 45) with such softness and tenderness that he creates a romantic atmosphere much in the style of Nat ("King") Cole.

**NOT** bad, yet not good—like a hundred other semi-rock numbers—are "Nursery Rhyme Rock" and "Tell Me Why" by The Fauns. The Fauns are charming on TV, but, for me, shouldn't be heard without being seen.

**LONG JOHN**, who sings "Running For My Life" and "Hey, Baby" (Festival 45), is, of course, John Laws, the disc jockey with the chihuahua.

Recording is just a hobby, he says, but I hope we get more songs more often from him. These two are better than most and sung in a good bass voice, which is a nice change. John's tiny dog is called Perro de Caza, which is Spanish for Hound Dog, he says.

**Pops:** Connie Francis is usually thought of as a teenagers' entertainer, but in "Connie at the Copa" she is recorded



**PERRO DE CAZA**, John Law's tiny dog, travels in his master's pocket.

directly from the Copacabana nightclub in America, where the audience, certainly not teenage, loved her (M.G.M. LP).

"**SPECIAL DELIVERY**" from Della Reese (R.C.A. LP) . . . sophisticated nightclub style, unmistakably negro voice. Three stars.

**T**HE current "Milord," one of my favorite numbers, is among four other good ones sung by Teresa Brewer (on Coral EP).

**T**HE Norman Luboff Choir on R.C.A. LP with "Apasionada" . . . languid, romantic Latin melodies.

**Classics:** With a slight blush I'll admit I've only just discovered the wonderful music of Franz Liszt, helped along by a selection played by pianist Jorge Bolet (Everest LP).



**ON SAWDUST TRAIL.** From left: Chuck Wayne, Little Rock Billy, and Jimmy Clarke.

## WORTH HEARING

### DELIBES: "Sylvia" and "Coppelia"

**L**EO DELIBES was one of the composers whose achievement was to write supremely successful music at an unambitious level. He worked for the French theatre in the 19th century and for audiences that asked for tuneful, easily comprehended music elegantly and skilfully put together.

Delibes was fully equipped for this, and his two best-known ballets, "Coppelia" and "Sylvia," have long outlived more pretentious works.

Both these are story-ballets. "Coppelia" is based on a fantastic tale about a young man who falls in love with a mechanical doll (a variation of the story used in the first part of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann"). "Sylvia" is a mythological piece about nymphs and shepherds, gods and goddesses.

The pick of the music from these two ballet scores has been recorded by Hugo Rignold and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra on an R.C.A. disc. Both the playing and the recording have the life and polish that the music demands.

—Martin Long



**BRYAN DAVIES** . . . fans tore his shirt and bruised his ribs.

Become a

## MODEL

or look like one

Complete Home  
DIPLOMA COURSE

Train at home at leisure  
Beauty, Poise, Glamour, Etc.

For full details and  
FREE BROCHURE

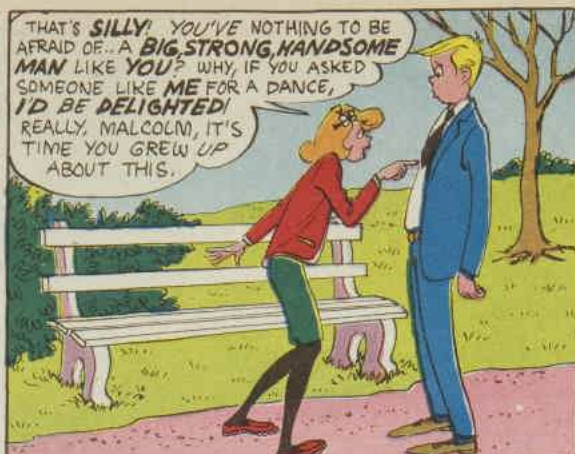
write to  
INTERNATIONAL  
MODEL ACADEMY

BOX 2 1005, G.P.O., MELBOURNE  
(3 Queens Rd., Melbourne)

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



# TEENA by Linda Terry



## Sandra

SANDRA and Carol are in Switzerland on a working holiday. Sandra's romance with Gerald is now long over, and she has accepted Mike Rogers' proposal of marriage. NOW READ ON:

by Bill Sawyer

